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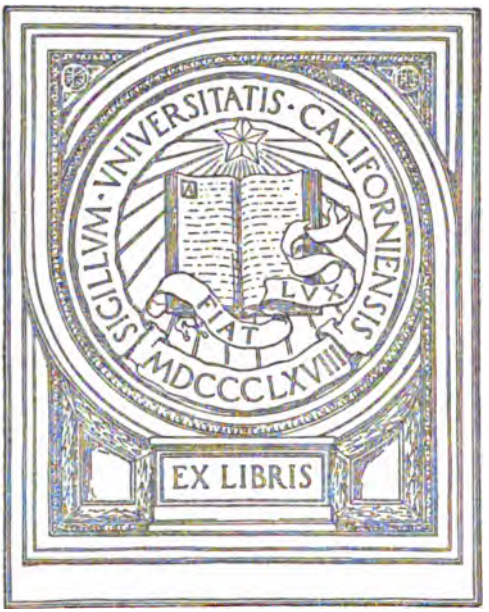
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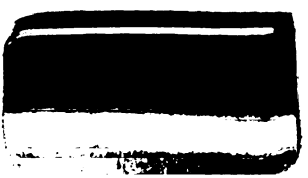
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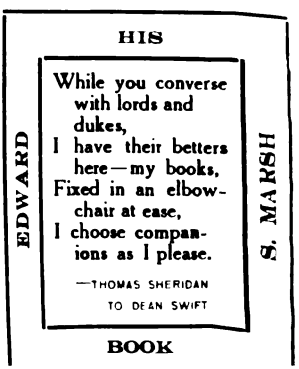
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HIS
While you converse with lords and dukes,
I have their betters here—my books,
Fixed in an elbow-chair at ease,
I choose companions as I please.
—THOMAS SHERIDAN TO DEAN SWIFT
BOOK
EDWARD
S. MARSH



Stephen Thomas

HISTORY

OF

The Eighth Regiment

VERMONT VOLUNTEERS.

1861--1865.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

By GEO. N. CARPENTER.

ISSUED BY THE COMMITTEE OF PUBLICATION.

BOSTON:
PRESS OF DELAND & BARTA.
1886.

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BY
GEORGE M. CARPENTER.

TO THE
ATHENÆUM

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TO THE PEOPLE

OF HIS NATIVE STATE, THIS MEMORIAL OF

PATRIOTIC SERVICE

IS

DEDICATED

BY THE AUTHOR.

M176870

COMMITTEE'S PREFACE.

At several reunions of the Eighth Vermont Regiment of U. S. Volunteers, the opinion was freely expressed that a regimental history ought to be published, in order to preserve in a permanent form the records of its service and achievements. In pursuance of this idea, committees were appointed at different times to obtain materials for such a volume and solicit contributions to the work from members of the command. Although some progress in this direction had been made, no decisive action was taken until the reunion held in Montpelier in June, 1885. At that meeting the subject was agitated afresh, and ex-Gov. Barstow offered a resolution that the undersigned constitute a committee of publication, with power to prepare and print the contemplated book.

To make the enterprise immediately practicable, ample pecuniary aid was pledged, subject to the order of the committee, and the material already in the possession of the regimental secretary, Dr. C. M. Ferrin, and a member of the committee, was placed in their hands to be used as a basis for the history, and the work was inaugurated by the choice of George N. Carpenter as historian.

As the result of their labor the committee now offer their comrades this volume, which, in unpretentious style, tells a simple story of the organization of the regiment, and its military

career in camp, on the march, and in battle; with many incidents and relations which have a peculiar interest for the regiment, or those members of it more immediately concerned.

Believing that such a book as they have prepared should be strictly a regimental history, and not a criticism on the conduct of the war, the committee have sought to exclude from its pages all irrelevant matter, and have avoided reference to the troops with which they served, and to the general movements and progress of battles, except when the story could not be clearly set forth without so doing. Within the prescribed scope, too, certain limits have been observed, so far as its pages are concerned. The book deals solely with the creditable deeds of officers and privates, and, on the ground that nothing else deserves to be preserved in such a permanent form, consigns all else to oblivion.

Having been at great pains to verify every important statement by the accounts of reliable comrades, who could indorse it from personal knowledge, and to ransack the memories of those who participated, for accurate details of battles and marches, the committee feel justified in pronouncing the history accurate and reliable in all essential respects. At the same time it is to be regretted that the book must, of necessity, lack somewhat in fulness of detail, owing to the lapse of so many years since the events narrated took place. This feature will be particularly noticeable in the lists of wounded, and those taken prisoners, which, though corrected and enlarged up to the very moment of going to press, are still incomplete.

The committee desired to embellish the pages of the book with portraits of all the officers who held commissions in the regiment. They regret, therefore, that some who were invited to furnish pictures for this purpose have declined so to do; they fear, also, that others may have failed to receive the notices which were mailed to all whose addresses could be ascertained, or to their friends in cases where the officers were not living. It is a pleasure, however, to include in the list of illustrations the portraits of several officers who, though not belonging to the Eighth Regiment, were known and greatly

esteemed by its members. The excellent portrait of Gen. Philip H. Sheridan accompanies the fac-simile of his autograph letter; another inset shows the familiar face of Gen. W. H. Emory, under whose command the regiment accomplished some of its most valuable service; the thoughtful, kindly features of Gen. Godfrey Weitzel also find a place near the warm personal letter in which he has paid the regiment a sincere, discriminating compliment.

The great amount of patient labor involved in the preparation of this work, the extent of which those who have undertaken it alone can appreciate, has been cheerfully done, to the end that the survivors of the regiment, their families, and the public, might possess a true record of what their patriotic service cost the Eighth Regiment from the state of Vermont.

STEPHEN THOMAS.
GEORGE N. CARPENTER.
HERBERT E. HILL.
S. E. HOWARD.

BOSTON, May 1, 1886.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

In compliance with the wish of comrades and the committee of publication, the author consented to act as historian of his regiment. The work, undertaken as a labor of love and conscientiously performed, has been far more exacting than was anticipated at the outset, and often full of discouragement. No means have been neglected to make the story as complete as possible, and whatever success has been achieved is due to those who have kindly furnished the facts set forth in these pages. If anything essential has been omitted, the author begs to remind readers that no one man can have witnessed all the movements of a single body of troops, and the full history of the regiment would contain the personal experience of every one who belonged to it.

The author desires to acknowledge his indebtedness to all who have aided by contributions and otherwise in the preparation of the work. And especially would he express his obligations to ex-Gov. Barstow for valuable aid; to Gen. Thomas for information which could be furnished only by the highest officer in command; to Col. Hill for his description of the battle of the Opequon, and the thrilling accounts of the morning and afternoon engagements at Cedar Creek; to Capt. Howard for the careful preparation of the statistical tables, and his account of the battle at Winchester; to Col.

Fred. E. Smith for letters, valuable papers, and important suggestions. He desires to mention particularly Dr. C. M Ferrin, Capt. John Bisbee, Lieut. James Welch, Lieut. Porter, Sergt. A. P. Hawley, Sergt. W. E. Halladay, C. A. Dean, and Charles E. Hardy, who have aided him in various ways.

He is under obligations to Capt. F. H. Buffum for permission to adapt for the work maps published in the valuable history of the Fourteenth New Hampshire Regiment, and to Mr. C. M. Barrows for his able professional services in revising and editing the manuscript and superintending its publication.

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INTRODUCTORY.

To a majority of the loyal people of the Union the armed revolt of 1861 came as a surprise and a shock. They knew, indeed, that the slave-holding states were determined to perpetuate and extend their peculiar institution if possible, and that it was the one paramount issue that controlled political action at the South. They were not blind to the grave disaffection felt at every attempt to limit slavery by legislation; but the hot sectional debates on the floor of congress, and the angry threats of Southern leaders, sounded quite too distant and vague to shake the popular faith that the mighty nation could hold each state fast in a compact of perpetual union. Even when South Carolina had passed an ordinance of secession, Dec. 20, 1860, and six sister states had followed her bold example, the opinion prevailed at the North that in some way the breach would be closed, and the disputes settled or compromised.

A few far-seeing men who knew the Southern mind more intimately took a different view. One of this class was Judge Stephen Thomas, of Vermont. Being a prominent man in the state and an active worker in the Democratic party, his sense of the gravity of the national problem was deep and prophetic. He had been an honored delegate to all the national Democratic conventions since 1848, and was present at that stormy session held in Charleston, S. C., April, 1860, which rent the

party in twain and raised such bitter sectional disputes between the factions. Often in public debate and private interview had he tried to convince the Southern politicians that the North did not seek to trespass on their rights or meddle with any local issue of the slave states. He had discovered with pain that their ears were deaf to the appeals of reason and patriotism; that the infatuated leaders spoke flippantly of the Union with its glorious memories; he had marked the cool indifference with which they referred to the possibility of dividing the nation and setting up an independent confederacy on Southern soil. Knowing, as few of his Northern fellow-citizens did, the intensity of Southern hate, the hotspur spirit of the leaders, and the military capacity and resources at their command, he foresaw with alarm and sorrow that the government of the United States would soon be called upon to maintain its rights against a giant armed rebellion.

When, therefore, Governor Fairbanks called an extra session of the General Assembly, on the twenty-third of April, 1861, it was with a heavy heart that Judge Thomas went to Montpelier to meet his colleagues in the House. Fort Sumter had fallen, a civil war was fairly begun, President Lincoln had called for volunteers to enter the loyal army, and the legislature of which he was a member was to consider what response Vermont should make in this dire emergency.

Judge Thomas was the only Democratic member of the special committee to which was referred the various bills for raising, arming, and paying troops for the national defence. He was also a member of the Committee on Ways and Means, which had under consideration an important bill authorizing the governor and treasurer of the state to borrow such a sum of money as the legislature at this extra session might vote to appropriate for military purposes. How much money to appropriate was the first question to be decided, and the assembly and the people awaited with deep anxiety the recommendation of the committee.

After this committee had organized and was ready for business, a motion was made to report a bill appropriating half a

million of dollars, and a very earnest discussion followed. Every member had spoken his sentiments on the motion except the judge, who sat in the rear of the committee-room listening intently to every word that was uttered. At last the chairman called upon him. Rising from his seat and stepping forward near the table, where he could command the gaze of every member, Judge Thomas gave utterance, in a very impressive manner, to convictions which no other speaker seemed to have shared with him. The solemn prophecy of his words was well-nigh startling, as he told them that the country was on the eve of a gigantic contest to preserve the Union. He knew well the spirit and temper of the Southern leaders. They were dead in earnest to destroy the Federal government, and establish a confederacy of which human slavery would be the chief corner-stone. It was not enough that in his inaugural address, President Lincoln plainly told them it was not his purpose to interfere with the institutions of any of the states; they wanted absolute separation. He felt that they would use every possible means to accomplish their end. That meant war, and we should find them "foemen worthy of our steel." "Gentlemen of the Committee," said he, in closing his remarks, "I am not only in favor of appropriating five hundred thousand dollars for this war, *but I am in favor of appropriating one million of dollars.* It will require a million, and I am not sure but that sum will be needed before the next regular session of the legislature in October. I therefore move to amend the bill, by making the governor, lieutenant-governor, and treasurer a committee to borrow at once five hundred thousand dollars, with authority to borrow another five hundred thousand when it shall be needed."

The earnestness and candor of this unexpected speech, convinced every member of the committee that the judge was right, and without further debate it was voted to report the sum he had named, and the bill thus amended was adopted.

When the House took up the appropriation bill for consideration, it was no more prepared than was the committee to accept the radical view of the secession movement presented

by Judge Thomas. At first there was some mild opposition to the provisions of the bill, and objections were raised by different members. The legislature ought to be very cautious about voting to expend the enormous sum of one million of dollars, —there was no way of raising such an amount except by direct taxation, and that was a doubtful expedient,—and other equally formidable obstacles were suggested, showing how little those who uttered them realized the true situation of national affairs, One of the principal arguments against the bill was made by a brilliant member, who was one of the ablest debaters in the House. He closed his speech with these words: "I tell you, Mr. Speaker, and gentlemen of the House, if you put a million of dollars into one side of the scale and the patriotism of the people into the other, the million of dollars will vastly outweigh the patriotism."

This base rating of the loyalty of the sons of Vermont roused Judge Thomas to defend his position in one of the most impassioned and telling speeches ever heard in the state-house. Hastily taking the floor, he repeated with a terrible emphasis what he had already declared in the meeting of the committee, about the nature of the approaching struggle between the North and South, and the vast importance of the issues at stake. To him it was nothing less than a contest for the perpetuity of the free government bequeathed to them by their fathers; and when the gentleman said that a million of dollars would outweigh the patriotism of the people of Vermont, he felt disgusted at his ignorance of the popular mind.

At this point the author of the odious libel interrupted the speaker, and tried to place a different construction on his words, without retracting his assertion. But paying no heed to this digression, Judge Thomas proceeded to urge upon his hearers the duty of the hour, in the most earnest and eloquent language he could command. He reminded them that theirs was among the first loyal states to speak, and it was of the utmost importance that she should set a good example to sister states, and give no uncertain sound. Prompt, bold action would have the effect to encourage patriotism and dishearten traitors.

When the honor and life of the nation were threatened, there was but one right thing for every loyal citizen to do. He would not consent to have it said, in the state of his birth, among the Green Mountains, in the land of Ethan Allen, that money could outweigh patriotism. The gentleman was altogether wrong, and did not know the people, if he believed what he had said to be true.

Again the member who had made the unfortunate remark sought to modify its meaning and make it less offensive. But the sturdy judge refused to yield him quarter, and persisted that there was no uncertain meaning in the demands of patriotism. He did not vote for the state officers named in the bill before the House; yet he would trust them as loyal citizens of Vermont, and he had the most undoubted faith in the people behind them. Rising to the demands of the occasion, the speaker held his audience spell-bound, while, with vehement and eloquent words, he pleaded for his imperilled country, and the honor of the free institutions which made this the best government under heaven. Nothing could resist the trenchant logic of his argument, as he pictured in vivid colors the sacrifices that must be made for the salvation of the Union, and ended his speech with the following telling period:

"Until this rebellion shall have been put down, I have no friends to reward and no enemies to punish; and I trust that the whole strength and power of Vermont, both of men and of money, will be put into the field to sustain the government."

While Judge Thomas was speaking, every eye was fixed upon him, and men listened with the closest attention, until he sat down and the spell of his eloquence was broken; then they burst forth in enthusiastic applause, which told more plainly than words could have said it, that he had won the day. The vote upon the bill was taken immediately, and every member voted "Yes."

The Senate bill authorizing the raising of four Vermont volunteer regiments for immediate service in "protecting and defending the constitution and the Union," soon came up for consideration in the House, and again the clear-headed, far-see-

ing patriot of the Democratic party gave shape and tone to the action of his colleagues. He moved to amend the bill, making the number of regiments six instead of four. But on this point, also, a majority of the House were conservative and objected, showing how little they realized the strength of the revolt to be put down, or the magnitude of the army that would be required to do it. It was claimed that if Vermont should raise three regiments, and the other loyal states contributed proportionally, it would put into the field a larger army than could ever be needed.

In answer to this plausible argument Judge Thomas replied, that the true policy was not to calculate how few men from each state the President can get along with; but they should ask, "How many men can Vermont raise at once and put into the field?" Thus, by showing the national strength at the outset of the campaign, the enemy will be intimidated, and bloodshed and treasure saved. The effect of his speech caused the House to so modify and amend the Senate bill that the governor of the state was thereby authorized to recruit two regiments without delay, and four others whenever in his judgment their services should be needed. Subsequent events showed that not only the force thus provided for was immediately needed, but that before the next legislature convened the entire six regiments were ready to be put into the field, together with the first regiment of Vermont cavalry.

But there remained yet another duty to be performed before the House could discharge the special business which it had met to transact. Legislation reached its guarding hand still further, and considered what compensation would be due from the state to those who should volunteer to engage in military service. And yet again it was the potential thought of Judge Thomas that advocated a liberal policy towards the defenders of the country. The bill to be acted upon was entitled "An Act to authorize the embodying and equipment of a volunteer militia, and provide for public defence." This was duly referred to a special committee, of which the judge was a member, and while deliberating upon it he told the committee that Vermont

had always stood at the head of all the states in caring for her soldiers. She was the only state which made the pay of her soldiers engaged in the war of the Revolution equal to specie; that in the war of 1812 she paid her volunteer militia five dollars a month in addition to the pay they received from the United States, and it should not be said that Vermont was less liberal then than she had been in the past. "The only question now," said the judge, "is, what sum of money would be equal to five dollars in 1812, when money was less abundant, and consequently more valuable than it is to-day?" He thought it would require at least seven dollars to equal five in 1812, and he therefore moved that non-commissioned officers, musicians, and privates receive, in addition to the compensation paid them by the United States, the sum of seven dollars a month each, to be paid them by the state.

This important motion was approved by the committee, and the act thus amended passed the House; and in complying with its generous provisions three million, one hundred and forty-six thousand ($3,146,000) dollars were subsequently paid to the enlisted soldiers and their families.

It goes without saying that, in urging upon his associates his view of the situation, Judge Thomas rightly estimated the sentiment that pervaded the land of Ethan Allen. Nobly did Vermont offer her best blood and treasure on the altar of our common country in the hour of peril; bravely did her patriotic sons haste to the front in defence of the dear old flag. A quarter of a century has elapsed since war's dread tocsin summoned them to arms. Sun and rain have bleached the blood-stained fields where they fought, and clothed with verdure the graves of the fallen. The horrors of battle are followed by the blessings of a securer peace. And now in gratitude for the service rendered, one who knows its history attempts, as a labor of love, to record the sufferings and achievements of one of the most prominent regiments that loyal New England sent forth to conquer the Great Rebellion.

The Eighth Vermont.

I.

ORGANIZATION.

THE insurgent frenzy of the South had become organized, defiant rebellion; the seventy-five thousand volunteers who responded to the call of President Lincoln on the fifteenth of April, 1861, had served their three months at the front and returned home; the three hundred thousand called for a month later were in the field; a military way had been opened through Annapolis to the national capital; the Union arms had suffered a disastrous rout at Bull Run; the aristocracy of England was seeking a plausible pretext to urge the recognition of the Confederacy as a belligerent nation; and sagacious men in the loyal states were beginning to realize that the opening conflict was no mere summer campaign, when Gen. Benj. F. Butler of Massachusetts was ordered to take command of the department of New England, and to raise in those states a force to operate in the far South.

In pursuance of his instructions he at once made a special demand on the patriotism of the people; and in October, 1861, he visited the governor of Vermont at Montpelier, to ask his co-operation in the work of raising the troops required for this service. The answer of the Green Mountain boys was the

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

Eighth Regiment and two batteries, promptly marched into camp and reported ready for duty—a brave contribution to the Union ranks, when it is remembered that the state had already sent one cavalry and six infantry regiments to the front, and was recruiting a seventh, when the request of Gen. Butler laid an additional burden upon its sturdy shoulders.

Thus began the history of a band of volunteers, whose faithful and heroic service in the great struggle to maintain the honor of the national flag, it is desired to place on record in this volume. Its military career was peculiar and in some respects unique, since the regiment was recruited under direct order of the general government with very little assistance from local authorities, was formed in the short space of less than three months and sent into camp in midwinter, and its brigade and corps relations were with troops from other States than its own during the entire service.

As soon as Gen. Butler's wishes were made known, with prompt alacrity the state sanctioned the undertaking by the passage of a special legislative act; and thus armed with full power to operate, the next step was to secure as commander of the proposed regiment a man who stood high in the public confidence, and would push the business in hand with the utmost vigor. After a brief consultation, the general was convinced that Hon. Stephen Thomas, formerly judge of probate in Orange county, was the right man, and lost no time in tendering him the colonelcy, and urging him to accept it without delay. At first Judge Thomas hesitated to assume so grave a military trust. He was bred to the quiet habits of civil and professional life; he felt the claims and pressure of its manifold cares and held his own abilities in modest esteem. He was ready to sacrifice, he shrank from no privation or danger, but the glories of the man of war had no attraction for him. The spell of indecision was of short duration, however, for patriotism and the earnest desire of personal friends overcame every scruple, and Judge Thomas put his hand to the plow, never to look back until the armed revolt against his beloved country was suppressed.

His commission was dated November 12, 1861, and from that time he ceased to ply the vocations of peace, and entered upon his new official duties with the utmost enthusiasm and unwearied devotion. His potent energy was everywhere felt; he traversed the length and breadth of the state, making public addresses, and urging on the work of enlistment with the greatest ardor. In the choice of capable staff-officers Col. Thomas was very fortunate, and it was on his recommendation that Mr. Fred E. Smith, of Montpelier, was appointed quartermaster, to supplement his efforts. This officer's commission was issued on the twenty-third day of November, and he proved a most efficient co-laborer in the preparatory work of procuring supplies and equipping the men as they came into camp, thus relieving his superior officer of the details involved in the rapid purchase and distribution of uniforms and other supplies.

As an indispensable part of the machinery of enlistment, the colonel appointed in different parts of the state the following recruiting officers:

CHARLES B. CHILD, Derby Line,	November	18.
HENRY E. FOSTER, St. Johnsbury,	„	18.
CYRUS B. LEACH, Bradford,	„	19.
EDWARD HALL, Worcester,	„	18.
HIRAM E. PERKINS, St. Albans,	„	19.
SAMUEL G. P. CRAIG, Randolph,	„	18.
HENRY F. DUTTON, Townsend,	„	18.
WILLIAM W. LYNDE, Marlboro,	„	18.
JOHN S. CLARK, Lunenburg,	„	19.

In compliance with their instructions these gentlemen began at once the business of enlistment, and as fast as they were filled the companies chose their commissioned officers, and were assigned places in the regiment corresponding to the dates of these elections.

Company A was recruited by Luman M. Grout and Moses McFarland, in Lamoille county and the town of Worcester, in Washington county, and was originally intended for the Sixth Regiment; but before the ranks were entirely full the

men were ordered to report at Montpelier, where the adjutant general of the state wished to separate them and assign them to different companies in the Sixth, which lacked a maximum number. To this distribution, however, the members resolutely objected, declaring that they had enlisted to serve together; consequently they were ordered back to Hyde Park, to remain until the full complement of men was recruited. The maximum was reached Nov. 13, and the following officers were immediately elected: *Captain*, Luman M. Grout; *First Lieutenant*, Moses McFarland; *Second Lieutenant*, Gilman Rand.

Company B was recruited by Charles B. Child, of Derby Line, assisted by Stephen F. Spalding, Fred D. Butterfield, and John Bisbee, during the months of November and December. It was to their advantage that Mr. Spalding had already served with the ninety-days' volunteers who answered to the first call of the President, and was familiar with military tactics; for as fast as the members enlisted he began to drill them at Derby Line, and prepare them to assume at once the duties of active service. The required number of men was obtained on the 14th of December, and they elected: *Captain*, Charles B. Child; *First Lieutenant*, Stephen F. Spalding; *Second Lieutenant*, Fred D. Butterfield; and on reaching camp at Brattleboro, the company was assigned to the left of the line.

Company C was raised in Caledonia county, and principally in the town of St. Johnsbury. It was recruited by Henry E. Foster, was organized about ten days later than Company B, and had the honor to be the color company of the regiment. On the 25th of December the men elected as commissioned officers: *Captain*, Henry E. Foster; *First Lieutenant*, Edward B. Wright; *Second Lieutenant*, Frederick J. Fuller.

Company D procured a majority of its members from Bradford, and the complement was filled with small detachments of men from Fairlee, West Fairlee, Corinth, Topsham, Newbury, and Thetford, all adjacent towns in Orange county. The company was recruited by the men who subsequently

served as its commissioned officers, and was organized December 28th, by the choice of: *Captain,* Cyrus B. Leach; *First Lieutenant,* Alfred E. Getchell; *Second Lieutenant,* Darius G. Child.

Company E had its recruiting station at Worcester, in the county of Washington, and the men who superintended the enlistment were afterwards elected as its officers. It organized on the first day of January, 1862, and chose: *Captain,* Edward Hall; *First Lieutenant,* Kilbourn Day; *Second Lieutenant,* T. P. Kellogg.

Company F was the sixth in the regiment to report at Brattleboro, reaching the camp on the eighth day of January. The members were recruited mostly in Franklin county, and completed the organization by electing the following officers, January 3d: *Captain,* Hiram E. Perkins; *First Lieutenant,* Daniel S. Foster; *Second Lieutenant,* Carter H. Nason.

Company G was the second company recruited in Orange county, under the efficient direction of Samuel G. P. Craig and John B. Mead, of Randolph, who displayed great activity in their efforts to enlist men for the service. In six weeks this company was full, and elected officers on the seventh day of January, as follows: *Captain,* Samuel G. P. Craig; *First Lieutenant,* Job W. Green; *Second Lieutenant,* John B. Mead.

Company H was raised in Windham county, under the superintendence of Henry F. Dutton, of Townsend, assisted by A. B. Franklin, W. H. H. Holton, S. E. Howard, and W. H. Smith. It was organized January 17th, by the choice of officers: *Captain,* Henry F. Dutton; *First Lieutenant,* Alvin B. Franklin, *Second Lieutenant,* W. H. H. Holton.

Company I was recruited by William W. Lynde, of Marlboro, with the help of George N. Holland and George E. Selleck. The men enlisted during the months of December and January, and rendezvoused at Williamsville, where they were drilled in military tactics by Mr. Selleck. On the seven-

teenth day of January the company organized, and elected as officers: *Captain*, William W. Lynde; *First Lieutenant*, George N. Holland; *Second Lieutenant*, Joshua C. Morse.

Company K was the last to report in camp, and completed the number required for the Eighth Regiment. It was recruited by John S. Clark, of Lunenburg, and elected its three commissioned officers January 22d: *Captain*, John S. Clark; *First Lieutenant*, A. J. Howard; *Second Lieutenant*, George F. French.

The field and staff officers of the regiment, appointed and commissioned by the governor, are given below, with the dates of their respective commissions:

Colonel, ... STEPHEN THOMAS,	Commissioned	November 12, 1861.
Lieut. Colonel, EDWARD M. BROWN,	„	January 9, 1862.
Major, ... CHARLES DILLINGHAM,	„	January 19, 1862.
Quartermaster, FRED E. SMITH,	„	November 23, 1861.
Adjutant, . . . JOHN L. BARSTOW,	„	February 19, 1862.
Surgeon, ... GEORGE F. GALE,	„	November 23, 1861.
Ass't Surgeon, H. H. GILLETT,	„	December 10, 1861.
Chaplain, . . . REV. FRANCIS C. WILLIAMS,	„	December 20, 1861.

Col. Thomas appointed the following non-commissioned staff: *Sergeant Major*, George N. Carpenter; *Quartermaster Sergeant*, J. Elliot Smith; *Commissary Sergeant*, Lewis Child; *Drum Major*, Gershom H. Flagg; *Hospital Steward*, Samuel H. Currier, M. D.

The First Battery was chiefly raised through the exertions of George W. Duncan, of South Shaftsbury, and George T. Hebard, of Chelsea, who were appointed for that service November 19, 1861. It contained one hundred and fifty-six men, including officers, and as the result of an election held January 16, 1862, the following choice was made: *Captain*, George W. Duncan; *First Lieutenants*, George T. Hebard and Henry N. Colburn; *Second Lieutenants*, Salmon B. Hebard and Edward Rice. It reported to Col. Thomas in Brattleboro, on the twentieth day of January.

The Second Battery was recruited by Lensie R. Sayles, and contained one hundred and thirty men, and was mustered into service December 16, 1861, having previously elected officers as follows: *Captain*, Lensie R. Sayles; *First Lieutenants*, C. D. Smith and Benj. N. Dyer; *Second Lieutenants*, John A. Quilty and John W. Chase. This battery went into camp at Lowell, Mass.

The following abstract of a report furnished by an officer of the regiment, gives in detail the arduous work of organization that devolved on the quartermaster and his assistants:

The Eighth Regiment and the First and Second Batteries of artillery were raised by authority of the legislature of the state, and were recruited, armed, and equipped by Col. Thomas, under direct instructions from the United States government, through Gen. B. F. Butler. These troops consequently stood in entirely different relations to the state from other volunteers who went from Vermont. Regiments enlisted by the state received care and supplies from state officials, but the troops raised by Col. Thomas could not look to Vermont for any aid, and the responsibility and labor of providing for them devolved wholly upon him and his staff. In a very important sense they belonged to the general government, and not to the state where they enlisted, and must look to the general government for whatever they required. They were not entitled to share in the state aid which was so lavishly provided for other Vermont troops. On leaving for the front, the only state property they took with them was a lot of "sectional houses" which the men never wanted, and did not use after leaving Camp Holbrook.

Being thus thrown on their own resources and compelled to obtain supplies as best they could through red-tape avenues, the members of the Eighth Regiment developed as young Vermonters of spirit are apt to do under such circumstances. The experience made them self-reliant, rugged, able to meet and endure the hard life in store for them. In their veins flowed the best blood of the Green Mountain state; and being forced to depend upon their own exertions, such men

were bound to make a reputation for ability and bravery, and achieve a fame that would be the glory of the state.

In order to encourage and promote rapid enlistments, Col. Thomas and Quartermaster Smith were continually on the move among the recruiting stations, from Brattleboro to Derby Line, working days and travelling nights; holding war meetings and making addresses; contracting for supplies and transportation, paying bills, and seeing that the work was pushed forward with the utmost vigor.

It was fortunate that, in selecting his staff, Col. Thomas chose practical business men, some of whom had previously served the state in organizing and furnishing other outgoing regiments.

To make a proper estimate of the case, it must be borne in mind that the regiment bivouacked in the middle of a Vermont winter of unusual severity, amid deep snows, when the thermometer ranged from ten to fifteen degrees below zero. Their only shelter was a lot of cheap sectional wooden houses, less convenient and comfortable than tents would have been. Their mess-house was a rough shed, and the hospital for the sick was but little better. Under such inhospitable conditions the men resolutely and patiently set themselves about the task of learning the duties of the soldier, and practicing the necessary daily drill. Is it any wonder that a regiment that displayed such devotion, endurance, and industry, proved efficient in the service and made its mark in the army?

The "winter of their discontent" was not unrelieved by amusing and pleasant experiences, as when Col. Thomas found in the village certain dealers who continued to supply "evil spirits" to his men, after being warned to desist. He did not wait for the slow and quibbling course of the prohibitory law, but confronted the offenders with a file of soldiers with fixed bayonets, and the sellers were glad to make satisfactory terms.

One day some mischief-loving assistant in the cook's department intimated to the boys that the meat that was cooking for dinner was hurt. Maj. Frank Goodhue heard the report and sought counsel of Quartermaster Smith as to the proper course

to be pursued, for the exasperated boys threatened to pull down the cook-house. It was agreed that the regiment should be told, as they were falling in for dinner, to observe the quality of the beef, and if it proved to be bad and furnished by the caterer knowing its condition, they might raze his quarters to the ground. What shouts went up from the tables, when, on marching in, they found not only wholesome meat, but every man a bowl of savory oysters, hot from the suspected stew-pan.

The Eighth Regiment have many grateful recollections of kind attentions from the ladies of Brattleboro, and especially of necessities and delicacies sent to their quarters for the sick.

On the 8th of December, Quartermaster Smith was ordered to Brattleboro to secure grounds, arrange barracks, and make all necessary preparations for the reception of recruits at the beginning of the new year. From that time until the regiment quitted the state, his labors were manifold, and his duties required close attention and the utmost exertion day and night.

CAMP HOLBROOK.

Seldom do civilized men experience a more abrupt and thorough change in their mode of existence than did Uncle Sam's raw recruits on quitting their homes for the first trial of camp life. To take an outing in midsummer, and dwell in tents for a few bright days, as Whittier and his three friends did on Salisbury beach, or as many others have done, in absolute abandon, and ruled by no law more exacting than one's own sweet will, may be restful and poetic. It is quite another thing — be you volunteer or conscript, it is all the same — to march into camp to the martial beat of a drum, there to surrender your personal liberty, and obey the iron-hearted despot who in ancient times was styled the dread god of war. Those only who have tried it can realize what it is to forsake all the wonted ways of civil and social custom, — family, business, society, church, scene, however simple or prosaic, — and form new and strange associations under the pressure of a rigorous

law, that forbids indulgence and ease, and reduces one's *impedimenta* and rations to the limits of bare necessity.

When the boys of the Eighth Regiment turned their backs on the comforts of their own firesides, and said farewell to all their dear ones, it was a change to chill anything less temperate than true Yankee patriotism, for them to bivouac in the dead middle of a hard Vermont winter, in rude wooden buildings standing on the open plain like very bleak-houses to cut the northern blast. Used to all the devices by which Green Mountain farmers know so well how to rob the frost-king of his icy terrors, it was a real sacrifice, a genuine test of pluck, for them voluntarily to adopt a mode of life in which paucity of comforts and manifold trials were the common lot.

The place selected for a camp was a short distance southwest of the village of Brattleboro. The elevation was high, and the field afforded ample room, both for the quarters of the soldiers, and a parade ground for company and battalion drills. It was christened in honor of Governor Holbrook, and proved to be so well adapted as a place of temporary rendezvous for the state troops, that it was retained and used for that purpose until the close of the war.

As already intimated, the winter of 1861–62 was one of unusual severity; snow began to fall very early in the season, and came to stay, for each new storm added to its depth, and the weather was extremely cold. To increase their discomfort, the portable wooden buildings in which the men were quartered were by no means fitted to resist the inclemency of such a winter, being constructed in a hasty manner, like summer houses at the beach. They were heated with large wood stoves, and the sleeping berths for the use of the men were ranged on each side, one above another. Through the day the occupants huddled together, and by burning a very liberal supply of fuel, managed to keep themselves comfortably warm, in an atmosphere reeking with the steam from damp garments, and tobacco smoke; but at night, when they had laid themselves away upon the shelves of bunks provided for them, and were disposed to sleep, it was found that a degree of heat necessary



Frederick Holbrook

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to keep those in the lower berths warm nearly suffocated their comrades in the dormitories over their heads. The natural result of this ill-conditioned regimen was that scores of boys fell sick with severe colds, and the surgeons not only had a little foretaste of army practice, but soon had a hospital full of patients; chills and fever attacked a large number, and shortly after the measles and mumps broke out in the camp.

Still, to the credit of the brave boys be it said, they seldom made any complaint, even though camp fare did not compare favorably with the abundance and variety with which their own tables at home were spread. It is true that their ideas not unfrequently differed from those of the cook about the best way of preparing certain delicacies, but they were too well-bred and considerate to intrude their personal preferences upon his notice, unless they were exasperated by finding too much seasoning in the broth; and the only time that a strongly pronounced murmur escaped their lips was, when the surgeon tried to deceive them with sundry doses of "preventatives" surreptitiously mingled with the soup.

The bare details of that training process which rapidly converts a force of undisciplined citizens into a regiment of soldiers, drilled in military tactics and equipped for a campaign, would make very monotonous reading. But, common as such experience became during the first years of the war, each act of this metamorphosis was novel and deeply interesting to the fresh recruits; even the awkward manœuvres and the inevitable blunders displayed during the process of martial education had a fascination for the learner, which might seem almost unaccountable in the retrospect, after he became a veteran in the service. But, simple as the task may appear, it was no boys' play for even the most earnest in those schools of tactics to curb the native waywardness of the free citizen, and compel eyes, hands, and feet to obey with promptness and precision the stern commands addressed to the ear. They were no more at ease in blue uniforms than was the rural David going forth to fight Goliath in a coat of mail. A gun in their hands was an awkward weapon, more likely to harm themselves than

to hurt anybody else; and, in this case, as always happens when full-grown men attempt to learn new movements, they discovered how to do it long before the muscles would respond, and it was often like taking some stronghold of an enemy to bring their limbs into subjection, and make them and their equipments

. . . . "but as the hands
Of loyal vassals toiling for their liege."

One of the amusing incidents in the earlier camp experience transpired when Quartermaster Smith issued to the future soldiers the stock of clothing furnished by the government for their use. It was clear that Uncle Sam's contracting tailor who made the garments had no idea of measuring the man and then fitting his suit; he seemed rather to expect that, having made the uniforms according to certain patterns, it would be the duty of the officers who distributed them to fit each wearer to his clothes, as Procrustes, the Attic highwayman, fitted victims to his bed. As a fact, however, when the time came to exchange the citizen's dress for the soldier's garb, it provoked a deal of hilarious mirth to see a square-shouldered, portly man struggling to encase his ample limbs in trousers scant enough to please a dude; while a lean, light-weight comrade fairly lost his corporeal identity in the baggy capacity of a fat man's coat. Nor were the seams of these new garments always equal to the strain to which they were subjected, so that in the course of the first week after they were donned, many of the wearers had to resort to the spools and cushions thoughtfully provided by a loving wife or mother, and turn bushelman. Whether these government suits were warm enough for service in Camp Holbrook at the season of midwinter need not be too curiously questioned, since they were quite equal to resisting the milder air at the mouth of the Mississippi, a few weeks later; but for real comfort, so long as they tarried in Brattleboro, it were better had each man been clad, like the doughty warriors of the renowned Mynheer Michael Paw, in ten pairs of linsey-woolsey breeches.



Sketched by Orvill Blake.

Camp Holbrook - Brattleboro, Vt.



But on entering the camp, every company, whether disposed to make its discomforts a subject of sport or complaint, was at once subjected to a rigid course of military discipline, which was not relaxed until they ceased to be soldiers. Morning naps were disturbed by the reveille, followed by the roll-call; unaccustomed ears soon became used to the various calls for policing the camp, detail for the day, sick call, guard mounting, and company drill. For some time the daily drill consisted simply of marching and other company movements; but about the middle of January guns and knapsacks were received, and then the regiment, by squads and companies, was exercised every morning in the manual of arms. At first the handling of muskets was awkward business, and even those who took pride in the use of "shooting irons" in the capacity of hunters, were as likely as their less expert comrades to accompany the "right shoulder shift" with a right elbow punch, or to let the breech of a gun drop heavily on some protruding toes, when the command came: "Order arms!" But patient effort in due time conquered the annoyances of the "awkward squad," and on the sixteenth day of the month the regiment, proud of its military achievements, held its first dress parade. It must in candor be admitted that the performance was not an entire success; but the next was an improvement, and very soon it came to be the common practice for friends of the soldiers and citizens of Brattleboro to repair to the camp every pleasant afternoon to witness this interesting spectacle. No one who was present will ever forget the praiseworthy efforts of the drum corps to master the various scores; or, when Adjutant Barstow had brought his men to parade-rest, how proudly kind-hearted Drum-Major Flagg led his band up and down the line, beating the air with his drawn sword as a baton.

Nor was it in the ranks alone that a rigid course of instruction in arms was pursued; the commissioned officers, too, needed lessons, and several evenings each week they assembled at the headquarters of the colonel, and were taught the manual of arms and the various regimental movements. In this business Col. Thomas was ably assisted by Lieut. Col. Brown and Maj.

Dillingham, both of whom had served in the Army of the Potomac.

At length the novelty of the situation wore off, the men became habituated to their new mode of life, the reins of authority were drawn a little tighter, members who were home on short furloughs were recalled, and everything was put in readiness to break camp whenever the order should be received. There was some delay, however, in mustering the regiment into the service of the United States, for Gov. Holbrook would not consent that it should be done until the recruiting expenses had been paid by the general government. But on the eighteenth day of February, arrangements being completed, the transfer was formally effected, and the regiment was mustered into the great loyal army of the Union, the muster rolls being dated January 21st, at which time the regiment was full.

Then followed restless days of waiting for orders to go to the front. The men were on the *qui vive* of expectation, and the camp was full of rumors as to their destination. One day it would be reported that the regiment would embark at once for Port Royal; the next day it seemed equally probable that Fortress Monroe would shortly throw its impregnable walls around the untried soldiers; then this rumor in turn faded before a later one, that Camp Holbrook was to be deserted for the battle-ground of the Army of the Potomac. These and many equally reliable pieces of news had their run like epidemics through the lines, and then died out, until by and by the men came to the conclusion that such speculations were vain, since no reliable information on the subject had yet been made public.

Meanwhile, February 21st, the enlisted men received the first instalment of their state pay, which was at the rate of seven dollars a month; and seven days later the sum was augmented by the receipt of the wages due them from the United States.

Every detail was now carefully attended to, and the regiment appeared to be about ready to move, when the medical stores were found to be scanty, and another delay was caused, while

Col. Thomas and Surgeon Gale, after persistent demands, succeeded in obtaining a limited supply for their use.

It is a curious comment on the public opinion prevailing at that time, that when the regiment was on dress parade on the fifteenth day of the month, Col. Thomas read to them a telegram just received, announcing the capture of Fort Donelson by Gen. Grant, and told the men that unless they started for the front at once, the army of the west would end the war and have all the honor. How little did any man realize at that time the gigantic strength of the new-fledged confederacy! The brave men whose eager faces looked resolutely southward on that bright winter afternoon, could not read in the horoscope of the near future the years of hardship, and fighting, and glory awaiting them, or the sacrifice of noble blood that must be made, before the insulted Union flag could wave again above the reddened field.

In less than thirty days after this speech, so touching to soldierly pride, the looked-for order came, the camp was deserted, adieus were said, and the brave boys of the Eighth Vermont, with cheers of loved ones ringing in their ears, were hurrying to the front as fast as steam and wind could carry them; storm-blast and snow-bank were exchanged for tropic sunshine, and a life of waiting for the excitement and peril of real conflict.

On the 4th of March, 1862, the whistle blew, and a long train rolled away from the station at Brattleboro, bearing the regiment and the First Battery to tide-water, while hundreds of assembled friends and citizens waved back their signals of farewell, as the space widened between them and the dear faces they might never look upon again.

The regiment left the state with the following roster of

FIELD AND STAFF OFFICERS:

STEPHEN THOMAS	*Colonel.*
E. M. BROWN	*Lieutenant Colonel.*
CHARLES DILLINGHAM	*Major.*
JOHN L. BARSTOW	*Adjutant.*
FRED E. SMITH	*Quartermaster.*
GEORGE F. GALE	*Surgeon.*
H. H. GILLETT	*Ass't Surgeon.*
REV. FRANCIS C. WILLIAMS	*Chaplain.*

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF:

GEORGE N. CARPENTER *Sergeant Major.*
J. ELLIOT SMITH *Quartermaster Sergeant.*
LEWIS CHILD *Commissary Sergeant.*
GERSHOM H. FLAGG *Drum Major.*
DR. S. H. CURRIER *Hospital Steward.*

LINE OFFICERS:

L. M. GROUT	*Captain.*	Company A.
MOSES MCFARLAND	*First Lieutenant.*	
G. S. RAND	*Second Lieutenant.*	
C. B. CHILD	*Captain.*	Company B.
STEPHEN F. SPALDING	*First Lieutenant.*	
FRED D. BUTTERFIELD	*Second Lieutenant.*	
HENRY E. FOSTER	*Captain.*	Company C.
E. B. WRIGHT	*First Lieutenant.*	
F. J. FULLER	*Second Lieutenant.*	
C. B. LEACH	*Captain.*	Company D.
A. E. GETCHELL	*First Lieutenant.*	
D. G. CHILD	*Second Lieutenant.*	
EDWARD HALL	*Captain.*	Company E.
KILBURN DAY	*First Lieutenant.*	
T. B. KELLOGG	*Second Lieutenant.*	
HIRAM E. PERKINS	*Captain.*	Company F.
D. S. FOSTER	*First Lieutenant.*	
C. H. NASON	*Second Lieutenant.*	
S. G. P. CRAIG	*Captain.*	Company G.
J. W. GREEN	*First Lieutenant.*	
JOHN B. MEAD	*Second Lieutenant.*	
H. F. DUTTON	*Captain.*	Company H.
A. B. FRANKLIN	*First Lieutenant.*	
W. H. H. HOLTON	*Second Lieutenant.*	
W. W. LYNDE	*Captain.*	Company I.
G. N. HOLLAND	*First Lieutenant.*	
J. C. MORSE	*Second Lieutenant.*	
JOHN S. CLARK	*Captain.*	Company K.
A. J. HOWARD	*First Lieutenant.*	
G. F. FRENCH	*Second Lieutenant.*	

GOING TO THE FRONT.

The route of the train which bore the regiment southward lay all that day in the picturesque valley of the "winding and willow-fringed" Connecticut, opening its rugged arms in wide and wider levels of fertile meadow, from the point where it enters the Bay State to the coast where the sea receives it. White gleamed the lessening peaks of their native hills as the

gallant sons of Vermont were rapidly whirled beyond eye-reach of outlines long familiar, and dearer than all others, even when clad in an envelope of snow; but the winter glories of the richest valley in New England allured them with a long panorama of swimming river skirted with ragged sheets of ice, the guard of eternal hills standing on the right hand and on the left, the snug villages and occasional city with roofs and steeples flashing back the icy sunbeams. Calmly old Tom and Holyoke gazed down upon them as they passed, and said, "Two generations have lived since the Deerfield massacre, and your hot blood will cool soon enough. Lo! we watch out the ages." The waters pulsing athwart the dam that turns the mighty current upon the laboring wheels of Holyoke mills, gave a leap as the freight of consecrated patriots hastened past to save the honor of the nation; and no object in nature, except the cold lips of the heartless ocean, failed to respond that day to a touch of the loftiest sentiment that has ever swayed the hearts of men.

All along the lines of the railroad over which they traversed, their coming had been anticipated, and often as the train neared a village or a solitary neighborhood of farmhouses, signals of encouragement and miniature flags were displayed, in token of a hearty God-speed from all the inmates. A halt was made at Northampton, where a burst of enthusiasm was excited by the exhibition of a rebel flag which a Massachusetts regiment serving in North Carolina had captured and sent home. On reaching Springfield the migrating boys in blue were tendered a warm reception by the assembled citizens, and entertained with generous refreshment, prepared and served by the ladies of the city; and as the train moved on again a thousand loyal voices shouted their thanks and farewells to the parting crowd.

The low sun had set and it was twilight when the train reached the wharf at New Haven, where the steamer Granite State lay waiting to receive the soldiers on board. Men and baggage were transferred to the boat, the giant engine took its turn at the laboring oar, and the weary men, after a sound night's sleep, woke up in full view of New York. As the

Sound steamer neared the dock two staunch sailing vessels, the James Hovey and the Wallace, were seen at anchor in East river, which the regiment learned were prepared to take them to sea, they knew not whither. As soon as a landing was made a detail of men was left to transfer the baggage to these vessels, and the regiment, refreshed and in excellent spirits, marched to City Hall park and were served with morning rations. During the day they were greeted by a large number of sons of Vermont resident in the city, and in the afternoon six companies of the regiment were ordered on board the Hovey, while the remaining four with the First Vermont Battery were bestowed on the Wallace. Before going aboard, however, the resident Vermonters requested Col. Thomas to march the regiment up town, where they proposed to tender their soldier brothers a collation, but it was impracticable; and in the evening the colonel and his staff, with the line officers, accepted an invitation to an elegant banquet at the Metropolitan Hotel, in the course of which ringing patriotic speeches were made by Hon. E. W. Stoughton, Col. Frank E. Howe, and other citizens of New York, and also by Col. Thomas in behalf of his regiment. This kindly courtesy tendered by personal friends on the eve of their departure to engage in the perilous work before them, was deeply appreciated by the officers, and will never be forgotten by the survivors of the regiment. Col. Thomas, Major Dillingham, Assistant Surgeon Gillett, and Quartermaster Smith, accompanied the troops on the Hovey, and Lieut. Col. Brown, Adjutant Barstow, and Surgeon Gale, those on the Wallace.

It was regarded as a critical time for such craft as the Hovey and Wallace to put to sea, on account of the danger to be apprehended from Confederate gun-boats. It was known that the rebel iron-clad Merrimac was already equipped for the work of destruction in Atlantic waters, and sent out specially to prey upon Federal commerce, and menace the Union navy. There were many fearful stories current about the formidable character of this vessel, and the intention of the Confederate government to send her up the northern coast to destroy loyal

cities and shipping. What if the defenceless sailing vessels that bore the Eighth Regiment should chance to encounter this terrible monster on the high seas, was a question to make the timid turn pale, especially as they had not even ammunition for their rifles. Indeed, so strong a hold had this idea taken of the public mind, that Col. Thomas was repeatedly warned against exposing his men to the threatened danger; even Governor Seymour protested that it was unsafe for him to venture out without suitable convoys to resist the enemy in case of attack. But the brave commander met all such objections with the reply that he had orders to sail; and, like a good soldier, he should obey them, leaving the responsibility where it belonged. Accordingly, on the afternoon of the 9th instant, the Hovey and the Wallace swung into the stream and were towed down to Sandy Hook, where they were anchored for the night, and made ready to put to sea early the following morning. Meanwhile the men were busy writing farewell letters home, and there was no little solicitude about their destination, for they sailed under sealed orders, which could not be opened until the ships had passed out of sight of land.

There is very little that admits of extended description in this voyage down a boisterous coast at that most inclement season of the year. Nearly the entire passage was tediously rough, and the men, most of whom were never afloat on salt water before, were prostrated with seasickness. Both vessels were blown many miles out of their course by a heavy and protracted gale, and parted company before the first night closed in upon them. On breaking the seal it was found that the regiment was ordered to report to Brig. Gen. Phelps, at Ship Island, in the Gulf of Mexico, so that the first land seen after Sandy Hook disappeared from view was the Florida coast. The daily experience on board these crafts included the many discomforts incident to an over-crowded cabin, a stormy passage, and general prostration. Nothing was seen of the formidable Merrimac, and only once, near the end of the voyage, did anything occur to arouse the slightest fear of attack. One day a steamer was sighted on the horizon, apparently bearing

down upon the Hovey, which brought the New York rumors so forcibly to mind that a sensible quiver of trepidation seized upon the nerves of some of the half-exhausted men; but the captain ran up his flag, and soon had the pleasure of seeing the stars and stripes displayed from the approaching gun-boat. Both ships weathered Key West on the first day of April, and twenty-seven days after leaving Sandy Hook, the Hovey arrived at Ship Island, and there was great cheering among the boys when, a few hours later, the Wallace hove in sight and dropped anchor beside her. Inquiry showed that, barring sea sickness, the passengers on the former vessel had enjoyed excellent health; but several men on the Wallace were quite ill during the voyage, and one of their number, Enos L. Davis, of Company I, died and was buried at sea with the customary service.

Ship Island, on which the Eighth Regiment made its first landing, is simply a bar or mound of clean white sand rising out of the northern waters of the Gulf of Mexico, in nearly the same latitude as New Orleans, and northeast of the deltas of the Mississippi. It is about seven miles in length and from half a mile to a mile in width. Most of this sandy area is bare of vegetation, though there is a small growth of timber at the eastern extremity, and wild grass covers some of the depressions or basins here and there on the general surface. The surface is low, and during the prevalence of very high tides or severe and protracted storms, the sea has been known to break over the entire island.

From this description it would not seem to be a place peculiarly fitted for a military camp, but just the reverse. Gen. Butler, however, found it better suited to his purposes at that time than any other he could command, and had fixed his headquarters on the highest ground it contained. A force of soldiers could easily be provisioned there from the Federal transports, and as to water, it was only necessary to sink a barrel into the sand to obtain an ample supply that was fresh and sweet. But, as it happened, the Eighth Regiment had scarcely pitched their tents before a storm set in which proved

to be one of the most terrific that had visited the place for many years. One half the bar was soon submerged, and the spot on which the men had chosen to bivouac was swept by the in-rolling seas, and the soldiers were forced to retreat with all their belongings from point to point, before an advancing foe which cared no more for their guns and bayonets than did the Atlantic Ocean for Mrs. Partington's broom. Several members of a Western regiment encamped hard by were killed by the sharp lightning, and there was grave reason to fear that, if the storm lasted twenty-four hours longer, the entire army would be swept into the sea, to meet the same inglorious fate that threatened the fleet of Æneas, when pursued by jealous Juno.

As soon as its quarters were permanently fixed, the regiment resumed daily drill in military movements. There were then eighteen thousand troops on the island, and on the ninth day of April Gen. Butler ordered them all out for inspection and review. This was the first grand parade in which the Eighth Regiment had ever participated, and the march and countermarch along the shore gave the new recruits some idea of the manœuvring of large bodies of soldiers.

The sojourn on Ship Island was on the whole monotonous, although the movements of the gun-boats, and the occasional arrival of a prize ship, captured while attempting to run the blockade, afforded some diversion; and one day a squad of Confederate prisoners, the first the Vermont boys had seen, were landed on the island, where they underwent a very rigid inspection by hundreds of curious eyes. It was true, of course, that a live rebel was only a Southern citizen dressed in Confederate gray; but somehow the Green Mountain boys, in spite of that fact, gorgonized the captives as though they had been as many ferocious cannibals from the South Pacific, or specimens of the strange beings whom Baron Munchausen encountered during his famous adventures in foreign lands.

Gen. Phelps, who had been in command of the troops on the island before the arrival of Gen. Butler, was from Vermont, and went out with the First Regiment, who were ninety-days men. Many of them, by the way, re-enlisted in the Seventh and

Eighth, and were pleased on reaching Ship Island to find themselves again under their old commander. Gen. Phelps was a man of great integrity and simplicity of character, whose straightforward honesty was only equalled by his disgust for display and shams. One incident will illustrate this peculiarity.

A regiment of New York zouaves had landed on the island, and as the general was sauntering thoughtfully along one morning a young officer in fantastic uniform saluted him. Gen. Phelps turned and surveyed him with apparent surprise, and asked curtly:

"Who are you?"

"I'm a zouave."

"What is that?"

"An officer of a zouave regiment, sir."

"An officer! I thought you were a circus clown."

A temporary device for relieving the tedium of this insular life was the issuing and reading of a small newspaper, called the *News Letter*. The regiment brought among the baggage a complete printing-press, and when Gen. Butler was apprised of the fact, although it seemed to be a rather singular engine of war, he ordered it to be set up, and put in order for use. Private Eastman, of Company K, who was a practical printer, took charge of the business, and established his printing-office near the headquarters of Col. Thomas, and thenceforward published the orders as they were issued, in due and regular fashion.

Thus far the Eighth Vermont had taken no part in the great national struggle. Theirs had been the negative duty of getting ready for action and waiting for a summons. But the time was close at hand when they must join their comrades in the thick of the fight, and know what it meant to be under fire. Capt. Porter's mortar-boats had anchored below Forts Jackson and St. Philip, and Farragut's gun-boats were in position, when on the eighteenth of April, the sound of heavy cannonading to the westward apprised the camp at Ship Island that the bombardment had begun that was soon to open the Mississippi for the

free entrance of the Union navy. For three successive days the fleet pounded away at the fortresses guarding the water approaches to New Orleans, and then Capt. Farragut called together his captains for consultation, and it was determined that an attempt should be made to run past the forts. It was an exploit full of difficulty and danger, and the chief hope of success lay in taking advantage of the opportune moment, and pushing up the river with rapidity and caution; for no one on board knew what obstacles they would have to encounter, or what snares the enemy had prepared for them. But the hand of present duty pointed northward, and, the orders being given, preparations were quickly made. Shortly after one o'clock on the morning of the twenty-fourth instant the signal for action was heard, and in the course of the next two hours the fleet was in motion. The fight that ensued was a desperate one, but in due time Farragut's flag-ship Hartford and nine other boats passed up and out of range of the guns of the forts, when they immediately encountered a fleet of a dozen Confederate gun-boats, and a sharp engagement took place.

The plucky Union captain was victor, as all the world knows, and passed on up the channel of the river, meeting with no further resistance until he reached Chalmette, about three miles below New Orleans. Here land-batteries stationed on each bank of the stream opened fire upon the fleet; but after a short engagement their guns were silenced, and Farragut pushed on again. Above this point the gun-boats ran among vessels freighted with burning cotton and boats loaded with timber all ablaze, which the disconsolate enemy sent down upon them. But these obstacles did not hinder a fleet that had just run a gauntlet of shot and shell, and about noon, during a violent thunder-storm, the defiant people of the Crescent City were astonished to see the Yankee boats drop anchor in their harbor. But the Confederate troops, persuaded that they could no longer hold the position, had set fire to the shipping and wharves, stores of goods, and other combustibles, and fled from the city; so that for miles the approach of the Union vessels was between parallel lines of

blaze and smoke. New Orleans, therefore, offered no armed resistance to the entrance of the marines, and the next day Capt. Bell, with a detachment of a hundred men, went ashore and raised the American flag above the United States mint.

After Farragut had passed up the river, Capt. Porter continued to bombard the two forts, while Gen. Butler, co-operating with him, threw a force in the rear, bringing his guns also to bear directly on the strongholds of the enemy. Unable to hold out longer, and seeing no chance to escape, the Confederates surrendered to Capt. Porter on the 27th instant, and communication was opened with Gen. Butler, who immediately placed the works in charge of a garrison of his own troops. Then taking two regiments of infantry and a battery, he steamed up the river and reached New Orleans on the first day of May. There Capt. Farragut received his hearty congratulations and immediately turned over the captured city to the general, who went ashore and established his headquarters at the St. Charles Hotel.

It was there that Butler found the first work for his Green Mountain regiment waiting on Ship Island, and orders were sent for them to break camp and come to him without delay. A number of the men were sick in the hospital when the summons was received, and were left behind in charge of Chaplain Williams. Two had died, and found their last resting-place in the shifting sands of that lonely island. They were Charles S. Lamb, of Company D, and Corporal George Walker, of Company G.

NEW ORLEANS.

Once more the Eighth Regiment with the baggage were crowded on board the James Hovey, and, after some delay in getting a tug to tow them up the river, started for New Orleans. Their progress inland was full of excitement and delight. As the ship slowly passed under the walls of Forts Jackson and St. Philip, the men were aware, of course, that a stubborn battle had been fought there, but could not then realize that it was

the scene of a naval achievement that made the brave Farragut one of the great heroes of history. Over the forts so recently surmounted by Confederate colors, the stars and stripes were floating; and the regiment gave them a rousing salute, which was answered by the garrison. To the untried soldiers this was the gate of war, which once passed, they felt assured that there would be no more idle suspense for them. But the momentary thought of what a baptism of fire and blood might be in store for them was quickly dissipated, as the rich landscapes of lower Louisiana opened to their gaze. On either hand, as far as the eye could penetrate, stretched the broad and level country, clothed with tropical vegetation, and bright with spring-time colors; the air was fragrant with the odors of flowers, and melodious with the songs of strange birds. The banks of the river were lined with negroes, staring in wide-mouthed wonder at the Yankees; and above the quarantine were extensive sugar plantations, and the houses of their opulent owners, separated by a wide street from the cabins of their slaves. In the nearer view were large magnolia trees in full bloom, and orange groves bearing tempting fruit, while beyond stood forests of live-oak, weird and gray with their long beards of pendent moss. The water was very high, and whenever the channel lay near the bank, the men discovered that they were floating at a level of some fifteen or twenty feet above the houses and gardens along the shore, which were protected from inundation by strong levees.

The accommodations for officers on board the vessel were rather limited, and at dinner the table had to be set over two or three times before all could be served. By the time the second lieutenants reached the table there was a "plentiful lack" of the viands they craved. Feeling aggrieved on this account, they assembled on deck, and held an indignation meeting, giving free vent to their personal sentiments on the subject. They also violated the rules of propriety by singing an old song, which began:

> "In yonder stall there lies a mule,
> We picked his eyes out one by one."

Considerable amusement was caused by the singing; but when the indignant officers sent a committee of complaint to Col. Thomas, he reprimanded them for their conduct, and directed them to make no further disturbance.

Passing Chalmette, where Gen. Jackson won an important victory over the British, in the war of 1812, the men were on the *qui vive* for their first sight of the Crescent City, whose smouldering wharves still sent up a cloud of smoke in the distance. It was a moment of intense excitement when the Hovey reached New Orleans, late in the afternoon of the 12th instant; nor did it abate, when, in the course of the evening, the men were ordered ashore, to find the strange streets crowded with people, going hither and thither in aimless confusion.

The chivalry of the South was full of defiant hatred of the northern invaders, and the disappointed citizens expressed the intense bitterness of their feelings in every conceivable way. Above the general tumult, as the troops entered the streets, could be heard the loud strains of "Bonny Blue Flag," and other secession songs; and for a counter-irritant, Col. Thomas ordered his band to strike up "Yankee Doodle." After the line had been formed in the street, orders were given to load the muskets in readiness for any emergency that might arise, and the regiment marched slowly, without opposition, to the Union Cotton Press, where it was quartered for the night. A strong guard was detailed for the neighborhood, under strict orders, and both officers and men slept on their arms. To further insure their safety, Col. Thomas issued very strict orders against leaving the quarters for any purpose, and, in spite of the various alluring temptations of a great city, there was little disposition to disobey the recognized authority. A member of one of the companies, however, tried to get outside by running the guard, and refused to stop when challenged. For this piece of folly he paid the penalty of his life,—the sentinel was firm and fired upon him, inflicting a severe wound that proved fatal in a short time. It was a hard case, but the stern lesson put an end to all attempts to run the night guard ever after.

That first night at New Orleans will never be forgotten. The colonel was vigilant; the men quiet and determined; the sentinels were on the alert; and every precaution was taken against being surprised by an armed force or a city mob. The enforcement of strict military discipline was no longer a sham practice, and the peace-loving sons of Vermont began to realize that they were now in an enemy's country, where no one could be trusted,—the objects of murderous hate in a strange city, and liable at any moment to have to fight for their lives. There was very little sound slumber in camp that night; and, though no disturbance was attempted, the boys were never more glad for the sweet daylight than when the next morning dawned upon their anxious eyes.

After the regiment had established itself in permanent quarters at the Mechanics' Institute building, and the members began to appear in public, and pass to and fro in the discharge of their assigned duties, the bitter hatred which their presence aroused in the hearts of the citizens began to show itself in numberless ways. People watched their movements with inexpressible disgust, and cast upon them frowns of intense malignity whenever they passed. There was murder in their defiant eyes, but evidently they did not dare to attempt any acts of personal violence against the boys in blue. The instructions given the troops by General Butler in regard to their bearing towards civilians were very rigid. They were to avoid as far as possible whatever would provoke their passions; they must pass through the streets in silence, take no offence at threats and insults, and if fired upon simply cause the arrest of the guilty parties; privates must be respectful, and no officer was permitted to appear on the street alone, or without side arms. These wise and humane restrictions were often very galling to the pride of the independent sons of New England, and it would not be a surprising thing if, under the pressure of repeated provocation, resentment sometimes got the better of prudence, and the loyal soldiers became exasperated. The situation also imposed on the boys a severe test of vigilance. Not knowing the full strength of the enemy,

or what expedients the maddened citizens might devise to wreak vengeance on the detested "Yanks," it was necessary to be constantly on the alert lest the smothered fires of revolt should burst forth in riot and violence. Consequently everything must be kept in readiness for instant action, and night after night the men slept on their arms.

Then, too, the air was full of wild rumors, which contained no one could tell how much truth. It was said that Gen. Lovell, who had evacuated the city on the approach of Farragut's fleet, would soon return with a strong reinforcement and capture the city. In the same connection it was asserted that all the able-bodied citizens were secretly drilling in the use of fire-arms, and would co-operate with Lovell's troops whenever he should appear; in this case, of course, it would be easy to destroy the Union vessels lying in the harbor, and thus cut off all hope of retreat, while the Confederate soldiers overwhelmed Gen. Butler with superior numbers and made his men prisoners of war. Wrought upon by these and like rumors, it was easy for the Union soldier, as he passed from place to place executing the commands that devolved upon him, to imagine he saw treachery lurking in the eyes of every haughty Southerner he met, and that some subtle strategy was about to make him its victim.

But the descendants of Ethan Allen, if they had not then seen service of any very serious character, had learned one lesson pretty thoroughly, which was that it is not a soldier's business to reason why, or to make reply; but simply to obey orders, and, if his time came, to die. They went quietly about their appointed duty, and presently came to the conclusion that while they remained in the city, they were not very likely either to be obliged to use weapons or to perish by means of them.

Police and provost duty was the first service outside the camp that fell to the lot of the Eighth Regiment, and in carrying out these necessary orders large details were made each morning to protect public and private property, to seize concealed arms, arrest suspicious and disorderly persons, and

attend to a great variety of other duties. The military district was commanded by Maj. Dillingham.

Gen. Butler was fertile in expedients for accomplishing the work which the government had sent him to do in New Orleans, and it very soon occurred to him to utilize the telegraph lines in and about the city for the benefit of his military operations. These were in a demoralized condition, like everything else that would be apt to afford aid and comfort to the detested Yankees. The Confederates, before evacuating the city, had destroyed or secreted the apparatus of the telegraph offices, cut wires, and done all that lay in their power to render the lines inoperative.

But with his wonted energy, the general determined to have the system in working order, and caused inquiry to be made among the regiments for a soldier whose ability and experience would qualify him to take charge of the telegraph offices and lines. The result was that Quartermaster Sergeant J. Elliot Smith, of the Eighth Vermont, was ascertained to be a suitable person; and by order of Gen. Butler, issued May 17th, he was made a lieutenant on his staff, and appointed military superintendent of all the telegraph lines running from New Orleans, and charged with the duty of putting all the lines in order, at the earliest possible moment.

Lieut. Smith was a young man of marked ability and energy, and set about the work to which he had been assigned with great vigor. He was allowed a detail of about forty men to assist him, among whom were the following from his own regiment: George C. Bates, George W. Packard, Henry C. Sherman, B. H. Upham, Wm. A. Tinker, Frederick Wild, William Kinsley, and Rufus Kinsley. But as this force included no trained operators, he was obliged to open a school of telegraphy and instruct them.

The first lines put in order were those running from the city to Camp Parapet; to Milnburg on Lake Pontchartrain; to the passes at the mouth of the Mississippi, the quarantine station, and Forts Jackson and St. Philip; to Berwick Bay and Thibodeaux; to Rigolets; and to Donaldsonville.

On the 23d instant, Gen. Weitzel appointed Smith superintendent of the fire alarm telegraph of the city, in addition to the office he already held. After the promotion of Quartermaster Sergeant J. Elliot Smith, Wm. H. Gilmore was appointed to that position.

During the first week that the Union troops occupied the city, the people showed their *animus* by closing the stores and other public places against the wearers of the blue; but the desire for trade and gain presently unlocked their doors again. At first, when a Union soldier ordered refreshments at any of the restaurants, and offered a greenback in payment therefor, it was refused by the indignant proprietor, who declared he would take nothing but coin or Confederate money. This exhibition of southern venom was also short-lived; for when the rebel troops failed to reappear, and it was found that the Yankees had come to stay, Confederate scrip was at a discount, and traders were glad to take any kind of Uncle Sam's money at par. One day Quartermaster Smith came upon a resident of the city who had been a native of Vermont and an intimate friend of his during their boyhood. But so strong was the sectional feeling entertained by this "northern-born Southerner," that he refused to renew the old friendship under the circumstances; but said: "I shall be glad to see you if you come in citizen's dress."

But the prejudice of the male population did not express itself in so many spiteful ways as did that of the southern women. In them the spirit of hostility knew no bounds, and they improved every chance that offered to insult and abuse the northern soldiers. They wore small confederate flags fastened conspicuously to their dresses, or waved them in their hands in public places; if a Union officer entered a street car containing southern women, they would rise and leave it; and to avoid meeting soldiers on the sidewalk, they would step into the street, and show their intense hatred by every look and act. A southern lady, for example, dropped a delicate lace handkerchief, as she entered a street car. A Union officer picked it up and politely offered it to her, but she refused to take it,

and withdrawing herself with a look of bitter scorn, said: "I would never receive it after being contaminated by your touch." The officer, without replying, raised the car window and dropped the offending scrap of embroidery into the street. All this hostility and evil treatment the Vermont boys bore with commendable patience, winning thereby the approval of their commander; and it was not until one of these women so far forgot her ladyhood, not to say her sense of decency, that she spat in the faces of two Federal officers who were quietly walking along the street, that Gen. Butler issued the famous order, of which the following is a transcript:

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF.
NEW ORLEANS, May 15, 1862.

General Order No. 28.— As the officers and soldiers of the United States have been subject to repeated insults from the women (calling themselves ladies) of New Orleans, in return for the most scrupulous non-interference and courtesy on their part, it is ordered that hereafter, when any female shall by word, gesture, or movement, insult or show contempt for any officer or soldier of the United States, she shall be regarded and held liable to be treated as a woman of the town plying her avocation.

By command of
MAJOR GENERAL BUTLER.

GEORGE C. STRONG,
Ass't Adjutant General, and Chief of Staff.

The effect of this much-criticised order was precisely what its author desired. The forbidden outrages ceased, there was an end of insults to Union soldiers, and it proved very useful as one means of restoring quiet to the city.

II.

ALGIERS.

AFTER the Eighth Vermont had spent about a month in New Orleans, Col. Thomas received orders to transfer his regiment across the river and relieve the Twenty-first Indiana, commanded by Col. McMillan at Algiers. Leaving Company D behind as a provost guard for the city, the colonel complied with his instructions, and on the 31st of May, 1862, established his headquarters at the old Algiers depot; and, as there were no other troops stationed on that side of the river, he assumed command of the district, and acted in a semi-civil as well as military capacity. Under this authority Col. Thomas began to prosecute the work before him with characteristic vigor. Capt. Charles B. Child, of Company B, was appointed provost marshal, and pickets were thrown out as far as La Fourche Crossing.

In their retreat the Confederate army had destroyed the track of the New Orleans and Opelousas Railroad, and the colonel at once called for a force of volunteers to repair and put it in running order. There happened to be a number of men in the regiment who were practically acquainted with that kind of work, and by their exertions both the road and the rolling stock were put in condition, so that military trains began to ply regularly between Algiers and La Fourche. Civilians were not allowed to use the cars, unless they first obtained permission from the proper authority, and a strong guard was placed on board of all moving trains, to protect them against sudden attacks of outlaws and guerillas, who might be prowling

about the unsettled portions of the route. Lieut. Day, of Company E, who was a practical railroad man, acted as engineer, and different members of the regiment took their turns as conductors.

The forces commanded by Gen. Butler had not been long in the service, before the negro question was brought to their notice in a very direct and forcible manner. During the summer large numbers of blacks, who had run away from their masters, crowded into the camps and craved protection. They had very crude and indefinite notions of the great struggle in which the nation was involved, but firmly grasped the idea that "Massa" Lincoln was the God-sent Moses, who was to deliver their race from bondage, and that escape into the Union lines was the first step on the road to freedom. What to do with these ignorant masses that had thrown themselves upon the soldiers for protection, was a perplexing question. The sentiment of the regiment was not unanimous. Part, recognizing human slavery as an unmitigated evil, felt that it would be wrong under any circumstances to remand the fugitives back into servitude; others contended that a body of troops, in the discharge of their proper duties, could not lawfully interfere with private property, or undertake to decide on the justice of an alleged owner's claim. But very naturally the sympathies of the soldiers prompted them to render every reasonable aid to any colored brother whom they found groping his way to freedom; and when the Eighth Vermont found a crowd of negroes upon their hands, as was frequently the case, the men could not find it in their hearts to comply with the orders of the war department, in force at that time, and return the helpless fugitives to their masters.

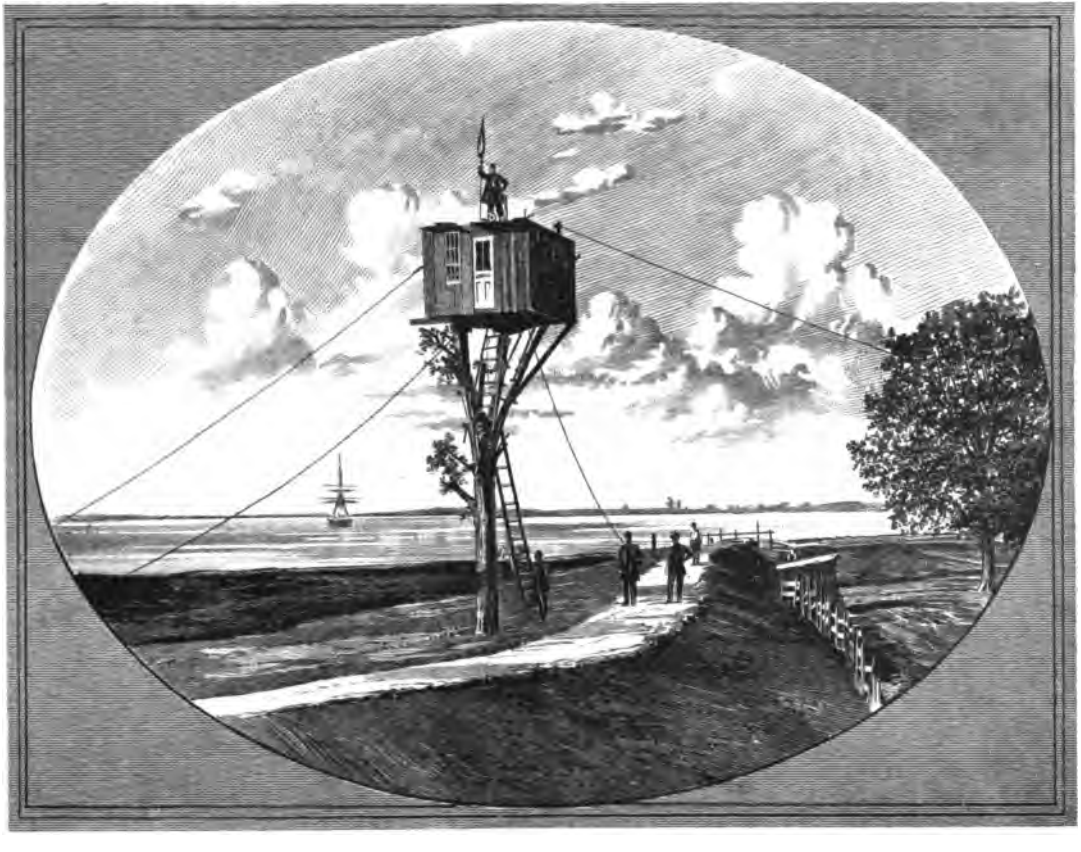
To illustrate the prevailing state of feeling in the ranks: One day a negro, who had escaped from a plantation down the river, came into camp and sought protection. He complained of cruel treatment, and showed the recent marks of a chain upon his ankles, the sight of which stirred the indignation of the men. He seemed willing to work, and one morning,

while he was helping to police the camp, his master appeared and ordered him to return to the plantation. This the black man refused to do, and thereupon the master drew from his pocket a heavy leathern strap and began to beat him with it. The negro ran and the master pursued, keeping close to his heels and raining blows upon him at every step. This spectacle was more than the Yankee boys could witness unmoved, so they too joined in the race, and every time the master struck his slave they would give him a kick. This treatment had the desired effect, for the master, finding himself likely to get badly worsted if he continued to press his claim, ceased flogging the man and left the camp without him.

But that was not the end of the matter, for Lieut. Col. Brown, regarding this conduct of the men as a grave breach of army discipline, ordered the adjutant to form the regiment into line. He then addressed some severe language to the men, telling them that they "came into the service to obey orders, and not to interfere with personal property, whether in slaves or anything else." This speech only intensified the feelings of the men, and strengthened their resolution not to return the fugitive slaves. The officers of the regiment were indignant at this assumption of personal authority; and, to their credit as men, Col. Thomas and Adjutant Barstow, knowing the cause of the alarm, remained in their quarters. The subject was finally decided by the proper authorities at Washington, who issued an order forbidding soldiers to return escaped slaves, and when such fugitives appeared in camp the officers had no alternative but to provide for them.

But while these instructions made it plain enough what could not be done with the contrabands, it did not dispose of the question, how the multitudes, who were flocking into the Union camps in every quarter of the South, should be provided for, and the officers of the Eighth Vermont continued to have this vexed problem thrust upon their attention.

After being at Algiers a few weeks, the number of able-bodied men in the regiment was much reduced by sickness, and it became necessary to procure the services of three or four



Signal Station – Carrollton La.

colored cooks. For this purpose the colonel ordered that a limited number of negro candidates for the situations be allowed to come into camp, in order that the places might be filled by selection. The matter soon became noised abroad, and on the following Sunday morning the approaches to the camp were found to be full of colored people, all desiring to offer their services as cooks. On they came, a miscellaneous assortment of all ages and sizes, arriving in squads and families, on foot, in carts, and on mules, until the quarters were literally crowded with negroes, none of whom had any intention of returning to the places from whence they started. It was a hard matter to choose the needed cooks out of such a promiscuous and sable mass, and a still more serious question with Col. Thomas what should be done with them all. One thing was certain, he had no means of making suitable provision for them; consequently he resorted to a little strategy to get them to go aboard a steamer, and then shipped them to Carrolton, where they would be under the jurisdiction and care of Gen. Phelps. Having disposed of the intruders and cleared the camp, the colonel congratulated himself, as he composed his limbs to rest that night, on the success of his little scheme. But the next morning another crowd of negroes began to pour into camp about sunrise, and continued to come until there seemed to be no end of them, and again the colonel was at his wits' end. The crowds about the commissary quarters came to be a great nuisance, and the quartermaster was exceedingly troubled to know who was going to make "provision returns" for the camp so suddenly increased from one thousand to three thousand, and still increasing. On reporting the case to the chiefs of commissary and quartermaster's departments, this order was returned: "Gen. Butler orders that you find them quarters and give them rations; and when the war is over we will go to Washington and see to settling the accounts."

While pondering upon the case, and hesitating whether to report it to Gen. Butler or take the responsibility upon his own shoulders, he met Gen. Weitzel, and related the case to him, observing that he had changed his mind and was of the opinion

that he ought to utilize them in some way. "You are not the only one," replied the general, "who has come to that conclusion;" and intimated that Gen. Butler had modified his opinions on that question. Encouraged by this cheering information, Col. Thomas called on his superior officer at once, and laid the matter before him. He found Gen. Butler disposed to take a very reasonable view of the case, and received authority to feed the black men, care for their sick, and employ them for any service in which they could be made available.

Nor was the contraband question allowed to rest with simply providing for the necessities of the colored men. Gen. Butler was not content until he had solved the problem of making them a direct factor in the work of suppressing the rebellion. With commendable forethought he cast about him for a plausible pretext to convert them into soldiers, and found an order issued by the Confederate governor, and another from Gen. Lovell, for raising a colored regiment. He further strengthened his case by announcing that Gen. Jackson authorized raising colored troops to serve in the war of 1812. These precedents were sufficient, and he issued immediate orders to recruit two regiments from the fugitives who had come within the Union lines. These were officered with white men selected from the older regiments, and proved to be excellent troops.

In the early part of the month of June, Lieut. Col. Brown was detailed by Gen. Butler to lay aside the sword for the pen, and take editorial charge of the *Delta*, one of the regular newspapers issued in the city of New Orleans. This, with the other local papers, was a radical secession sheet, and the general, finding it impossible to secure the publication of army orders in any other way, seized the office and plant of the *Delta*, and converted it into an official organ of loyal sentiments and military commands. Lieut. F. D. Butterfield, of Company B; Lieut. G. F. French, of Company K; Charles F. Russell, of Company A; H. C. Abbott, of Company C; C. G. Tarbell and George H. Graves, of Company G; O. N. Webster, of Company I; H. K. Stoddard, of Company K; were detailed for the signal service.

There is one phase of volunteer campaign life which would make a very entertaining volume, if it could be fully and skilfully written; if all the ludicrous happenings, vexatious accidents, and unusual experiences of even a single regiment could be vividly described and published in a book, it would make an invaluable souvenir for every survivor. It is these seemingly minor events that served to break the daily monotonous round of camp life, and the remembrance of them that gives spice and piquancy to the reunions of old comrades in arms. In such material the career of the Eighth Vermont was not lacking, and probably every member who reads these simple annals will be able to recall many that the writer has overlooked or been obliged to omit in so brief a history. But a few samples are here introduced by way of illustration, that may provoke a smile, as the veteran recalls to mind the strangely interesting days when they occurred.

The boys had not been long stationed at Algiers before they discovered that "rebs" were not the only enemies who might surprise them and attack the camp, for one quiet afternoon a number of wild Texas steers suddenly made a descent upon the tents, followed by herdsmen on their ponies, galloping close to their heels. The creatures had strayed away from a drove in the neighborhood, and for a short time they made a lively charge, bursting into the tents, overturning kettles, and thrusting their lawless horns into everything that came in their way. It was not safe to fire upon them, lest some missing shot should glance and wound the men; and there was no alternative but to keep out of the way of the half-crazed steers, and allow them to turn things topsy-turvy, until the drivers could capture them with lassos.

One day the cook of Company H was in a towering rage over an innocent looking mule belonging to the quartermaster's department, because the beast, in the exercise of the peculiar pedal functions for which his race is noted, had made a plunge right through the cooking tent and utterly ruined the soup prepared for that day's dinner.

On another occasion some men were driving a herd of cattle

past the camp, when one of the animals suddenly disappeared and could not be found, though the men in charge made a most thorough search in all the vicinity. The fact was that some of the Yankee soldiers, hungry for a taste of fresh beef, had hurried the creature around the corner of the old depot building, where it was slain, divided among the companies, and secreted piecemeal, and all so quickly done that the drovers never knew what became of it.

Guard-mounting in the morning at Algiers seemed to be a very interesting spectacle to both soldiers and citizens, and was watched with eager curiosity. It was Adjutant Barstow's duty to see that the business was properly executed according to the prescribed army regulation, and he was much annoyed if anything unusual happened to interrupt the decorum of this matutinal observance. No one then present, however, has probably forgotten the time when an insane man undertook to assist at this exercise. After the adjutant had inspected the guard and was returning to report to the officer of the day, he found the lunatic standing in his place, and brandishing a drawn sword which he had obtained from Major Dillingham's quarters. The demented man imagined himself invested with official power, and the wild look in his eyes told but too plainly the danger of any attempt to oust him by force from the place he had usurped. But Adjutant Barstow was equal to the occasion. Addressing the insane man, with a smile of approval, he said: "You have acted your part well, sir; now step aside and let me try it." This had the desired effect, for the insane man appeared pleased and walked away without attempting any mischief, and the next day was taken to an asylum.

It was no uncommon thing during the first summer of campaign life for members of the regiment to have severe attacks of home-sickness. One of this class of sufferers, fearing perhaps that his malady might prove fatal if he remained in that climate, determined to find some means of getting released from the service. So he feigned to be a fool, and every morning would take a rod and line and fish hour after hour from the wharf. He never caught anything, and when asked by com-

rades what he was fishing for, he invariably answered, "Not much." So well did he play his part that the impression soon became general that he was under-witted, and he was accordingly discharged. But when the official papers were placed in his hand, he held them up, and with a look of greater intelligence than any one had ever before seen on his face, said: "These are what I was fishing for."

It is not often that the boys in the ranks have a good chance to "get the laugh" on their superior officers, but that event came in the experience of the Eighth Regiment, when Adj. Barstow and Lieut. Spalding, of Company B, started one fine day for a saddle ride into the country. As they trotted along, Spalding, who was full of good humor, said to his companion, pointing to some trees by the roadside some distance ahead, "Suppose on reaching that covert we imagine ourselves ambuscaded, draw our revolvers, fire at the enemy, and make our escape." The fun of the thing suited the adjutant, and he readily assented. Accordingly when they reached the place, Spalding shouted, "The rebels!" and both men whipped out their weapons and began to shoot at the imagined foe. But their horses did not seem to appreciate the humor of the joke, or else were in no mood to enjoy it; for at the first shot they wheeled so suddenly that their riders were unseated and thrown, while they galloped back to camp, leaving the disgruntled heroes to be taken prisoners, or to retreat, as best they could.

Apropos, another incident comes to mind, illustrative of the versatile humor of Lieut. Spalding. He was officer of the guard one night, and, after tattoo had sounded, he invited Adjutant Barstow and the writer to make the customary rounds with him. At that time there were several thousand contrabands in and around the camp, many of whom were quartered in large warehouses near the river, where they held nightly religious meetings, and kept up the noisy fervor of their grotesque prayers and weird singing until a late hour. It was past midnight when the three officers entered one of these negro assemblies to quiet the noise, and found the pious excitement at its greatest height. Striking a dramatic attitude, Lieut. Spalding

uttered in a stentorian voice, "Were I ten thousand times a prince, I would not trespass on the ashes of the dead." The words of Shakespeare abruptly broke the flow of a negro melody like a thunder clap, while startled worshippers on all sides cried out, "Dar be no dead heah, Massa!" "If you don't stop this noise," pursued the lieutenant, "there will be a great many of you dead." It is needless to add that quiet reigned in that warehouse for the rest of the night.

By order of Gen. Butler, Col. Thomas organized a court to try a number of petty cases, where citizens of Algiers had been arrested for various misdemeanors. Quartermaster Smith was appointed judge, and Maj. Dillingham was commissioned to act as judge-advocate. Considering the variety of cases, which included everything that might be expected to come before a civil as well as a military tribunal, from the two women quarrelling about the ownership of a pig, to the citizen who was arrested while attempting to convey stores to the enemy, and who threatened the life of a railroad engineer if he did not remove a small Union flag from his engine, business was dispatched with very little delay, and most of the convicted offenders abided the sentence of the court. But one man, who had been sentenced to be committed to Ship Island for six months, appealed from the decision to higher authority. But his experience was much like that of Shylock contending for justice. Gen. Butler, after patiently hearing the case, doubled the sentence.

"At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk lay dreaming of the hour,
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power."

His rude awakening at the sentry-cry,

"To arms! they come! The Greek! the Greek!"

though more tragic, was not less startling than that experienced by the Eighth Regiment at the same still hour, in the guarded camp at Algiers. For a soldier, whose night visions could not have been as bright as the last dream of the Moslem slain by

Marco Bozzaris, yelled out in his sleep, "The rebels are coming!" Instantly every man sprang to his feet, to hear the long roll for the first time at midnight, and, in the sudden confusion, scarcely knowing what he did. Officers came rushing forth bare-headed, with sword-belts buckled round their legs, boots on the wrong foot, and uniforms all awry; men were crowding and fighting each other for the possession of equipments, or running to and fro frightened, or half-awake; while above the din and bustle was heard the call of the orderly sergeants: "Fall in! fall in, boys!" To add to the panic, the contrabands, scared half out of their senses, raised their vociferous jargon to swell the general tumult. It seemed a long time before the orders of the officers were obeyed, and the regiment was formed into line to resist the expected attack; and Col. Thomas kept them standing there some half an hour, while he investigated the source of alarm, when he dismissed the command, telling them to "go back to sleep like good little boys."

But false alarms were sometimes even more annoying than in the case just described. An officer, who had been prospecting outside the lines one day, returned and reported that, in taking an outlook from the top of a tree, he discovered a force of one hundred or more rebels in camp within a short distance. Early the next morning Col. Thomas took the regiment, except a guard left for the camp, and started out to capture the alleged rebels. Following the guidance of the officer who claimed to have discovered them, the men tramped all day long through swamps and woods, sometimes in ditches and water up to their knees, — actually swimming canals, and felling trees for temporary bridges. Thus they forced their way with the greatest difficulty to an open road, where they had agreed to meet a portion of the command; but on arriving, so great was their exhaustion that no amount of urging would induce them to go another step. Col. Thomas therefore dispatched a messenger to camp, with orders to the quartermaster to procure a boat and come to their relief. In this way the command was returned to camp about midnight, disgusted with the undertaking, and vexed at the failure.

June 6th, First Lieut. E. B. Wright, Company C, resigned, and the vacancy was filled by the promotion of Sergeant Maj. Geo. N. Carpenter.

RACELAND.

The first baptism of blood, that trying ordeal to which every thoughtful volunteer looked forward with dread, came to part of the Eighth Vermont on the 22d of June. Two days before, Company H, which was stationed on the extreme outpost of the railway, had fallen back from La Fourche Crossing to Bayou des Allemands, when Capt. Dutton, hearing that some parties were engaged in tearing up the track, sent a detachment of thirty men, under Lieutenants Franklin and Holton, up the road to Raceland. They were conveyed in a passenger car, which was slowly pushed ahead of a locomotive, while Sergeant Smith with six men preceded the car on foot, as an advance guard. While thus moving cautiously forward, they were suddenly surprised by the report of musketry from the woods beside the track, and a shower of minies came rattling down upon them. Officers Franklin and Holton were severely wounded at the first fire, and the advance guard sprang on board the train, while the engineer quickly reversed his engine and ran back with all possible speed. The secreted enemy, then emerging from their coverts, continued to fire upon the receding train until out of gun-shot range, and it was returned from the windows of the car with fatal effect. Sergeant Wm. H. Smith was wounded in the arm, and after he boarded the car a second ball hurt his eye; two of his squad also were killed outright and left behind. The result of the engagement was six Confederates killed and many others wounded, while the Union loss was as follows: Killed, Corporal Henry McClure, Corporal John W. Saunders, Private L. M. Richardson, Private M. W. Wellman, and Fireman Stoats, of the train; wounded, Lieut. A. B. Franklin, Lieut. Wm. H. H. Holton, First Sergt. S. E. Howard, Sergt. W. H. Smith, Sergt.

George M. Allard, and Privates Clark B. Akeley, Ebenezer Oaks, Jr., Andrew J. Wood, Calvin L. Cook.

As soon as the train returned to Des Allemands, Capt. Dutton ordered Sergt. Smith to take the wounded to the hospital at Algiers, and report the affair to Col. Thomas, and their arrival at camp caused a great excitement. The colonel immediately dispatched Companies A, C, and I, to relieve Company H at Des Allemands; but the enemy did not advance upon that outpost, nor did they again appear at that place later on.

Among the incidents of this encounter with the enemy is told the following: On the retreat of the train Orderly Sergeant Howard, who was examining the wounded men, found Sergt. Allard apparently very badly hurt, and in reply to his inquiries the sufferer said: "Yes, I 'm killed." Howard tried to reassure the poor man, but it was of no use, for Allard insisted that he was shot straight through the breast, and that the bullet was lodged close to his spine just under the skin. An examination seemed to confirm this view of the case, for there was the wound in front, and the lead was plainly to be felt beside the spinal column, and his comrades felt convinced that his case was very critical. When the car reached Des Allemands, however, and the wounded sergeant had been carefully helped out and deposited on the floor, Corporal Hilliard, who was something of a nurse, while trying to minister to his comfort, made the discovery that the ball, instead of penetrating the bone, had glanced and plowed its way just under the skin to its lodgment on the other side, and that Allard's chest was as sound as ever. With a pocket-knife he easily liberated the missile, and the doomed soldier was instantly relieved, and took a new lease of life.

On the twenty-fourth of June, Surgeon George F. Gale resigned, and was succeeded by Dr. H. H. Gillett, and Samuel H. Currier was appointed assistant surgeon. Dr. Gale was well known in the state of Vermont as one of the foremost men in his profession, was an accomplished scholar, and a gentleman of character and dignity. Governor Holbrook had appointed him surgeon of the regiment on account of his emi-

nent abilities, but the short time which he remained with them afforded very little opportunity for the display of professional skill. After his resignation was accepted, and before his return for home, the line officers signed resolutions which were handsomely engrossed, assuring him of their confidence, and regret at his departure.

A few weeks later the following promotions were made: July 22 — Sergeant Dennis Buckley, Company D, to second lieutenant, *vice* D. G. Child, deceased. July 23 — Orderly Sergeant L. M. Hutchinson, Company A, to second lieutenant, *vice* G. S. Rand, deceased. July 24 — Orderly Sergeant A. J. Sargent, Company K, to second lieutenant Company E, *vice* T. P. Kellogg, deceased.

On the last day of August, a bloodless expedition was undertaken for the capture of cattle in St. Charles parish, about thirty miles above Algiers. Word was brought from Gen. Butler that a small force of the enemy was collecting cattle in that region to send across the Mississippi for the sustenance of the Confederate army, and there appeared to be a very good reason why those prospective beef supplies should be secured for the benefit of the Union camp. Consequently Col. Thomas, with Companies A and C, a section of artillery, and a company of cavalry, started late in the afternoon to execute Gen. Butler's commands and possess himself of the coveted supplies. After an all-night march they came upon the enemy's rear at an early hour in the morning, when the cavalry began at once a sharp skirmish, and the artillery shelled a piece of woods and a sugar-cane field to drive out the enemy. About two thousand cattle, sheep, and mules fell into their hands, together with about twenty prisoners; and without making any halt, Col. Thomas ordered his command to face about and return, driving their booty before them. On the way back they were joined by large numbers of negroes, who had escaped from the plantations, bringing their mules along with them, and soon the moving procession stretched from three to four miles. The march was made as rapidly as possible through the night, for the plundered enemy followed close



CAPT. L. M. HUTCHINSON, CO. E.



LIEUT. LEWIS CHILDS, CO. C.



SURGEON GEORGE F. GALE.



CAPT. JOHN S. CLARK, CO. K.



CAPT. W. W. LYNDE, CO. I.

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behind, and it became necessary to stop occasionally and exchange a few shots with them, while the contrabands hurried on the drove of live stock. But prisoners, steers, sheep, mules, and darkies, were safe within the Union lines at ten o'clock next morning; and Col. Thomas was highly complimented on the success of his dashing exploit.

BOUTEE STATION.

The Confederates under Colonel McWalters, whom the brilliant night sally of Colonel Thomas had deprived of their cattle, determined to revenge their loss. To that end they marched toward Boutee station, where a small detachment of the Eighth Regiment was on guard, and easily overpowered and captured them. At that time daily trains were run between Algiers and Des Allemands, and those going up and down the track passed each other at Boutee station. This fact being known to McWalters's force, which was fifteen hundred strong, they turned the switches the wrong way on the morning of September 4th, and concealed themselves on either side of the track to await the arrival of the trains.

To lessen the danger while running between Des Allemands and Boutee station, where the track was very much exposed, a strong guard accompanied each train over that part of the line, well armed to resist any sudden attack that might be made upon it. Captain Clark, of Company K, in charge of sixty men and a twelve-pound gun, was detailed to escort the Des Allemands train on the fatal morning of the 4th, the soldiers riding on platform cars. All unconscious of the fate in store for them, they approached Boutee station as usual, keeping a sharp lookout but seeing no signs of danger. Suddenly the concealed enemy sprang to their feet, and with a fiendish yell poured a murderous fire upon the unprotected men, who were forced to run the gauntlet of leaden rain. The artillery men were instantly cut down, and the twelve-pounder could not be used; but Captain Clark ordered his men to fire upon the Con-

federates as they issued from the woods in all directions, while the engineer, who fortunately was unhurt, kept the train in motion, and it ran upon a siding. The firing was rapid on both sides, and the Union soldiers, owing to their exposed position, were falling rapidly, as the cars moved onward where they might soon pass out of range, but for the misplaced switch, which the enemy had so turned as to run the train off at the end of the side track.

At this critical moment, however, when it seemed as though every chance of escape was cut off and the entire force must perish ingloriously, Private Louis J. Ingalls, of Company K, made a quick heroic dash that saved the day. Taking in the situation at a glance he leaped to the ground, ran forward through a shower of balls, turned the switch, let the train pass on, and boarded his car again. It was a wonder that he was not shot down, for his clothing was riddled with bullets, but the only wound he received was a ball through the neck. The immediate danger was thus averted; but out of that terrible fire but twenty-five of Captain Clark's command escaped unscathed; thirteen were killed outright, two others were fatally shot and died next day, while twenty were more or less severely wounded, some of whom fell off the train and were captured by the enemy. The names of the slain were, Sergeant James E. Thayer, and Privates Simon E. Bailey, John S. Colgrove, Wm. R. Gray, Fred Greenwood, Henry McGookin, Levi Brust, of Company E; Privates Charles R. Carroll, George J. Carson, Joseph Leary, Charles F. Stone, Auguste Laymont, of Company K; Private Sylvanus F. Ailes, of Company A. The two who died of their wounds on the following day were George Clapper, of Company C, and George Farrver, and John F. Departhy, of Company G. The wounded were Lewis J. Ingalls, Gilbert Lead, George W. Hill, Ezra S. Pierce, Chauncey M. Snow, Charles H. Presby, Arthur M. Raymond, Charles H. Farnam, Henry Raseblade, and Ethan Shores, all of Company K. Benjamin Morse, Company E, was wounded and taken prisoner; George Poor, Company E, died of his wounds.

Scarcely were the survivors of this tragic slaughter beyond reach of the Confederate bullets, when they confronted the up train from Algiers, and luckily both were brought to rest in time to prevent a collision. By this means the latter escaped the fate intended for it, and both trains made the best possible speed to Algiers.

DES ALLEMANDS.

Bent on the work of destruction, the enemy then set fire to the station buildings and houses in the vicinity, and then pushed rapidly up the track towards Des Allemands. This place was held by a portion of Companies E, G, and K, under command of Capt. Hall, of Company E.

On coming in sight of the pickets stationed about half a mile from Des Allemands, the Confederate commander sent the sergeant in command under a flag of truce to inform Capt. Hall of the operations at Boutee station, and that his force was sufficient to surround the Union men on all sides. Consequently he demanded an immediate surrender in order to prevent needless bloodshed. As a reply to this summons, Capt. Hall dispatched Lieut. Greene with a flag of truce to meet Col. McWalters, while he held a hasty consultation with his officers, and decided what course to pursue. But while the question of surrender was under discussion, they saw the Confederates marching towards them in close column with Lieut. Greene in front of them. There was no time to lose, and Capt. Hall, aware that his force was quite inadequate to successful resistance, and that his supply of ammunition was low, surrendered himself and his command, prisoners of war. Besides Capt. Hall, the force consisted of Lieut. Sargent, of Company E; Lieutenants Greene and Mead, of Company G; and one hundred and thirty-seven privates.

Lieut. Morse, of Company I, who had command of the artillery at Des Allemands, made his escape when the force surrendered, and, taking a boat, rowed some three miles up the bayou, where he found a vacant house in which he rested a while, and then hiding in a neighboring cane-field, slept there

through the night. There he also spent the following day, waiting for the appearance of troops from Algiers, and was once obliged to secrete himself in the sugar-cane to avoid being discovered by some rebel scouts who were prowling about in the vicinity. The next day, while strolling cautiously along, he fell in with a negro who told him that the rebels were searching for him; and just then a party of them came in sight and fired several shots after him. But Morse fled to the cover of the woods and escaped; then after wandering several days through the swamps, he finally reached the Mississippi, and was taken on board a boat and landed at New Orleans. From that city he crossed the river and reported to Col. Thomas at Algiers. On reaching camp he was hatless and shoeless, and suffering severely with malaria, which kept him confined in the hospital for several weeks with a slow fever.

As soon as the trains brought the news of the Boutee station attack to Algiers, Col. Thomas reported the case to Gen. Butler, who immediately ordered Col. McMillan and the Twenty-first Indiana to go up the river by boat and form a junction with Col. Thomas at Boutee station. In prosecution of the same plan, Col. Thomas started with his regiment by rail. The night was very dark, and the train had gone scarcely a dozen miles when the engine struck an ox which had strayed on to the track, and the cars were derailed and most of them wrecked. Alonzo Silver, of Company A, was killed, and William Rollins and Calvin W. H. Smith, of Company A, were more or less hurt. His progress thus thwarted, Col. Thomas saw that it would be impossible to reach his destination in time to meet McMillan, and returned to Algiers, intending to go forward by water, and march across the country. But Gen. Butler countermanded the order, and the next day the colonel withdrew his pickets to within twelve miles of his camp.

During the attack at Boutee station Corporal George W. Hill, of Company K, received five shots in his legs and hips, but recovered, and was afterwards made first lieutenant, and continued in the service until the close of the war. Edward H. Raserlade, another unfortunate member of the same company,

received six gun-shot wounds at the first fire of the enemy, and fell off the car. He jumped up, however, and tried to escape, when a Confederate officer dealt him a sabre blow on the head and a cut on the shoulder, which felled him again to the ground, where he was left behind for dead, or nearly so. There he lay all night, weak and faint from hunger and loss of blood, and was rescued by the Twenty-first Indiana, on its arrival next day, and sent to Algiers.

Another bloodless campaign, but bearing a more agreeable termination, was undertaken about the middle of September. Rumor was brought to the camp that a small Confederate force was massed at Thibodeaux, and three companies under Maj. Dillingham were detailed to investigate the report. Crossing Bayou des Allemands in boats, they followed the railroad track to La Fourche Crossing, where a strong guard was left, and the main force pushed on to Thibodeaux, about three miles distant. Few people were to be seen in the streets on their arrival, stores were closed and blinds shut on dwelling-houses, and Confederate soldiers, if there had been any, as well as civilians, had apparently deserted the place. Maj. Dillingham found an iron foundry containing models and patterns for manufacturing arms, which he destroyed. Then, marching his command to the outskirts of the town, he came upon a young ladies' seminary, from the windows of which peered the eager faces of the schoolgirls, intent on getting a good look at the terrible Yankees. Quartermaster Smith accompanied the party, and both the major and himself being noted for gallantry toward the fair sex, a halt was ordered, while the band was directed to discourse sweet music for the delectation of the curious maidens of Dixie Land. Having thus paid a delicate compliment to their pretty auditors, the men gave three cheers for the "sweet girl graduates," three more for the dear old flag, and marched away to the strains of "Yankee Doodle." On the return an old cannon, which the enemy had hidden away, was discovered, and the boys brought it home as a trophy.

After the disasters at Raceland, Des Allemands, and Boutee

station, a very sharp lookout was kept at all the outposts, and a mounted picket was organized. In the assignment of forces Company H was stationed for a time at a place called Company Canal, located on the Mississippi river, about ten miles above New Orleans. Into their camp one morning a man came riding in hot haste from the south, who reported that the negroes on a plantation some two or three miles distant had risen against their white overseer, and were trying to murder him. To save himself the overseer had locked himself into a small building on the premises, but his pursuers were firing at him through the shutters and were likely to kill him unless he received help. The messenger was in great terror, and begged for soldiers to go to the rescue of his friend before it was too late. In response to his request, Capt. Dutton detailed a party of six or eight men, who mounted horses loanedt hem by the outpost pickets, and hastened with all speed toward the scene of the trouble.

Keeping their informant close at hand, they warned him that any treachery on his part would be fatal to him, and had nearly reached the plantation, when they met a procession of negroes following a mule cart driven by an old negro, and lying in the cart was the dead body of the overseer. It was a sad spectacle, for the prostrate form was that of a young and handsome man, whose clean white shirt front was drenched with the deep crimson that had hardly ceased to flow from his veins.

The negroes evidently expected the Yankees to approve their fiendish action, supposing that the Union army had been sent there to kill their old masters, and would rejoice at any means employed to get rid of them. They declared that the overseer had been a hard master, and very "outrageous," what ever that might signify, on which account they were confident that their murderous act was entirely justifiable. They further explained that the shots fired through the shutters of the house into which he had fled for refuge took effect, and when he attempted to rush out and escape, the old negro who was driving the cart fired a charge of buckshot into his breast and killed him. But to their apparent surprise, Capt. Dutton reprimanded the murderers severely, and had the old man and

several of his accomplices placed under arrest and sent to Gen. Butler at New Orleans.

The letter which is here inserted with a brief preface will carry its own lesson straight to the heart of every mother who reads it, and plead eloquently for the exercise of a charity broad enough to believe that there were honest secessionists, who loved their enemies and tried to do them good.

When the regiment went up the Opelousas Railroad in October, 1862, Orderly Sergt. S. E. Howard, being ill, was left behind in charge of a picket-post near the residence of Col. Sparks, at Company Canal. He was suffering severely with chills and fever, contracted in that malarious climate, and on learning his condition, Mrs. Sparks warned him against exposure, and kindly urged him to sleep at her house and receive medical attendance. But Howard respectfully declined to accept the proffered courtesy, until he was seized with a violent congestive chill which left him almost dead, and in this condition his comrades carried him to her house.

Mrs. Sparks realized the desperate nature of the case, and the need of prompt and vigorous treatment. But she had no medicines, and could procure none short of New Orleans, which was ten miles away. Her husband was infirm, and all her negroes had left her except a few old decrepit men. To add to the perplexity, it was four o'clock in the afternoon, and the rain was falling in torrents.

Would a stranger be likely to face such obstacles in order to save the life of an enemy, who had come there for the sole purpose of destroying a government for which she had sacrificed so much? She did; and, with the help of a friend who lived halfway between her house and the city, the medicine was obtained. Mrs. Sparks dispatched one of her old servants with a message to this friend, who was none other than the wife of the late collector of the port of New Orleans, Mr. Hatch. He absconded at the breaking out of the war, taking with him a large amount of United States funds, and Mrs. Hatch was a most violent secessionist, and a cordial hater of Yankees. But when the

message from her friend reached her, the kind woman's heart within her overcame all other considerations, and Mrs. Hatch set out for the city in the darkness and storm, got the needed prescription, and herself carried it to the bedside of the sinking Union sergeant. It cost her a night journey of fifteen miles, in the course of which she had to cross and recross the Mississippi river, and expose herself to storm and danger.

For six weeks Sergt. Howard remained in that house, a very sick man, and Mrs. Sparks and Mrs. Hatch were both unremitting in their care, and no mother could have nursed him more tenderly. After his recovery it afforded him great pleasure to be able to show them some acts of kindness, and he desires in these pages to record a tribute of gratitude to his noble, self-sacrificing benefactors.

Sergt. Howard was not the only member of the Eighth Vermont to whom Mrs. Sparks ministered during a period of illness. Alfred Read, of Company E, was sick, and died at her house during the autumn of 1862; and the following letter which she addressed to the mother of the young man, in Vermont, soon after his death, needs no comment.

COMPANY CANAL, LA., 1862.

Dear Mrs. Read: Although you and I are strangers — may perhaps never meet in this world — my thoughts and heart have been with you the last few days. This perhaps may seem strange, as our countries are at enmity, and at war with each other.

I am a mother, and know no enemy in sickness or death. I sympathize with you deeply in the loss of your son Alfred. It was my privilege to nurse your dear child in his last illness; it was indeed a pleasure to me to administer to his comfort in his last severe suffering.

He was a patient, good boy; I stood by his bedside day and night, conversed much with him; he frequently spoke of his dear mother and wished he was with you. He was aware of his situation, felt that he could not live, said he knew there was a better world, where he would be happy. He would be glad to see his friends, "but" said he, "I will meet them after death."

This, my dear Mrs. Read, should be a great comfort to you,— that your son should have a hope beyond the grave. What a consoling thought to parents, that we are only separated a short time from our children; we are to

live in this world but a few short years at most; here we have no abiding-place, but seek one which is to come. Soon time with us will be no more, and eternity will dawn upon us. Should we not then consecrate all our energies and powers to preparation for that everlasting life beyond the grave, where we will be free from all the cares of this world, our children and friends restored unto us? Be not cast down at the ways of God; He has taken your dear Alfred for a wise purpose. Can you not exclaim, in the language of the Bible: "The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord"? "He is able to heal your wounded heart; look unto Him in every trouble and sorrow." "Like as a father pitieth his children," so pitieth He us, weak, frail, and inconsistent as we are. He is a present help in every time of trouble or need.

The last few hours of your son's life he was unconscious; a kiss was imprinted upon his cold cheek for his mother; his manly form is now no more to be seen, his eyes forever closed to the perplexities of this sinful world, his seat left vacant at your table, his voice no more to be heard amid the loved ones at home. May you and your family be enabled to bear this sad bereavement with Christian fortitude and resignation, feeling it to be the will of God.

This most unnatural war is convincing us more and more every day of the truth of the Bible,—the father is in arms against the son, and the son against the father,—each believing themselves pursuing the path of duty.

How many homes are now made sad by the loss of father, husband, son, brother, or some near and dear friend. Would to God the trouble could be settled! I have two dear sons in the Confederate army; have not heard from them the last four months, and know not that they are alive. It has been my earnest prayer that they may be spared a soldier's death. I feel an all-abiding faith in the promises of Christ, and am willing to leave all things in his hands; he has promised to work all things together for good to "those that put their trust in him." Were it not for this hope I could not bear the troubles of this world.

I have everything to be thankful to God for, and hope that you and I, with all those who are near and dear to us, may so live on earth that we may be prepared for the blessed mansions above.

May you accept this letter in the same spirit it is written, by a sympathizing stranger and mother.

Yours respectfully,

A REBEL MOTHER.

The fate of Union prisoners captured by the Confederates was usually hard, and often pitiful in the extreme; nor did members of the Eighth Vermont who fell into their hands form any exception to the rule. On the 9th of September,

ex-General Wickliffe came into the Federal lines under cover of a flag of truce, bearing dispatches from Gen. "Dick" Taylor, who threatened to execute a number of the prisoners taken at Des Allemands on the 4th of September; but Gen. Butler's forcible and threatening reply caused the inimical commander to change his mind and spare the victims.

The men whom Capt. Hall surrendered at Des Allemands were placed in charge of a guard of Texas rangers, and marched a distance of one hundred miles to Camp Pratt, near New Iberia. There they remained about six weeks, when they were sent to Vicksburg, Miss., and kept in a jail-yard which was the Andersonville of the Southwest. There they remained several weeks in a wretched condition; for the rebels had robbed them of all their clothing and blankets, except a few rags that were not worth stealing, and they were compelled to subsist on the meanest food and sleep on the bare ground without any covering to protect them. It was late autumn, the most uncomfortable season of the year in that latitude, and they were exposed to storm and cold with no fires to keep them warm. Capt. J. W. Smith, of Company K, thus writes of their prison life:

"Our rations consisted of corn ground with the cobs, and not sifted, which was prepared by mixing in a barrel, like food for swine, without salt, and baked on the top of a stove, the outside being burned black while the middle was raw. This was dealt out sparingly.

"One fifth of our number died soon after getting back to our lines, and not one half ever returned to their companies for duty; and to cap the climax, after we had our paroles, and were waiting for the boat to take us to our lines, we were compelled to cast lots, and two of our number were selected to remain and be shot, in retaliation for some guerillas executed by Gen. McNeil, in Missouri. The lots fell upon Sergt. Wills and Private Spear. Two days later the whole party, with the exception of the two selected to be shot, were put on the exchange boat and taken to New Orleans. Reaching there on November 11, they were at once sent to Ship Island to remain until they were exchanged.

"It was an exciting moment when the line was formed at Vicksburg, and the men all knew that two of the party were to be selected by lot to be shot; and it was a touching parting when their comrades took Sergt. Charles R. Wills, of Randolph, and Edward Spear, of Braintree, by the hand, and bade them good-by."

Sergeant Wills writes that "they were confined in prison cells for several months, when finally they were reprieved by Jeff. Davis." So deeply were they affected on hearing this good news, that, in the enthusiasm of the moment, Wills gave three cheers for the President of the Confederate States of America. He was the only man of the Eighth Vermont who ever cheered for that dignitary. They were both exchanged, and Sergeant Wills returned to the regiment, but Spear died before reaching the Union lines.

On the first day of October Dr. Cyrus H. Allen was appointed assistant surgeon of the regiment.

SHOOTING THE GERMANS.

The saddest event connected with the capture of Union troops at Bayou des Allemands was the shooting of seven of the Germans who had enlisted into the Eighth Vermont from New Orleans. It will be recollected that those Teutonic members of the regiment were residents of Louisiana at the time they volunteered to enter the army, and the only charge ever preferred against them was that they joined the Federal troops instead of the Confederate. These seven happened to be among the prisoners surrendered by Capt. Hall, and were recognized by some members of the Confederate guard who had formerly known them. As soon as this information reached the Confederate headquarters, it was ascertained or assumed that their names had been enrolled for conscription at New Orleans, and as a consequence the Confederacy had a claim on them for military service. On this flimsy pretext the poor Germans were arrested as deserters, and denied even the common civilities that humane victors are wont to extend to prisoners taken in war.

In vain the doomed men protested their utter innocence of the crime laid to their charge, and pleaded that the act of enlistment was an exercise of their rightful privilege as citizens of the United States. Their cruel captors would not listen or

state pay of seven dollars a month due these enlisted Germans. But it has never been drawn, and since the war closed, though every effort has been made to find the lawful claimants, nothing has been heard from them.

Wm. H. Brown and Dennis Kean, of Company G, surrendered by Capt. Hall, were recognized on reaching Vicksburg as deserters from the Confederate army, and were consequently shot March 7, 1863, on the same day that the gun-boat Diana was captured by the enemy.

Before the regiment broke camp at Algiers Orderly Sergeant George E. Selleck, of Company I, was promoted to second lieutenant, *vice* J. C. Morse.

All his comrades will recollect Andrew McKenzie, who was drowned at Algiers, and how he became a member of Company B. After the company was full he wished to enlist in it, and it was agreed that if he would go South with them, the boys would share their rations with him until a vacancy occurred. He went, and at New York one man deserted the ranks, and McKenzie took his place.

The promotions from the Eighth Vermont to other regiments, made during the fall and early winter months, are here given, with as full data as could be obtained; it is probable, however, that some are omitted, because the records are not at hand: Oscar W. Goodridge and Charles W. Blake, of Company A, were made captains of colored volunteers. Sergts. Augustine P. Hawley and Henry C. Abbott, Company C, captains of Second Louisiana Volunteers. Serg. L. I. Winslow, Company H, captain —. Rev. Isaac Blake, fifer Company B, chaplain Third Colored Regiment. Edward D. Mooney, Company B, lieutenant Fourth United States Colored Troops. Michael B. Tobin, Company A, second lieutenant colored regiment. Hiram P. Harney, Company B, and James Noyes, Company C, were made second lieutenants of the colored national guards raised under direction of Col. Thomas. Sergt. Harvey O. Kiser, Company A, and William K. Crosby, L. K. Chamberlin, Elijah K. Prouty, Horace W. Kennedy, and Hiram L. Whipple, of Company C, were made second lieu-



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tenants of Louisiana Volunteers. Lucius W. Bissell, Company G, first lieutenant Third Louisiana National Guards, January, 1863. Stillman Smith, Company H, second lieutenant Second Louisiana Volunteers. Capt. H. E. Perkins, Company F, major United States colored regiment. Lewis R. Titus, Parker J. Noyes, and Sumner W. Lewis, Company C, lieutenants in United States colored regiments. Warren B. Stickney, Company H, lieutenant Ninety-ninth United States colored infantry, and then appointed superintendent of first public colored schools in New Orleans. In 1885 he was appointed superintendent of the Freedmen's Bureau, in Louisiana. William S. Peabody, Company D, lieutenant United States colored troops. Rufus H. Clark, Charles B. Fullington, Harvey L. Smith, William G. Westover, and Charles G. Wood, of Company A, were also promoted and received commissions in other regiments. Azariah T. Wild, Company D, quartermaster third colored regiment. First Lieut. J. C. Morse, Company I, resigned October 25, 1862. First Lieut. A. J. Howard, Company K, died November 18, 1862, while he was acting quartermaster. Assistant Surgeon S. H. Currier resigned October 20, 1862.

The members of the regiment will have pleasant recollections of Charles W. Blake, or "Father" Blake, as he was familiarly called, who enlisted as fifer in Company B. He often held evening religious meetings in camp, and at Algiers he frequently preached to the colored people. Chaplain Williams found him a helpful assistant in taking care of the sick and wounded, and he often said the funeral service over a dead comrade. When "Father" Blake was promoted to the chaplaincy of a colored regiment, all felt that it was a merited compliment to a faithful soldier and a noble man.

For weeks the Eighth Vermont had occupied a camp at Algiers, and felt that wherever they might be detailed for temporary service, this was in one sense a home to which they could return and rejoin their comrades. But when Gen. Weitzel assumed command of the brigade to which the regiment

belonged, they were transferred to a new field of operations, and the old camp was broken up and deserted. Before the movement began, however, Gen. Weitzel selected his staff officers, and complimented both the Eighth Regiment and the officer, by detailing Quartermaster Fred E. Smith for his acting commissary of subsistence.

Having received orders from Gen. Butler to advance into the La Fourche district and drive out the Confederate forces concentrated between Donaldsonville and Thibodeaux, Gen. Weitzel proceeded thither by boat, leaving only the Eighth Vermont behind. This movement began on the 24th of October, and the troops landed at Donaldsonville, followed down the bayou, and meeting the enemy at Labadieville, defeated them and captured two hundred and fifty prisoners.

In his report of this engagement, Gen. "Dick" Taylor says:

"In the last days of October the Federal Gen. Weitzel brought up a force of some four thousand from New Orleans, landed at Donaldsonville, and advanced down the La Fourche, on the west bank. There were Confederates on both sides of the bayou, but, having neglected their floating bridge, they could not unite. With his own, the Eighteenth, the Crescent, Col. McPheeters, and the four-gun battery of Capt. Ralston,—in all five hundred men,—Col. Armand resisted Weitzel's advance at Labadieville, eight miles above Thibodeaux. The fighting was severe, and Armand only retired after his ammunition was exhausted; but he lost many killed and wounded, and some few prisoners. Col. McPheeters was among the former, and Captains Ralston and Story among the latter.

"The loss of the Federals prevented Weitzel from attempting a pursuit, and Mouton, who deemed it necessary to retire across Berwick bay, was not interrupted in his movement."

On the same day that the brigade took its departure, the first regiment of native colored guards reported to Col. Thomas at Algiers. He also received orders to proceed up the track of the New Orleans and Opelousas Railroad, dislodge the enemy at Bayou des Allemands, and form a junction with Weitzel at La Fourche Crossing. In aid of this plan Admiral Farragut had sent a fleet around to Berwick bay, under command of Commodore Buchanan, to intercept the crossing of the enemy at Brashear City.

In the afternoon of October 25th Col. Thomas started in pursuance of his orders, and marched his two regiments seven miles along the railway, where they bivouacked for the night. For the next twenty miles the long unused track was found to be so overgrown with thick grass that the locomotive of their construction train was impeded, and could make no headway. But the orders were to open the road as they went along, and put it in running order, and some plan must be devised for removing the troublesome grass. There seemed to be but one way of effectually doing this, and that was to pull it up with their hands, as the boys had often done with weeds in their gardens at home. At first the men thought that grubbing up grass was rather undignified work for soldiers; but soon the white regiment taking the lead fell to work with a will, and the colored men followed their good example without complaint. As the men proceeded they found it necessary to rebuild culverts that had been destroyed, and replace rails that had been torn up, so that they were two days in reaching Boutee station, where they halted for the night.

At that point Col. Thomas was informed by the negroes that the forces of the enemy were massed at Bayou des Allemands, and had the place well fortified. On resuming the march next morning, therefore, he purposed to continue the track repairs as he went forward, attack the enemy when he came upon them, and sleep in Des Allemands that night. As a precaution he ordered two pieces from a Massachussetts battery to be mounted on a platform-car in front of the engine, and loaded, ready for action if required. The manual labor of that day proved to be much the same as that already experienced — the men had to straighten and spike down rails, cut timber in the woods for sleepers to replace those that were missing, remove trees and other obstructions which had been put upon the track, and, for a change, pull up grass. In the middle of the afternoon they approached a curve in the road which, when rounded, would bring them in sight of Des Allemands; and there a halt was made while the colonel formed his men for action. The artillery-men took places on the platform-car by

their guns; the Eighth Vermont was to move to the attack on the right of the track, and the colored regiment on the left.

Feeling uncertain how the native guards would behave under fire, and whether their courage could be relied on, Col. Thomas went down in front of the regiment, before ordering an advance, and addressed the colored men. He told them, in substance, that they were about to meet the enemy, and that not a man must falter; "for," said he, "if one of you hesitates, I shall shoot him on the spot." Then he reminded them that they were to fight for the glory of God, and the salvation of their country; to avenge the blood that had flowed from the lacerated backs of themselves, their mothers, wives, and sweethearts; and woe to the man who flinched. While speaking, the colonel was shrewdly noting the effect produced by his words, and was gratified by seeing them close their lips with firm determination, and show by their earnest looks that they would do their duty.

Everything being ready, the skirmishers were ordered to advance, and at the word of command the train and troops moved forward. Pressing eagerly on, the skirmishers soon reached the bayou, only to find it a deserted and smoking ruin; and on the arrival of the main body, instead of an enemy to attack, they found evidence on every hand that the Confederates had fled at their approach. But they had first set fire to everything about the station and the long bridge across the bayou, and in their haste had left behind four pieces of artillery, which were seized as trophies. Referring to this matter, Gen. Taylor says: "A few days after the Des Allemands affair I was called north. Minute instructions were given Col. Waller. The danger to be guarded against was pointed out, ... and this trap Waller fell into. Most of his men escaped by abandoning arms, horses, etc."

Once more, therefore, the men addressed themselves to the business of repairing the railroad, and spent two days in rebuilding the burned bridge and making it safe and passable. A train was dispatched to Algiers for tools and timber before the job could be finished, and then the force

pushed forward to La Fourche Crossing without any serious delay.

In his report to the adjutant general of Vermont, Col. Thomas thus tersely sums up the work accomplished during that march: "The command pulled the luxurious grass over twenty miles of track, built eighteen culverts from ten to twenty feet long, rebuilt what was estimated four miles of track, rebuilt a bridge 475 feet long, drove the enemy from the road, and captured seven cannon, all in one week, for which they received from Maj. Gen. Butler a high compliment for energy and skill."

On the 18th of November the regiment met with a great loss in the death of Lieut. A. J. Howard, acting quartermaster, and his place was subsequently filled by the promotion of Lieut. S. E. Howard.

At La Fourche Crossing the troops halted for a day, and then Gen. Weitzel ordered Col. Thomas to continue his reconstruction march to Brashear City, and put the road in order as he advanced. At Bayou Bœuf he found that the enemy had burned another bridge which was 675 feet in length. But his men were already used to bridge-building, and set about the work at once, actually cutting the timber in the adjacent woods and preparing it for use. In five days the job was finished, and the train passed across the new structure in safety. During this period Col. Thomas, aware that squads of the enemy were prowling about the country, threw out his pickets up and down the bayou, with strict orders to use every means to prevent surprises and sudden attacks.

There was considerable excitement one night within the lines, because Private Hutchins, one of the pickets, shot an officer for refusing to obey a challenge to "halt, dismount, and give the countersign." Complaint was immediately made to Col. Thomas, who, on investigating the case, found that the blame lay with the injured party. He, with a brother officer, being under the influence of liquor, refused to obey the order of the sentinel, and Hutchins fired, as he was bound to, giving the defiant officer an ugly wound in the shoulder. It

was a trying ordeal for a private; but next morning Col. Thomas sent for Hutchins, told him he did just right, and, to show his appreciation of a soldier who obeyed orders, promoted him to be sergeant of Company E.

About twenty paroled prisoners came into camp one evening at Bayou Bœuf, who had been ordered to report to Col. Thomas, by Commodore Buchanan, commander of the fleet at Brashear City. The headquarters of the colonel and Adjutant Barstow were in a small room of a house near the track, and thither the prisoners went and showed their paroles. Col. Thomas received them pleasantly, invited them in, and seated them about the room as best he could. He then seated himself on a box in the middle of the room, so as to face as many of the prisoners as possible. It was already dark, and he held in his hand a tallow candle, while Adjutant Barstow sat in a corner near a table on which was another candle, and the dim lights flared in the faces that huddled together before them.

"Gentlemen," said the colonel, "I want to talk with you a little. You are not obliged to answer any more than you have a mind to; but I always tell men to begin with, that what they do say must be the truth; they must n't tell me a lie. Talk as much or as little as you choose; but understand, whatever you tell me must be exactly the truth; — because if you tell me a lie I can catch you in it, and I will punish you for it as quick as though you were spies. Do n't know but I would hang you before you got out of this room. This is what I tell my own men and every man who comes in contact with me."

Having uttered this speech in a stern voice, and produced as he thought the desired effect, the colonel changed his tone, and in a familiar way inquired what their occupations were before they enlisted into the Confederate service. In this way he soon drew forth the information that they had been common laborers when they enlisted, and to what companies they belonged. "In this pleasant way, I chatted with the prisoners perhaps twenty or thirty minutes," said Col. Thomas, relating the

affair, "for I had addressed them pretty sharply at first, and wished to quiet any nervousness that my words might have caused. Remember, I sat there in the centre of the group with that weird light in my hand and my eyes on the men before me; and when they were at their ease and had grown quite communicative, suddenly I threw the light up over my head out of the way of my eyes, and demanded in a loud, stern voice: 'How many of you had a hand in shooting my men at Des Allemands?' No one answered, and I said, 'There are four of you,' looking round on all of them. 'Remember what I told you about lying. You did — and you — and you — and you,' I shouted in quick succession, pointing them out as I spoke, and every one said 'Yes.' 'There is one more,' I said. 'You, sir, are the man,' and my finger was pointed directly at him. But he denied. 'Take care,' I shouted, with all the energy I could throw into my voice. But he still said 'No,' and the others agreed with him. "You are not the man,' I added, still keeping my eyes fixed sternly on him, 'I made a mistake!' He was nearly frightened to death, but I felt convinced that he was innocent. Then the men made a clean breast of it, and told me all they knew about the shooting of the seven Germans, and I believe it to be the only correct account I ever received."

Company C took with them from Vermont a colored barber by the name of Stamps, who served them as a cook, and at intervals plied his tonsorial vocation. He was allowed considerable freedom, and when the regiment was at Bayou Bœuf he went outside the lines, and did sundry foraging on his own account. At length it began to be suspected that Stamps was not over-scrupulous in the choice of plunder; for two old ladies called at headquarters one day complaining that a colored man, wearing the Federal uniform, had robbed them of their table-silver and other valuables. Col. Thomas was loth to believe that any one in his command had been guilty of such theft, but the ladies insisted that they had followed the robber into camp, and on seeing Stamps, identified him as the culprit.

Stamps was accordingly subjected to close questioning, and

after some equivocation admitted that he had taken a few things, but refused to restore the stolen property. The colonel insisted, but Stamps was stubborn. Finally the commander resorted to a favorite method of persuasion, and threatened to hang him if he did not yield. But Stamps was not scared, or, if he was, did not show it, and the order was given to throw a rope over the limb of a tree, stand the prisoner on a barrel underneath, and place the rope around his neck.

"Now," said the resolute colonel, "I will give you just two minutes to tell where the silver is that you stole." Stamps remained quiet for about half the probationary time, and did not utter a word. Apparently he was quite indifferent to the feeling of a noose tightening around his throat. The last sixty seconds were rapidly ticking away on the dial of the colonel's watch, and there were signs that the doomed man had something on his mind to which he wished to give expression before the barrel should be kicked from under his dangling form. "Tell 'em up in Vermont," said he, "tell 'em old Stamps lived poor, but died rich." This was too much for the gravity of Col. Thomas, and he ordered the man taken down and placed under a guard. But old Stamps never told where he had secreted his ill-gotten gains.

One incident which comrades of the Eighth Vermont frequently mention when recalling the days at the Bayou Bœuf, was the explosion of an ammunition train. It was moving up the railroad, and was near the La Fourche Crossing, when the train suddenly "blew up," scattering the fragments in a lively manner. Private Peabody, of Company D, was killed, and Lieut. C. H. Nason, of Company F, was hurled into the air and landed in an adjacent cane-field, severely hurt.

BRASHEAR CITY.

Col. Thomas and his regiment finished the work of repairs, and reached Brashear City on the 8th of December, 1862, having begun the expedition October 26th. Eighty miles of track had been put in running order, and railway and telegraphic com-

munication was opened from Algiers on the Mississippi to Berwick bay. At this terminus of the road the troops went into camp and remained more than a month, garrisoning the place, and doing picket duty up and down the bayou. Details were also made from time to time to operate the railroad, and Capt. H. E. Foster, of Company C, was appointed superintendent of motive power.

Several important promotions were made while the regiment tarried at Brashear City. Lieut. Col. Brown, who had been detailed from his command since May, resigned, and was discharged from the service; and on the 23d of December Maj. Charles Dillingham was promoted to the vacancy. Capt. L. M. Grout, of Company A, was made major; First Lieut. Moses McFarland was made captain of Company A, Second Lieut. L. M. Hutchinson was made first lieutenant, and Corporal A. K. Cooper was made second lieutenant.

It may have detracted somewhat from the pleasure of official promotions, that about the time those just mentioned were made, the camp were informed of the proclamation issued by Jefferson Davis, the Confederate president, wherein he recounted the offensive acts of Maj. Gen. Butler, at New Orleans, such as the execution of Mumford for tearing down the Union flag, the confiscation of private and corporate property, and the order to send southern women to prison, and in retaliation declared "that all commissioned officers in the command of said Benjamin F. Butler be declared not entitled to be considered as soldiers engaged in honorable warfare, but as robbers and criminals deserving death, and that they and each of them be, whenever captured, reserved for execution."

Incidents both grave and ludicrous in character were continually happening during the stay at Brashear City, and the daily experiences and life of the soldiers were not unlike those at Algiers a few weeks earlier in the season. One day a gentleman named Van Patten came into camp. He formerly lived in New York, but had married a wife near Bayou Bœuf, and was returning from a visit to his plantation. He made himself quite agreeable, and related a description of the retreat of the rebels

on the approach of the Eighth Vermont, that was given him by an old negro who had always lived on his place. Part of it ran thus:

"Why, Massa van Patten, do n't you tink dat deze Suverners come runnin' one day and drivin' all de niggers an' de mules away; and dey said dat dey had burned de bridge so bad dat de d—d Yankes could n't build it dis yeah. And now do n't you tink, it wa' n't mo' dan' tree or fo' days, de fust ting I knowed, 'long come de ole injine, puffin and snortin,' all covered wid doze Norvun fellahs."

A singular accident hapened at that station, one day, to a man who was crossing the track to go on picket duty. His toe caught under the rail, and he was thrown flat on his face, while the rifle which he was carrying across his shoulder fell directly under him, and was discharged by the hammer striking on the opposite rail. The ball passed under him from his head the entire length of his body, and wounded his foot.

On another occasion Orderly Sergt. Howard and Private Smith, of Company H, procured a boat and rowed down the bayou some three miles, where they found a plantation and a number of slaves. They told the negroes they had come away from the far North to liberate them; and in spite of the remonstrance of the owner, they brought the entire squad back with them into camp. Referring to this incident in later years, Sergt. Howard is fond of telling his friends that he was the first official emancipator of slaves in the department of the Gulf.

During the period of his military service, Col. Thomas did not altogether lay aside his vocation of judge, for it was an event of almost daily occurrence for parties arrested on petty charges to be brought before him for examination. Among a squad of such officers there appeared one morning a tall, sober-looking man, who had been caught by a sentinel in the colored regiment, in the act of running the picket guard. His sable captor was called in and ordered to state his charge in detail, which he did as follows:

"Well, Massa Colonel, dis man was stealin' by de lock ob de canal, and I called out to him to halt, and he did n't halt; but

he passed on to go under de shade ob de masonry. I pinted my gun at him and tole him to stop and come back. He said he wanted to go ober dar, and would make it all right wiv me, if I would let him go 'long; and he den spoke in der low voice, and said he would give me one half dollar. But I would n't take none of his money So I captured him, and brung him in."

"You must feel quite flattered at such a report," observed the colonel; "where were you born?"

"Well, sir, I was born in New England," replied the prisoner.

"What! born in New England, and trying to run my pickets?"

"But please remember," said the accused, "that I wanted to get home and attend to my profession."

"What is your profession?" said Col. Thomas.

"I am a minister of the Gospel," replied the man solemnly.

The colonel eyed him sharply, as though taking an inventory of the clerical prisoner's intellectual and spiritual outfit, then continued forcibly:

"A minister of the Gospel,—a New England born man,—and down here disobeying the laws of the land, trying to steal by my pickets, and go over to the enemy! What, sir, do you think will become of a man who does such things against the law of the best country the sun ever shone upon?"

The man began to realize that it was no ecclesiastical tribunal before which he was arraigned.

"Where do you think you will go to," added the colonel, "when you die?"

"Well, colonel, I humbly hope to reach heaven at last," he drawled out, with much nasal cant in his tone; but the next words from the stern questioner startled him.

"Sir, do you think Gen. Washington and Ethan Allen would allow any such d—d scoundrel as you to go to heaven, after trying to jump my picket lines?"

Maj. Dillingham, who was near by, interrupted him with the query:

"Do you think that Gen. Washington is in command there, colonel?"

"By the eternal! sir, I do think he has got something to say about such d—d villains coming into those quarters," was the colonel's emphatic answer.

A good story is told by one of the boys, who must have been in a position to know whereof he spoke, concerning a gallant young man who championed the cause of an injured lady, with a loyal devotion worthy of a knight of chivalry. She came into camp one day from Bayou Bœuf, claiming to be a staunch Union woman, whose husband was a relative of ex-Secretary Chase. She complained that she was molested by thieves, who entered her premises at night and robbed her of live-stock and family stores, and she asked for the protection of a guard. Col. Thomas, having satisfied himself that she was a deserving woman, detailed a young commissioned officer who was just recovering from a severe illness, with instructions to remain at her house and recuperate, and if he found robbers prowling around the place at night, to shoot 'em.

Deeply sensible of his great responsibility, this young man did not permit slumber to visit his eyelids during the first night spent at the lady's house, but there was no disturbance. But the next night weariness overcame him, and he slept profoundly till morning, and then rose to find that a sleek grunter was missing from the well-stocked swine-yard. The discovery roused him to sleepless vigils during the third period of his nocturnal watch, and about midnight he heard a short, angry "woof! woof!" which warned him that the defenceless swine were again endangered. Seizing his ready revolver, the youthful brave crept noiselessly to the spot whence the sound came. It was very dark, and he approached within a few feet of several men, who were conversing in suppressed whispers, and a moment later he observed one of them trying to dispatch one of the hogs with an axe.

It was time to interfere, and pointing his weapon in the direction of the party as nearly as he could, he fired five shots, at the same time stamping with his foot and shouting: "Come on, boys, we've got 'em!" The robbers gave a frightened yell, and scurried across the field, and the guard fell back

within the house and reloaded his pistol. Soon there was a loud knocking at the front door, and in reply to his challenge, "Who 's there?" he was told that his firing had been heard at the picket station near by, and the officer in command wished to know what the trouble was. Being admitted, the officer further explained he had just met some fugitives who escaped into a corn-field, but one of their number, a desperate character named Pickens, who had been the curse of the neighborhood, was severely wounded, and made prisoner. There was no more petty thieving on those premises; and although the lady could not consistently reward her champion with her hand, after the manner of ladies in the tales of knight errantry, Adj. Barstow tendered the youth a little supper on his return to camp, and, in a felicitous speech, complimented him for his prowess, and dubbed him "the hero, not of Cowpens, but of hog-pens."

It is fitting that a word should be said in this volume concerning Gen. Butler. During the first eight months of active service the regiment was under his command, doing duty in the department of the Gulf. For several weeks the men were under his immediate supervision in the city of New Orleans, and his considerate care for them won the high regard of both officers and privates. Gen. Butler, too, came to know and to confide in the regiment and its leader, Col. Thomas, whom he soon placed in command of the west bank of the Mississippi.

Concerning the relations between Gen. Butler and the army serving under him there can be but one opinion. He realized the dangers to which they were exposed in that sickly, semi-tropical climate, and did all that was in his power to shield them. He considered their inexperience in military duties, he insisted that the sick and wounded should have the best of care, and that the dead should be suitably buried and honors paid to their memory.

The Eighth Regiment on their part felt the utmost confidence in the ability and devoted loyalty of their major general. They believed him humane as well as brave; they respected him as an officer and loved him as a man. From personal knowledge of

the facts, they gladly indorse the statements in the general's farewell address to the citizens of New Orleans: "I found you captured, but not surrendered; conquered, but not orderly; relieved from the presence of an army, but incapable of taking care of yourselves. I restored order, punished crime, opened commerce, brought provisions to your starving people, reformed your currency, and gave you quiet protection, such as you had not enjoyed for many years. I found the dungeon, the chain, and the lash your only means of enforcing obedience in your servants. I leave them peaceful, laborious, controlled by the laws of kindness and justice."

To this it may be added with equal truth that he and his soldiers patiently endured obloquy and insult until he could cure it; he prevented the yellow fever from visiting the city for many years; he revived the ruined business of the city and added millions to its wealth; he cleansed and improved the streets and thoroughfares; he gave remunerative employment to the poor, and bettered the condition of the colored population, both slave and free.

Besides caring for the welfare of a great city, Gen. Butler was prompt and efficient in the work of putting down the Rebellion, and opening to commerce the great waterway of the Mississippi.

Twenty-four years after his visit to Vermont for the purpose of raising troops, Gen. Butler bears grateful testimony to the character and worth of the men who responded to his call, in the following letter:

BOSTON, November 16, 1885.

Dear Sir: I have your letter, saying that the history of the Eighth Vermont is about to be published. No regiment has a better one. I have the most kindly and grateful remembrances for the state of Vermont — Governor Fairbanks, as is my memory — in enabling that regiment to be raised; and I believe a special act of the legislature was passed that it might be raised. I have a very vivid remembrance of the kindness with which I was treated by the executive and legislative branches of the government of the state of Vermont in that regard, when I visited its capital in pursuance of the instructions of the President to have a regiment raised for southern service. The recruiting of the Eighth was promptly done, and no better

men as a body ever entered the service of the United States. It went to Ship Island, thence to New Orleans, when the army took possession, thence it was sent across the river to take possession of Algiers, thence thrown out as an out-post regiment to hold the line of railroad and keep open our communications with Bayou Teche, and thence it joined Weitzel's expeditionary force in which the whole of Western Louisiana was captured, as against the forces of General Dick Taylor. I remember the high encomium given to the regiment by General Weitzel, and the regiment never had anything else for its behavior in any position in which it was placed. I would speak of its officers by name, but they will appear in your history, and there is no need of specifying the officers where all did their duty so nobly and well. I am,

Very truly,
Your friend and servant,
BENJ. F. BUTLER.

GEORGE N. CARPENTER, ESQ.,
31 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

III.

BATTLE OF THE COTTON.

THE Eighth Vermont rested in camp at Brashear City after the opening of the railroad in November; but on the eighth of January, 1863, they were ordered to move to Camp Stevens near Thibodeaux. Two days later a second order came to return again to Brashear City, equipped with three days' cooked rations. This meant business, though the men did not know at that time its full import. But some new expedition was on foot in which the entire brigade was expected to engage.

Gen. Banks, in carrying out the plans already matured by Gen. Butler, whom he superseded in the department of the Gulf, had learned that the rebels under Gen. Taylor had a formidable gun-boat in the Bayou Teche, called the Cotton, and were preparing other boats for offensive warfare. He consequently ordered Weitzel to unite with the naval force in the bayou, and destroy this dangerous craft.

That gun-boat, which had been the terror of the Teche, was named after John L. Cotton, a wealthy planter of Louisiana. He was originally an ardent Union man, and opposed secession to the last, as did nearly all the citizens of the Attakapas country. But after the state legislature passed the ordinance of secession, he espoused the Confederate cause with equal enthusiasm; and as a contribution to the defences of the newly organized government, he fitted out a river steamer which he owned, equipped it as a gun-boat, and presented it to the Confederacy. The full name of the boat, therefore, was the John

L. Cotton; and it was partially iron-clad and carried a heavy armament. The commander was Capt. Fuller, a western steamboat man, "one of the bravest of a bold, daring class." He fought manfully, and, after his pilot had been killed, and his own arm broken, he worked the wheel with his feet and steered his boat.

In pursuance of orders, the infantry went on board transports at Brashear City, on the morning of January 13, and steamed up the bayou, while the artillery moved along the shore road. There was some slight skirmishing with the enemy that evening, and the troops landed and bivouacked in line of battle.

The plan adopted for the next morning was for the fleet to proceed up the bayou and open the attack, to be immediately followed by the land forces as a support. The troops were to move up the right bank; but just before they started Gen. Weitzel rode in front of the Eighth Vermont and read to them a dispatch he had received, containing resolutions of thanks and commendation for the service they had rendered, passed by the legislature of their own state. The message was greeted with cheers; and before departing the general remarked that he knew of no more opportune time to present those encouraging words, and he hoped the regiment would prove themselves worthy of the confidence reposed in them. The purport of this compliment was not lost, and every man in the lines knew that it meant hot work ahead.

Col. Thomas then rode up and down the lines, speaking words of encouragement. Gen. Weitzel had ordered him to detail an officer and sixty men as sharpshooters, to advance and pick off the gunners from the deck of the Cotton. At once more than twice the required number of volunteers sprang forward at his call, from which a selection was made, and Capt. Dutton, of Company H, volunteered to lead them. Preliminaries being arranged, Quartermaster F. E. Smith, then of Gen. Weitzel's staff, provided a transport on which the regiment embarked and moved up the stream. Soon the guns of the fleet began to be heard, and Col. Thomas, anxious to support the attack, became impatient of the slow progress of the boat,

and ordered a landing to be made. The first two attempts to bring the boat to the bank failed on account of the shallow water, and much precious time was consumed by the delay. But the third succeeded, and when the last man had passed the gang-plank, the regiment was in line to march. Capt. Dutton and his sixty men, however, remained on board, and were landed near the gun-boats, about two miles further up the bayou. Col. Thomas then marched rapidly by the flank along the old road, running nearly parallel with the bayou, and separated from it by cane-fields and a thick growth of trees.

At this time the situation of the fleet was unknown to the regiment. Col Thomas was simply making a rapid advance in obedience to orders; but whether his trusty soldiers, as they hurried forward that morning, were to confront only a naval force, or batteries and rifles, was an unsolved problem. The brisk fire from the gun-boats could be distinctly heard not far away, but the men, as they pushed on in a double-quick march, did not know Commodore Buchanan's fleet and the Cotton were facing each other, separated only by impassable obstructions placed there by the enemy, that the shots were delivered at short range with telling effect, and that the rebel gun-boat was supported by Semmes's battery on the one side, and infantry on the other.

Meanwhile the Union fleet, being hard pushed, were on the lookout for the approach of the regiment and the sixty sharp-shooters; and as soon as the boat carrying the latter came within hailing distance of the rear gun-boat of the fleet, the commander asked if Capt. Dutton could send a message to Col. Thomas. Being answered in the affirmative, he said in an excited manner: "Run, for God's sake, and tell Thomas if those rifle-pits are not cleared in five minutes the Calhoun is lost. She is aground, Buchanan is killed, and her gunners have been driven away from the guns." On hearing this startling message, Orderly Sergeant S. E. Howard, by whom this account is furnished, sprang into a small boat and was instantly set ashore, when he ran with all his might towards the advancing



COMMODORE BUCHANAN, U.S.N.



LIEUT. NATHAN C. CHENEY, Co. K.



CAPT. MOSES McFARLAND, Co. A.



LIEUT. JOHN A. RIPLEY, Co. C.



CAPT. JOHN BISBEE, Co. B.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

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CALIFORNIA

regiment, and at the same time Capt. Dutton made all haste to land his men.

But Col. Thomas was apprised of the peril of the fleet by a speedier messenger, before the arrival of the swift-footed young orderly. Capt. Cook, who was on the lookout from one of the vessels, caught the attention of Thomas, and motioned him to come down to the boats. Adj. Barstow was, accordingly, dispatched thither. He learned that the unsupported Calhoun (Buchanan's flag-ship) was at the front, exposed not only to the guns of the Cotton, but to a cross-fire from a line of rifle-pits on the bank, and galloped back with the news. Instantly the regiment was formed in line of battle, and the men started on the run. As they passed an open shed in the edge of the cane-fields they were ordered to throw off all their heavy equipments without halting, and the adjutant was ordered again to ride down to the boats and get what information he could about the location of the land force in their front.

As Barstow galloped back he saw that Company A, commanded by Lieut. McFarland, were thrown out as skirmishers, but not deployed, and that the troops were nearing a cluster of buildings comprising a large sugar-house and brick-kiln, which stood on rising ground. Knowing that the rifle-pits must be just on the other side, he ordered three lads, belonging to Company A, to run up and peer round the corner of the kiln, and bring him word how the enemy was located. But instead of returning the boys became excited, climbed to the top of the kiln and began to fire at the rebels, who were so intent on destroying the gunners on the Federal gun-boats, that they knew nothing of the danger which threatened to annihilate them from the rear. At that moment Dutton and his sixty picked men came rushing up between the regiment and the bayou, their guns trailed and the men running like a squadron of charging cavalry.

The moment had come for a brilliant dash; with the brave McFarland on the right and the gallant Dutton on the left, the entire regiment swooped down on the surprised riflemen, and literally wiped them out in an instant. The scared Johnnies

who a moment before were hiding so securely in their pits, while they dealt a murderous fire at the Union gunners, threw away their guns and fled to the cane-fields in utter confusion. Seven were killed outright, twenty-seven were wounded, and fifty-seven made prisoners, while the Eighth Vermont lost not a single man. It is probable that the entire force in the pits would have been captured had they not received warning of the charge from the boys who fired at them from the kiln. As it was, more than two hundred stand of arms were taken, and the enemy was utterly routed.

This brilliant and successful onslaught was watched with intense delight by the crews on the gun-boats, and as the regiment swept past, they gave them cheer upon cheer. Gen. Weitzel, too, was so much pleased with their gallant behavior, that he named them his right bower. Nor was it any fault of the brave Vermonters that they were not there in time to protect the Calhoun and save the life of her much-loved commander and trusty gunners. "We moved so fast," said Col. Thomas, referring to the event, "that we outstripped Dutton's boat, and the rest of the brigade dubbed us the Vermont Cavalry."

The impetus of the charge carried the lines somewhat beyond the rifle-pits, where a momentary halt was made, while the prisoners were placed under guard, and Col. Thomas ordered some negroes who were at hand to bury the Confederate dead. At this time, too, a member of Company C, who was so short of stature that he went by the name of "Little" Danforth, brought to the colonel a very tall prisoner and asked what he should do with him.

"Take him to the rear," was the answer.

"But he says he is all tired out and can't travel," persisted "Little" Danforth.

They looked, and the "reb" had flung himself on the ground, feigning to be perfectly exhausted.

"Put a bayonet through him, then," said Thomas, sternly.

On hearing this order, the prisoner sprang nimbly up and trudged on; but the sequel afforded Col. Thomas a deal of amusement, and showed the trusting simplicity of the tender-

hearted youth who made the capture. That night "Little" Danforth went to the headquarters of the fatherly old commander, and asked in a tone of deep solicitude: "Col. Thomas, did you really mean to have me put a bayonet through that prisoner?"

Soon the order to advance was given, and the main body of the regiment moved along the open fields, while Dutton's men kept close to the bayou, and Company A gradually bore a little to the right. After marching something more than a mile they came to a line of earthworks, around and behind which the bayou made a sharp bend. Lieut. McFarland was detailed to inspect them, and found them deserted; and in the near vicinity was a bridge across which the fugitive riflemen might have made their escape. In a few moments an enfilading shot came from the left and fell between two men, and was shortly followed by several more. The source of these missiles proved to be a Confederate redoubt or fort on the opposite side of the bayou, partially hidden from view by the trees that fringed the bank.

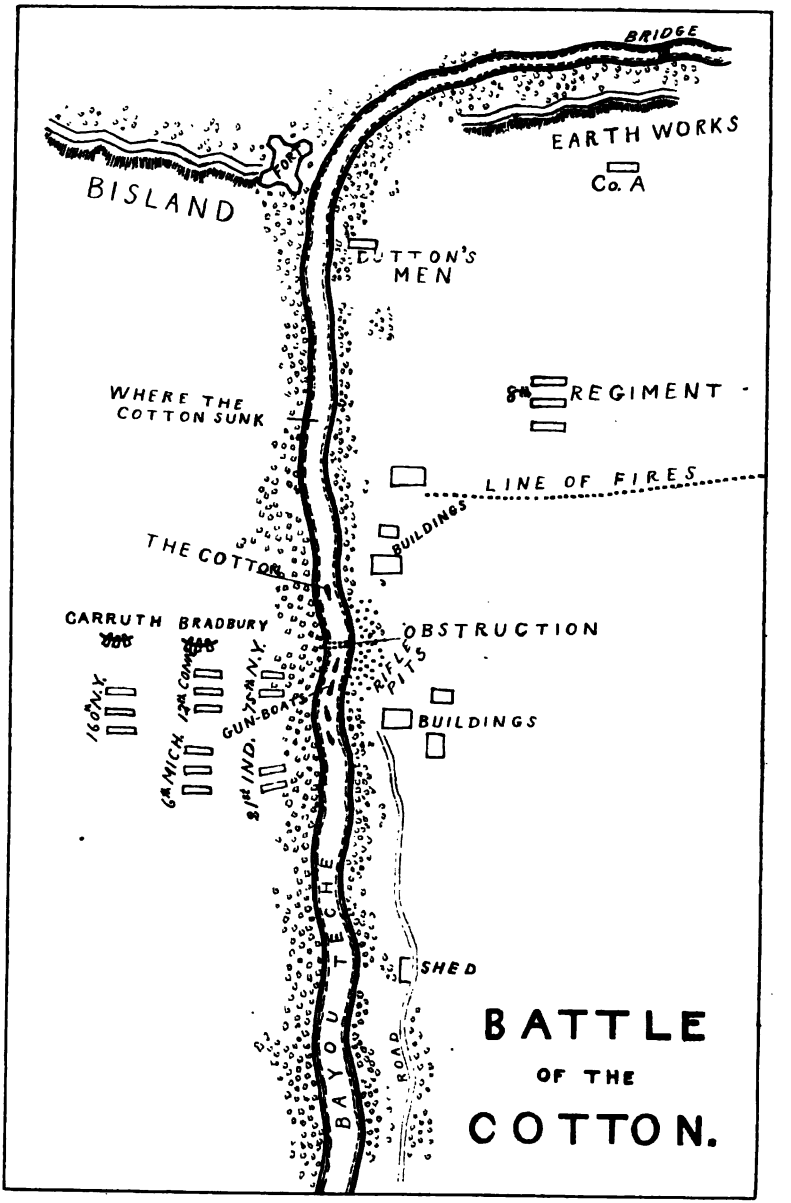
Warned by these signals of danger, Col. Thomas retired his men beyond range of the enemy's guns, at the same time sending Adj. Barstow to recall Capt. Dutton, and Capt. Grout to bear a like message to Lieut. McFarland. But before they retreated, Barstow and Dutton penetrated to the bank of the bayou, to ascertain if they could whether Gen. Weitzel with his brigade had also advanced as far on the opposite side. They neither saw nor heard anything of his forces, and there were no signs of troops, except a mounted officer and an orderly, who were silently gazing at them across the stream. At first it was impossible to tell whether they were friends or foes; but soon the officer turned his horse so as to place the sheltering trunk of a large cypress tree between himself and the two who watched him; then Barstow said, "He is a rebel."

The withdrawal of the advance lines seemed to have been taken by the enemy as a signal that the regiment could not be decoyed any nearer, and immediately they opened their mounted guns upon them. But the troops steadily retired out of range

of the shot and shell, and found near them a large sugar-house and other buildings, which would afford them some protection. Meanwhile Col. Thomas learned that Gen. Weitzel's force was a mile below his own on the other side, and also received orders to hold his position until morning. It was a post of extreme danger. Just on the other side of the bayou was a hostile force, whose size they could not estimate, though beyond a doubt it was many times their own; and across a bridge covered by the enemy's guns, this force could be thrown upon them at any moment. The brigade was bivouacked at least a mile below, and could not cross the bayou without boats, while the fleet was still farther away. In a word, no help could come to them in case of an attack, and it looked very much as though they were left alone, at the mercy of a foe who would delight to cut to pieces and destroy them. Indeed, Gen. Weitzel was well aware of their dangerous situation, and had been solicitous all day for the safety of his "right bower." In this perilous situation night and a rough "norther" overtook the lone regiment, clouds enveloped them in inky darkness, while a cold, drizzling rain chilled the weary men to the bone.

But Col. Thomas was equal to the occasion. He knew that, under cover of night, the next best thing to being strongly reinforced would be to make the enemy believe such was the case. So he planned an adroit and, as the result proved, very successful strategy. He caused a line of fires nearly two miles in extent to be built from the bayou on one side to the swamp on the other; and by keeping these ablaze through the night deceived the rebels into thinking that either he was in command of a formidable army, or that his numerical strength had been greatly augmented during the evening.

This imagined army, like the hosts which the wizard Merlin summoned out of the impalpable air to confront his foes, appalled the Confederates quite effectually; and presently the fact that the deception was complete was announced by a herald of flame. About eleven o'clock in the evening the dreaded Cotton came slowly down the Teche, wrapped in a brilliant sheet of fire, burned to the water's edge, and sank just below


BRIDGE
EARTH WORKS
Co. A
FORT
BISLAND
DUTTON'S MEN
WHERE THE COTTON SUNK
8th REGIMENT
LINE OF FIRES
BUILDINGS
THE COTTON
CARRUTH BRADBURY
OBSTRUCTION
160th N.Y.
12th CONN.
GUN-BOAT
RIFLE PITS
BUILDINGS
6th NICH
31st IND.
BAYOU TECHE
SHED
ROAD
BATTLE
OF THE
COTTON.



the rebel fort. Fearing that their strong gun-boat would fall into the hands of the ghostly army created by the magic of burning bushes, the enemy had abandoned and set her on fire. Thus by most unexpected means was the grand end of the expedition accomplished, and the brigade was ready to return to camp next morning.

At that time, of course, the apparent result of the strategy devised by Col. Thomas was assumed to be the true one; and it is gratifying, now that years have elapsed, to have the assumption confirmed by testimony from the enemy's side. During the years 1878 and 1879, Sergt. Brown, of Company H, worked with an ex-soldier who was in the Confederate ranks, and a member of a Louisiana regiment which participated in the engagement of the Cotton. After the twain had become well acquainted, they often talked over their army experiences together; and one day the ex-Confederate asked Brown how large a reinforcement the Eighth Vermont received the night after the charge on the rifle-pits. He could hardly credit the statement, when Brown told him they were not reinforced at all, and assured him that the rebel officers in command on the other side of the bayou were so certain of it, that they burned the Cotton to prevent it from being captured. Their own force, he said, included three regiments of infantry, two squadrons of cavalry, and two batteries; and their plan was to attack Col. Thomas that night, if he had not, as they supposed, received aid.

Early the next morning orders came from Gen. Weitzel for the regiment to fall back to the first transport, and embark for Brashear City. He complimented them for their bravery, and said that, since the Eighth Vermont had done all the fighting, they should not walk back. But before this welcome message was received, officers on the lookout from the top of the sugar-house saw long lines of rebel cavalry advancing toward them over the ground traversed by McFarland's skirmishers the day before. Consequently a strong rear guard was maintained while the regiment retired, setting fire to store-houses filled with corn and forage supplies as they went.

The brigade moving on the other side was already far down the bayou, closely pressed by the enemy; and the gun-boat with the gallant Eighth on board would have been attacked by riflemen, had she not backed down, keeping up at the same time a continuous raking fire on either side, which kept the foe at a respectful distance.

Accounts of the dash and heroism of the Eighth Vermont soon found their way into the newspapers all through the loyal states, and laid the foundation of the enviable fame which the regiment subsequently achieved, and nobly sustained until the close of the war. Vermont was proud of her gallant sons, and their reputation for prowess was firmly established. The story of that day's service was published also in more permanent records, and historians of the war paused in their stories to pay the regiment a well-deserved tribute. Horace Greeley, in his voluminous work, says, after describing the preliminary movements:

"By this time the Eighth Vermont had gained the enemy's rear, and was making a rapid clearance of the rifle-pits, while the batteries of the First Maine, and the Fourth and Sixth Massachusetts, supported by sharpshooters from the Seventy-fifth and One Hundred and Sixtieth New York, had flanked the defences on the other side, and were sweeping the decks of the Cotton, whose crew beat a retreat, as did most of the rebels on land."

Comte de Paris, the French writer on the war of the Rebellion, says in his history:

"The Eighth Vermont, being first to land, was to advance and attack the principal works of the Confederates in the rear. Buchanan, on boardt he Calhoun, didnot permit himself to be intimidated, and, immovable on the bridge of his vessel, steered it directly against the enemy's works. A shower of balls fell around him and he was soon mortally wounded. But his daring had not been without effect: whilst he was thus occupying the enemy, the Eighth Vermont reached the gorge of the work, and captured the breastworks by which it was defended. The garrison, entirely occupied by the novel combat,

did not even make an effort to resist this new attack, but dispersed at once." This statement, though incorrect in some particulars, pays a glowing tribute to the daring of the men who saved the day and "did all the fighting."

Where so much was due to individual courage and prudence, it would be difficult to decide who of Col. Thomas's officers and men were most deserving of credit. Each in his sphere, from commander to the last private in the ranks, seemed bent on doing his duty, and accomplishing the work to which the regiment had been assigned. Nothing could exceed the spirited dash of Capt. Dutton and his picked sixty, or Lieut. McFarland and his thirty-five; but equally brave was Sergeant Howard, when he leaped ashore from the boat of the Diana, and, running through a storm of bullets, carried the message to his colonel. Capt. Grout and Lieut. Spalding were also very efficient, and Capt Lynde, of Company I, who was acting quartermaster, was at the front doing duty through the entire day. Adj. Barstow was in this, as in every engagement where he served, simply Col. Thomas multiplied, and his care for the men will be gratefully remembered by every survivor of the regiment. Orderly Sergt. S. E. Howard, of Company H, who carried the message from the gun-boats to Col. Thomas, was promoted to second lieutenant, his commission dating January 13th, 1863, the same day the expedition started up the bayou.

The regiment returned to Camp Stevens without the loss of a man, and enjoyed a quiet rest of several weeks, during which time George O. Ford, of Company K, was promoted to second lieutenant, his commission being issued Feb. 19th. On the 27th the camp was menaced by a large force of the enemy, and compelled to fall back to Bayou Bœuf. The gun-boat Diana was captured by the Confederates on the 7th of March, and Adj. J. L. Barstow was commissioned captain of Company K on the 21st. On the 2d of April the regiment was ordered to join the brigade at Brashear City, prior to another expedition up the Teche under Maj. Gen. Banks. On the same day John M. Pike, of Company G, was commissioned second lieutenant, and Second Lieut. John B. Mead was promoted to first

lieutenant; on the fifth of the following month these two officers were again promoted, Mead becoming captain, and Pike first lieutenant. At this time, also, Weitzel's reserve brigade was reorganized, and composed of the Eighth Vermont, Twelfth Connecticut, and Seventy-fifth, One Hundred and Fourteenth, and One Hundred and Sixtieth New York. From that time the Eighth Vermont, Twelfth Connecticut, and One Hundred and Sixtieth New York were destined to serve together until the close of the war.

Early the following April a half-famished colored man appeared in camp, and gave the boys what some one very properly styled a Sunday evening entertainment. An officer of the regiment gave a long description of it in a letter written to a friend, and it presents so good a picture of the typical contraband on first coming within the Union lines, that a liberal abstract of the epistle is herein transcribed:

"An old negro, dressed in dirty-white, coarse flannel, very much patched, a coon-skin hat which I should think would have roasted his black head, and boots run down at the heels and out at the toes, came into camp about nine o'clock, [Sunday night] and said that he started at dark on Friday from Martinsville on the Teche, in a little row-boat, taking with him a shot-bag full of half dollars rolled up in his blanket. This money constituted his entire worldly fortune, which he had been thirty years in accumulating.

"The negro reports that Capt. Fuller, who was wounded on the Cotton, was at his 'massa's' house, and told him he should attack Gen. Weitzel on Sunday or Monday night, by water and by land. The old slave was so afraid that 'de Yankees' would be taken by surprise, and beaten, that he set out to give 'Massa Gen'l Wyzle' warning. He pulled his boat all night, and at eight o'clock Saturday morning was in Grand Lake, when he espied Capt. Fuller with two gun-boats and about twenty-five flat-boats, apparently making ready to transport troops across the lake.

"Hastily sliding his boat into the weeds where it would not

be discovered, he lay down in the bottom to watch operations. Directly the marines began firing, evidently for practice; and the old man thus described the manœuvres: 'One ob de boats wiv wheels on de side turned roun' middlin' quick, and fired right smart. Yes, sah! I could see de hot iun dey techt off de big guns wiv. But dat odder ole black boat, wiv de wheel behine, she aint much 'count nohow. No, indeed, massa, she aint much 'count, kaze it tuck so long to turn 'er roun.' She fired off one side, and den let on de steam to turn roun', and she went so slow — chou! — chou! — chou! — 'way roun' de lake. Oh, golly! dis ole nigger did larf den, and said to hisself, "Dick, guess you git 'way now. When dem Norvuners see dat boat, dey will jes' shoot 'er all tah pieces, afo' she c'n turn roun' to shoot off de odder side wonst."

"'Yes, indeed, Dick seed 'er sure nuff, and looked at her clus, and cud heah ole Cap'n Fuller cussin' 'n swearin; oh, good Massa above! how he did cus dem men kaze dey cudn' turn roun' quicker. But he said he was gwin tah play you all some trick. He 'lowed ez how he wud "drive every d—d Yankee 'way from heah;" and he's got a big parcle of men, and dey is pow'f'l ugly. Yes, massa, I'm tellin' de trufe. And so I laid dere till nigh 'bout seben o'clock Saturd'y ebenin', afo' I cud git 'way, and den I pulled all night agin, and did n't hab nuffin t' eat But I kep sayin': "Go ahead, ole Dick; tell 'em what ole Fuller is gwin t' do; and if ye die from bein' hungry, no mattah, kaze you 'll be doin' some good, and den you 'll git to heben." So I pulled on. But de lake wuz so big, and I wuz so fur from shore, dat I cudn' see ez I wuz gittin' ahead any. But sometimes I passed by a stick in de watah, and I went by so quick, I knowd I wuz gwine good.

"'When it kum mornin' I kep pullin', and when de sun wuz 'bout free hours up ole Dick begun ter git faint; and he got skeered dat he cud n't hold out t' git t' whar ye all wuz; an' he pulled to de bank, and asked a man fur suffin ter eat. Now he wuz very cross, and wanted t' know whar I wuz gwin to, an' I tho't I minte ez well tell him all 'bout it, and den he wuz right glad, and guv me a letter to bring to ye all, and tole me

ter hurry, fur God's sake, or I minte be too late; an' he sed I must n't stop t' eat, coz it would take up de time, an' I musn't tell nobody on his place, coz dey wuz all rebels; and de ladiz, dey talked hard to me, and sed dey know'd I wuz runnin' 'way to tell sum news, and sed I otter to be hung, and dey would set de bloodhounds on me.

"'But I didn't sed nuffin, but got into my boat and looked into my blanket, 'n' my shot-bag and money wuz all gone. And I seed one ob de ladiz hold it up an' larf at me. I know'd it wudn't be no use t' go back, kaze dey would n't guv it ter me if I did, an' I did n't car' ef I cud only git ter you all in time.'

"After another long pull, about two hours before sunset, exhausted and too stiff to stand, Dick came to a 'shell bank, and seed free men wid guns,' who helped him out of his boat. After rubbing and stretching his cramped legs awhile, he says: 'I started wid dem to go 'n' see Cap'n Wyzle. So dey tuck me to whar all de little white houses wuz, made of cloff. Oh, my golly! dis nigger never seed so many houses; and den dey tole him dey wuz all full of sol'ers, reel Yankee sol'ers. Waal now, good Fader abuv! ef dat ar don' beat all! Whew! Ef doze rebels cud see dem tents an' one sol'er in ebery one, let 'lone all de res', dey would be so skeered — oh, good gracious! how dey would run! — dey would frow 'way all dere guns and run so fur dey nebber wud stop yit.

"'Waal, den dey tuck me by a hul lot ob mo' tents, and dere wuz mo' sol'ers too, yes. I seed 'em all, me, I did. Good Loddy! what a swarm ob sol'ers. I went mo 'n free miles 'mung de tents, an all full ob sol'ers. Waal I declar! My golly! massa, ef de cullud fokes cud only see all deze sol'ers, dey wouldn't stay ter home one mo' night. Dey wud run 'way right off. Oh, how wicked my ole massa is! He tole me you all had n't got but few ob men, an' dey shud whip ye all, 'n' kech us agin, ef we went 'way, an' den we shud be killed. An now, what a lot ob men! Whew! whew! I nebber seed de like of all dem peoplez.

"'Den dey tole me dat wuz Bayou Bœuf, an' Cap'n Wyzle wuz at de bay. An' den de cap'n at the Bœuf tole me to git on

some kine ob a machine, an' it started; an' oh, my good Fader abuv! how dat machine did go! dat race hoss beat all de race hosses dat I eber seed; an' I sat hol'in' on an' lookin' at de poles ez dey went by, and whiz! dey went, an' den I cud n' see dem. Den I looked at de houses an' de woods, an' 'pears like all ob dem wuz movin' too. Den I looked at de wheels a goin' roun' twice ez fast ez lightnin', an' I tell ye, dis nigger tho't de king'um ob heben was nigh 'bout to han'; and den dey guv sech a hollerin' 'n' screamin', I tho't Gabr'l had dun blow his horn, sure 'nuff. An' I kep' lookin' at de wheels, an' I sed, "Now, Dick, jes' you keep clus' watch ob de wheel, an' ef it cums off, do you jump like a cat, or you 'er a gone nigger." Yes, indeed, massa, I watch dem clus, kaze I wuz nebber on sech a race hoss as dat afo' in all my life, me; an' in less 'n five minits heah she stopped, an' dey tole me ter jump down 'n' see de cap'n. An' now is you de reel Cap'n Wyzle?'

"'No, Dick,' we said, 'he is Gen. Weitzel.'

"'Waal, now, I declar'!' continued the astonished black man, 'ez shure ez you're born, an' I'm tellin' de trufe an' no lie, I'm glad! I tank de Lor' dat he let his 'umble sarvant do sum good, 'n' git heah 'fo' he fainted clear off; and bress de good Fader abuv dat he s'stain his poor nigger in dat tryin' hour, an' d'liber him out ob de han' ob de debble, an' let him cum 'mung de good peoplez.

"'Oh, gemmuns, I c'n tell ye now, all de cullud men, ebb'ry one, wants ye to hurry up, an' go frew de hul country. Dey is waitin' fur ye, an' in ebb'ry plantation sum ob de niggers is alwuz settin' up o' nights t' heah yer fust gun, 'n' be ready ter run ter meet ye, an' tew tell ye whar all de tings is at, an' tew bring ye all de tings we haz raised on our own little garding patches.'

"The half-starved fugitive had been supplied with soft bread and coffee, and eagerly munched away on it while giving vent to his astonishment. Presently he began to notice what kind of food he was eating, and broke forth, in his comical style: 'Why, massa, ole Dick haint tasted ob de likes ob dat fur gwin on two yeahs now. No, indeed! All de flour our ole massa

hez had since de wah begun wuz harf a bar'l, a yeah 'go las' Chris'mus. Dey brings flour and t'barcy from Texas, 'n' coffee; but it tucks free hogsits ob sugar tew buy one bar'l ob flour.' "

IV.

BISLAND.

THE stubborn resistance during the battle of the Cotton showed the strength of the enemy, and that a large and powerful force guarded the entrance of the Teche country. It was well fortified at Bisland or Bethel Place, as it was often called, where, beyond a doubt, Gen. Taylor was prepared to make a resolute defence of his works. On this point, therefore, Gen. Banks decided to concentrate his attack. He arrived on the 11th of April, to command the expedition in person, bringing with him reinforcements from New Orleans.

Meanwhile Weitzel's brigade had crossed the bay, and, as soon as plans were matured and orders received, moved in the direction of Pattersonville, the Eighth Vermont, as usual, taking the advance. Gen. Grover's division had also been sent by way of Grand Lake, to gain a position above Bisland, and thus cut off the enemy's retreat; and when the attack was begun, the gun-boats were to co-operate on the water side.

The advance was begun at noon, and Capt. Dutton with Company H, being deployed as skirmishers, soon found the enemy's pickets and drove them in. Occasionally a cannon shot would strike the ground in the vicinity of the moving lines, and Capt. Bainbridge would return the salute with one of his battery guns. But the enemy did not appear in force, and at night the troops bivouacked in line of battle, a short distance above Pattersonville.

There was no disturbance during the night, and on the following Sunday morning the march was resumed. The lines moved cautiously, and Company K, under Capt. Barstow, being deployed as skirmishers, had some sharp encounters with the enemy. Until mid-afternoon nothing occurred to interrupt the measured tramp of men and horses, and save the rattle of equipments and the low word of command, there was nothing to break the silence of the march. It was a lovely Sunday, and the eye of the imaginative soldier was free to wander over the slowly changing landscape and take in all its varied beauty. The way was flanked on either hand by forests of heavy timber, whose lively foliage made a striking contrast with the masses of gray moss that hung like ghostly raiment from the branches. Rich plantations with large hospitable looking mansions divided the open country, reminding one of the homes where for generations the proud old southern families had dwelt in luxuriant ease. Passing close to one of these houses about noon, the soldiers discovered that it had just been deserted by the inmates, who in their hasty flight had left a nice hot dinner smoking on the board. The path of a cannon-shot was traced directly across the room where the family had probably assembled to dine, which offered a plausible reason for their absence. So the boys, thinking it a pity to let a good dinner spoil, fell out and took it in.

At three o'clock the lines moved still more carefully, for they were nearing the Confederate works, and the batteries close at hand stopped to shell every suspicious point. For a few moments a hush seemed to fall upon the air, and it filled every heart with apprehension, for the men understood what it meant. Then came a sudden belching of smoke at the not far distant front, a vivid flash was seen, a solid shot struck the ground a few yards ahead of the regiment, and with a horrible shriek passed overhead. This was only a signal, but the next moment the entire batteries of the enemy opened with a murderous fire, in order to throw the advancing column into confusion.

It was a trying ordeal for the Green Mountain boys. The air was full of deadly missiles of every description,— shells, solid

shot, grape, and even pieces of railroad iron; and the earth was plowed in every direction as the huge projectiles buried themselves in the ground, throwing the dust and dirt over the men. Col. Thomas was equal to the occasion. Coolly he rode in front of the line, imparting courage to the timid and inspiration to all, and cried out: "Steady, men! Stand firm! Remember old Vermont is looking at you to-day! We've been in the field a long while, boys, and this is the first time we have had a chance to begin the work we were sent out here to do! Steady, old Vermont!" A few moments later, seeing some of the men quailing before the iron hail, he called out: "Vermont is looking at you!" when a witty fellow replied: "Hope Vermont won't see us in such a scrape again." This raised a laugh along the line, and helped, more than the sternest command would have done, to keep the boys in countenance. At another point where some white faces showed the need of a little more grit, the colonel passed, just as a shot plowed into the earth and then went howling over their heads. "This reminds me of sowing marrowfat peas up in old Vermont," said he. His humor was magnetic, and the responsive shout seemed to cheer the boys wonderfully.

After the gallant Eighth had been under fire for a short time, Capt. Bainbridge came galloping up on their right with his battery, he riding alongside the foremost gun, dressed in spick and span uniform, and lashing the horses with his rawhide, as though life depended on every leap they made. The gun wheeled into position, plowing up the earth in its rapid circuit, and in a moment the keen-eyed captain was out of his saddle, sighting the piece for the first discharge. Quickly each gun took position and opened fire upon the rebel works, which could then be seen in the distance, and the Eighth Regiment was ordered to advance to the front as a support to Bainbridge.

Compliance with this order subjected the regiment to what is doubtless one of the severest tests to which troops are ever brought in time of battle. It requires nerve at any time to charge under fire and do valiant execution, but action inspires the moving lines with courage. It is quite another thing to

face, unprotected, the murderous hail, and there stand hour after hour, and silently wait; for there is nothing to blind the eyes to danger or sustain the sinking spirit. To such a terrible test the brave sons of Ethan Allen proved equal, and, led into position by a commander in whom they trusted, they stood like a rock till darkness put an end to the battle. Nor was their confidence misplaced. Col. Thomas, whose courage knew no law but obedience to orders, was a father to all the men whose lives he might almost be said to hold in his hand. He felt the danger, not for himself, but for them, and to cheer and support them through those trying hours, kept at the front alone, mounted on his horse, a conspicuous mark for artillerists, and encouraged them by his own unflinching bravery.

Twice during the heavy cannonading Gen. Weitzel sent Lieut. Smith of his staff to warn the colonel that he was exposing himself unduly, and begging him to dismount out of regard for his own personal safety. The reply of the great-hearted officer was: "Col. Thomas sends his compliments to Gen. Weitzel, and begs to inform him that he didn't come down here to get off his horse for any d—d rebel." Could any member of the Eighth Vermont misunderstand the meaning of their leader, or fail to be brave under the eye of such an officer? Presently, while scanning the ground in front, the colonel saw a ditch, into which he ordered the regiment to advance, and thus gain a partial protection from the deadly shots.

The first man wounded that afternoon was Corporal Wm. W. Perry, of Brookline. Acting Quartermaster Howard, who was an eye-witness, says: "A shell burst over our heads, and I saw a piece of it descend with a queer fluttering sound, and strike Perry on the top of the head. He dropped all in a heap, and I supposed was killed, but on going to him I found him alive, and got Myron L. Boynton, of Jamaica, and another member of the band, to carry him off. He recovered, and still lives in Brookline."

About the same time Jonathan Durlam, of Company K, had his leg shattered below the knee by a piece of shell, and, though it was amputated by the surgeons, he died a few weeks later from

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the effects. He made a great outcry, and Capt. Barstow examined him, but could find no blood or scratch upon him, and jokingly told him he was a lucky man and would be pensioned for life. But Durlam continued to groan and appeared to be in great agony, so the captain shouted to Maj. Dillingham to know where the musicians, and quartermaster, and the stretchers were. "The men," he said, "were being mowed down, and no provision was made for their care." Col. Thomas, who overheard the call, wanted to know what the quartermaster was wanted for. Capt. Barstow replied that the army regulations said that the musicians, in charge of the quartermaster, should carry off the wounded. "That 's so," said Maj. Dillingham, and a messenger was quickly dispatched to the rear. Soon a band man responded, and "a greater exhibition of moving fright I never saw," said the captain.

"Where is your stretcher?" asked Barstow.

"What 's a stretcher?" asked the trembling tooter.

"Did n't the surgeon give you any stretcher for bringing off the dead?" asked the officer.

"I do n't know nothing about your stretcher," gasped the band man.

"Never come on to the field again without a stretcher," said Col. Thomas sternly, and the man grew paler than ever, and stammered out:

"What do you want of me now?"

Finally the captain ordered him to tear some cypress slabs from a fence, and showed him how to improvise a litter, on which the wounded man was placed, when a "second note of the band" arrived on the scene. But it required four men to bear away the burden.

"Who will go back with this man?" asked Captain Barstow.

Nearly every man in an adjacent company sprang to his feet and signified a hearty willingness to go to the rear. But the captain sternly told them that Company K could take care of their own wounded.

As has already been intimated, the fighting continued with unabated energy until the gathering darkness compelled a ces-

NO VIEW
AVAILABLE

sation of hostilities, and the troops fell back out of range of the enemy's guns, and slept on their arms.

After the regiment had fallen back an incident occurred that is well worth mentioning. The Seventy-fifth New York was within supporting distance of the Eighth Vermont, and when the troops retired, Adjutant Lansing of that regiment and two privates were left wounded on the field. A Confederate surgeon with an ambulance and driver came out and picked them up. Then the surgeon clambered into the rear of the wagon, and was about to start for the enemy's lines with his prisoners, when Adjutant Lansing drew a revolver, covered the surgeon with it, and ordered the negro to drive to the Federal lines instead.

Early Monday morning the gun-boats opened a heavy fire upon the Confederate works, and Capt. Bainbridge, supported by the Eighth Vermont, advanced to a position nearer the enemy's line than that occupied the previous day, and resumed the cannonading. The regiment in front found themselves within reach of the Confederate infantry, and no sooner were they in position than a volley of musket balls came whizzing over their heads. To protect his men as much as possible, Col. Thomas ordered them to lie flat upon the ground, close behind some bushes. It was well that this precaution was taken, for the enemy soon aimed so low and fired so fast that their bullets cut off the bushes and scattered them among the prostrate men. During the entire day the regiment lay on the ground, while cannon thundered in front and rear, and projectiles of every description went screaming over their heads. Two or three different times they were ordered to form in line for a charge upon the works, but as soon as they were upon their feet so deadly a fire was turned upon them that the attempt was abandoned.

After the first excitement had subsided, and the men began to get used to their uncomfortable position, those who were cool enough to enjoy it found opportunity to make a very interesting study of projectiles. Lying there on the earth they

could watch on a grand scale the graceful curves described by shot and shell in their swift aerial passage, and criticise to their hearts' content the display of the gunner's skill. Their ears soon learned to distinguish the peculiar sound made by different kinds of missiles, and they were enabled to make some approximate estimates as to the number of balls that miscarried where one did execution. They learned, too, that, even under such trying circumstances, a man may base his chances of life on the fact that, in a battle, so many balls are wasted that a soldier cannot be killed until the enemy has discharged at him a weight of lead equal to his own. And better than all else, they learned, perhaps, a valuable lesson of obedience and self-control, and beheld a new vision of devoted patriotism, as they saw their leader sit calmly by them on his horse, watching over them, as a tender father might guard his children in an hour of peril.

One attempt only was made by the enemy to break Gen. Weitzel's lines. About three o'clock in the afternoon the Union troops were startled by that most hideous of modern war cries, known as the "rebel yell." It sounded from the covert of heavy timber on the left, and the officers at once understood that "Dick" Taylor was about to charge upon the left flank. This was the first time the Vermont boys had heard that fiendish sound, and it is not too much to say that they were appalled by it for a moment, and thought their time had come to be "wiped out." But Weitzel, anticipating this attempt, had ordered the Twelfth Connecticut and the One Hundred and Fourteenth New York to throw their combined force into the timber; and, after a sharp encounter, the rebels who charged with a yell, retreated in confusion and precipitate haste to the cover of their works.

During that day's fight there were some artillery shots made that deserve special mention. As he was watching the manœuvres of the enemy, Col. Thomas saw a section of a rebel battery moving from the right to the left, and said to Capt. Bainbridge, who was remarkably skilful as a gunner: "Captain, can't you give 'em a shot?" "I will try," answered Bainbridge; and quickly sighting a piece, he threw a shell with such accuracy

that when it burst, horses, riders, and gun were wiped out of view; and, as if to make sure that the shot was fatal, the three dead horses were found near that spot when the Union army entered the works on the following day.

As one means of defence the enemy made use of the gun-boat Diana, which they had recently captured from the Union navy. It contained a heavy bow-gun, with which they were doing great damage. On seeing this, Col. McMillan, of the Twenty-first Indiana, which had been converted into heavy artillery, sighted one of his pieces with such precision that a thirty-two pound shot went crashing through the vessel nearly her entire length, and so deranged her machinery that she was disabled, and sent up the bayou.

Considering the exposed position in which the Eighth Regiment lay for two days, it is remarkable that only one man, Adolphus Blanchard, of Company G, was killed, and only a few were wounded. William Carley, of Company E, and John W. McCauley, of Company F, were among the latter. But several officers and privates had very narrow escapes. Col. Thomas saw a shot coming towards him, as he was sitting on his horse, and it just brushed past his ear. A piece of shell, or a bullet, cut off Lieut. Col. Dillingham's collar button, and left a red mark on his throat. A young private in Company C, named Danforth, was very uneasy while the regiment lay prostrate in front of the batteries, and kept jumping up to look at the enemy. Several times Col. Thomas ordered him back to his place; but soon he jumped up again, and instantly a cannon shot struck the very spot he had just left and buried itself in the ground. "Down there, again, as quick as you can!" thundered the stern voice of the colonel. "If you had been where you belong, you would have been cut in two. But lightning never strikes twice in the same place, and now you will be safe."

Night came on again without bringing a decided victory to either side, and the Union troops bivouacked in line of battle, expecting on the following day to resume the artillery fire, or charge the works in a general assault. But in the morning it

was discovered that the wily "Dick" Taylor had evacuated Bisland with his entire army, and under cover of darkness had made good his retreat in the direction of Franklin.

The plan of Gen. Banks was to have Grover's division cut off the enemy's escape; but, owing to difficulty in landing his troops, that officer failed to accomplish his purpose. But one course remained, therefore, and, without stopping for morning rations to be served, Gen. Weitzel formed his brigade in marching order, with the Eighth Vermont in advance, and Company H, commanded by Capt. Dutton, as skirmishers, and pursued the flying army. Hovering close upon their rear, a number of prisoners were taken during the day, and the fugitive army was driven beyond Franklin.

Since the date of the Bisland engagement, the singular fact has come to light that Gen. Taylor, utterly ignorant of the movements of Gen. Banks, had planned to march his army to Brashear City and attack the Union forces, on the very same day that Banks opened his guns on Bisland. Consequently, if this attack had been postponed even for twenty-four hours, the Confederates would have taken the offensive.

There was more or less skirmishing during the day, chiefly by the cavalry, but the troops moved rapidly forward without serious resistance. In this way the army followed the enemy for several days, marching an average of twenty-five miles each day, through a rich, high country in marked contrast with the low lands of southern Louisiana, which the men had recently abandoned. On reaching Franklin the army rested a few hours, and while there "Old Joe," a colored man whom all will recollect, was seen near some bushes with a musket pointed at some concealed object. "Come out dar!" shouted Old Joe, "come out dar, or I 'll fire!" At his command two Confederate soldiers emerged from the covert of bushes, and surrendered themselves as prisoners. Then the march was resumed through New Iberia and thence to Vermillionville, where the Confederates made a stand and slight resistance. This caused the brigade to form in line of battle, and prepare for attack; but again the enemy deemed discretion the better part of valor, and fled,

closely followed by their pursuers; and the rapid march was again resumed till the brigade reached Opelousas on the 20th of April. Here they went into camp for a few days to recuperate, and were reviewed by Gen. Banks and staff. The quarters here formed a striking contrast with those to which the regiment had been previously assigned, and the men exercised their taste in adorning the camp with evergreen arches, and making it attractive. But the officers, who occupied headquarters in the yard of the Mansion House, will not forget the hideous matutinal salute of scores of neighborly peacocks that roosted in the trees in the vicinity.

By this vigorous movement the Teche country, which had been so long closed to the Union soldiers, was opened, and they enjoyed for a while the luxury of "living off the country" that abounded in fresh vegetables and good beef and chickens, with which the cooks delighted to furnish forth the daily rations. And since the Teche is called the garden of Louisiana, the reader will pardon a digression, and be pleased to read a quotation from Gen. "Dick" Taylor's book on the war, wherein he writes: "In all my wanderings, and they have been many and wide, I cannot recall so fair, so beautiful, so happy a land."

During the halt at Opelousas, Capt. Craig, of Company G, died of disease. He had left a lucrative law practice in Vermont to enter the service of his country. As an officer he was a thorough disciplinarian, always looking out for the comfort and rights of his men. In this campaign he suffered from illness, but pluckily kept on with his company through all the hardships and exposures of the rapid march to this place. But nature refused to do more, and, far away from the friends and places he loved, he passed away; and his comrades tenderly laid him to rest in the cemetery near the old church in Opelousas.

ALEXANDRIA.

After a sojourn of two weeks, the line was again formed, and the brigade began to move at three o'clock on the afternoon of

May 5th. Being in good condition, the troops marched all that night and the day following, and the second night bivouacked in line of battle. Nothing of special interest occurred until the army neared Alexandria. Company C, Capt. Foster, were thrown out as skirmishers on the last day of that severe march. The weather was hot and the roads extremely dusty, so that many of the men fell out by the way from sheer exhaustion, and were obliged to get into the ambulances and mule carts that had been taken from the plantations *en route*. But Gen. Banks was anxious to reach Alexandria that evening, and, desiring to humor him and create a little excitement, the Seventy-fifth New York, which followed next to the Eighth Vermont, challenged the latter to a race. "Vermont Cavalry" were quite willing to give their neighbors a lesson in endurance, and the two regiments started off at a lively rate, the Eighth leading with long, quick strides, encouraged by lively music of the band, snatches of "John Brown," and other familiar war songs, and cheers from the line officers. To further stimulate the men, a field officer would occasionally dismount and give some tired private rest and a ride in his saddle, and the surgeons would allow a faint man a "pull from the dark bottle."

Gen. Weitzel, deeming it essential to their health that the brigade should be served a ration of whiskey on reaching camp, ordered his commissary, Fred E. Smith, to go forward to the city with the advance, and secure the needed stimulant wherever he could find it. Accordingly, about nine o'clock in the evening Lieut. Smith returned with three barrels of whiskey, which he took from a hotel in Alexandria. At this house also the quartermaster's party obtained a lunch, in payment for which greenbacks were offered. But the landlord refused them, and demanded Confederate money; this demand was not complied with, however, and Lieut. Smith is not sure but he is still indebted for his first meal in Alexandria.

In this way ended the wearisome march to Alexandria; and when the Eighth Vermont, still leading the brigade, reached the outskirts of the city, and turned into a field where they were to halt for the night, it was found that they had covered a dis-

tance of ninety-one miles. As soon as the line was dismissed the men dropped on the ground, and were so much exhausted that the usual roll-call was omitted, and they went to sleep without any supper. The next day the brigade marched through the city, and went into camp in a pleasant grove on the river bank, just above the point where the Federal gun-boats lay silent in the stream.

The surprise occasioned by the sudden entry of Union forces into Alexandria was something ludicrous. The citizens supposed that "Dick" Taylor held sole possession of all the approaches to the town, and thought indeed that no detested Yankees had penetrated within many miles of their peaceful abode, or could do so. When, therefore, Weitzel's advance cavalry came galloping into the streets, and the Federal gun-boats came puffing up the river, the people were filled with utter consternation, and everybody who cherished secession sentiments, and those who felt that their reputation for loyalty was not firmly established, fled in the most precipitous haste. Traders deserted their stores, mechanics their shops, and citizens generally their houses. It was a genuine scare, and one of the most comical evidences of it was found by some Union soldiers who entered a newspaper office, from which both editor and printers had made a rapid stampede. The compositors had dropped their partly-filled sticks on the case and fled, and one of them which was examined, contained the following unfinished paragraph: "News has been received that Bisland has been evacuated, and 'Dick' Taylor is marching towards Alexandria. It is evident that Gen. Banks is a very different man from"—

While resting here the camp was startled one morning by the report of a gun and a shriek from some one in Company B, and it was found that a soldier, while laboring under temporary insanity, had fatally shot Wagoner Hill, who died a few hours later. The mail that shortly arrived from New Orleans, also brought the sad intelligence that Capt. J. S. Clark, of Company K, had died in the hospital.

A meeting of the officers of the Eighth Vermont was called

in consequence of this death, and organized with Capt. Edward Hall, chairman, and Lieut. George N. Carpenter, secretary. Capt. H. F. Dutton, Capt. J. L. Barstow, and Lieut. J. B. Mead, were chosen a committee to report resolutions of sorrow for the death of Capt. Craig and Capt. Clark, and to tender the condolence and sympathy of the regiment to the bereaved families of the late officers.

It is due to the memory of Capt. Clark to record that his death was felt to be a great loss to his regiment and company. He was a thorough gentleman of quiet disposition, who had been led to enter the service by a high sense of patriotism and duty. During his limited experience in the field he had exhibited a coolness and bravery that won admiration and gave promise of a brilliant military career, and he was sincerely mourned by his brother officers.

Learning that this history was to be written, Mr. John C. Clark, of St. Johnsbury, Vt., son of Capt. J. S. Clark, transmitted to the committee of publication a letter from Col. F. H. Hatch to his mother, a copy of which is printed below. Concerning the writer, Mr. Clark says: "Col. Hatch was a thorough gentleman and a conscientious Christian, and one, doubtless, who took the stand he did from the purest motives. Years after the close of the war it transpired that Col. Hatch was a native of our state, having been born at Reading, in Windsor county, within a stone's throw of my mother's childhood home. He went South when thirteen years old, and was employed as a stable-boy in New Orleans. When the war broke out he was collector of the port of New Orleans, and one of the worthiest men of that city. I inclose also a copy of the record in the Bible mentioned by Col. Hatch."

The reader will recall the fact that Mrs. Hatch, whose sad fate is alluded to in her husband's letter, is the same lady who assisted Mrs. Sparks in taking care of Capt. S. E. Howard, when he lay sick at Company Canal. The record referred to reads thus:

REFUGE, NEW ORLEANS, March 22, 1863.

Dark Days. Seven years ago to-day this precious book was given me by my friend J. R. J., Magnolia, La.

Yesterday, March 21, my friend Capt. J. S. Clark was buried in our vault in Girod Cemetery, N. O. One of the *bravest, noblest, and best* of men. May our last end be like his.

REFUGE, OPPOSITE NEW ORLEANS, June 3d, 1866.

MRS. J. S. CLARK:

Madam: In overhauling and adjusting my library, which was restored to me in a scattered and confused condition, I found the accompanying Bible, containing a record of the death and entombment of Capt. Clark, and a feeling tribute to his memory.

It was presented to Mrs. Hatch some years since by a Mr. J. R. Jackson, a planter of this state, and a pious and worthy friend, and I send it to you with the presentation memorandum inclosed, precisely as I found it, thinking it would be a pleasing memento of the worth and excellence of your late husband, calculated to inspire in the minds of his children a reverence for his character, and to stimulate an emulation of his virtues.

It will perhaps be the more prized as emanating from one who stood in a relatively antagonistic position to him, and who lost her own life by a sincere devotion to a cause opposed to that in which Capt. Clark was as honestly engaged; and it is a sad commentary on the evils of civil strife to reflect that she, whose ear was never deaf to the calls of affection, and whose hand was ever ready to do the biddings of her benevolent nature toward friend or foe, in the hour of distress, should have been rudely thrust, in a state of extreme debility, from that home from which she had so freely dispensed those ministrations of mercy. This act of cruelty, at the very close of the war, cost her her reason and her life.

We can therefore mutually deprecate those evils which have bereft us of half the joy and solace of our earthly life, and cast a lasting shadow over the remnant which remains to us.

Now that Mrs. Hatch has deceased, in order that your mind may be at perfect ease in relation to the remains of Capt. Clark, I will add, that I had purchased a tomb for her in another cemetery near to my present residence, and that that in which Capt. Clark was entombed, will remain undisturbed, without any inconvenience or embarrassment to myself.

Hoping the memento will be acceptable, I am, madam,

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

F. H. HATCH.

In a few days it was reported that Gen. Taylor still had a considerable force with him beyond Alexandria, and Gen. Banks ordered Weitzel's division to move on his track May 11th; but, after marching about thirty-five miles into the pine woods, it was found that the enemy was retreating so rapidly

that it would be impossible to overtake them, and the brigade returned into camp two days later.

The campaign had resulted in scattering Taylor's forces, and so far demoralizing them that it was several weeks before he could collect them again, while the enemy had been reduced by the capture of over two thousand prisoners, twenty-two cannon, and two steamers, and the destruction of eight Confederate gun-boats and steamers.

The army remained at Alexandria until the 17th instant, when it again started on the march, and reached Simsport on the 24th. There the sick were transferred to boats, to be taken to New Orleans, and the men were relieved of all superfluous baggage, preparatory to the work awaiting them. And at length the news came that it was to go to Port Hudson, and unite with the forces at Baton Rouge in the reduction of that stronghold.

V.

PORT HUDSON.

At Simsport Gen. Weitzel's brigade was taken on transports and conveyed by way of the Atchafalaya and Red rivers to Bayou Sara on the Mississippi, while Quartermaster Smith went by land with the trains. The troops landed about midnight of May 25th, and at two o'clock next morning set out for the destined scene of their next operations, about five miles down the river. Nor was the movement begun a moment too soon, for while on the way, word was brought to hurry forward with all speed, for it was feared that the Confederate garrison might attempt to evacuate the place and escape. So, quickening their march, the troops soon went into position in line of battle, on the right, near Foster creek.

The ultimate object of the well-planned campaign undertaken by Maj. Gen. Banks was the removal of impediments and opening the Mississippi for the safe passage of Union vessels. These operations began with the crossing of Berwick bay on the 9th of April, and were to culminate in the reduction of Port Hudson. To accomplish this end he was to co-operate with Gen. Grant, who at the same time was slowly advancing on Vicksburg.

It is not necessary here to go into the details of the preliminary steps in this plan, or to ask why Gen. Banks delayed so long decisive action. It is enough to remind the reader that Gen. "Dick" Taylor had a strong force in the Teche ready to fall upon New Orleans, if the troops that held it were with-

drawn for service higher up the river. So many troops were, therefore, required to hold what had already been gained, that Banks was unable to invest Port Hudson with an adequate army, until he should first scatter Taylor's forces, or drive them so far into the interior that New Orleans would be safe from immediate capture. So far as the Eighth Vermont were concerned, their experience since leaving Algiers had been of great practical advantage in preparing them for the work before them ; for they had acquired valuable discipline, and the successes they had achieved inspired them with courage and faith, so that they joined in that important conflict confident of victory.

The situation of Port Hudson was favorable for defensive action both by land and by water. It occupied the summit of a cliff on the east bank of the Mississippi, forming almost a semi-circle about a bend in the river. Long stretches of broken ground, with hills, woods, and ravines, made it difficult of access from the surrounding country. During an interval of several months the enemy had constructed around the place a series of works of remarkable strength. A heavy, well-mounted battery commanded the bluff on the water side, at an elevation of about eighty feet above the river. A continuous line of parapet with an abatis encircled the place, from Ross's Landing, about a mile below the fort, to the water's edge on the northern side. Every adjacent hill was a redoubt. Heavy artillery raked the ravines and open spaces. Bristling guns covered all approaches. The outworks were well planned to delay an attacking army and impede progress ; and when the forces of Gen. Banks went into position on the twenty-sixth, the commanding officers knew that a severe struggle must take place before the Union flag would float above the garrison.

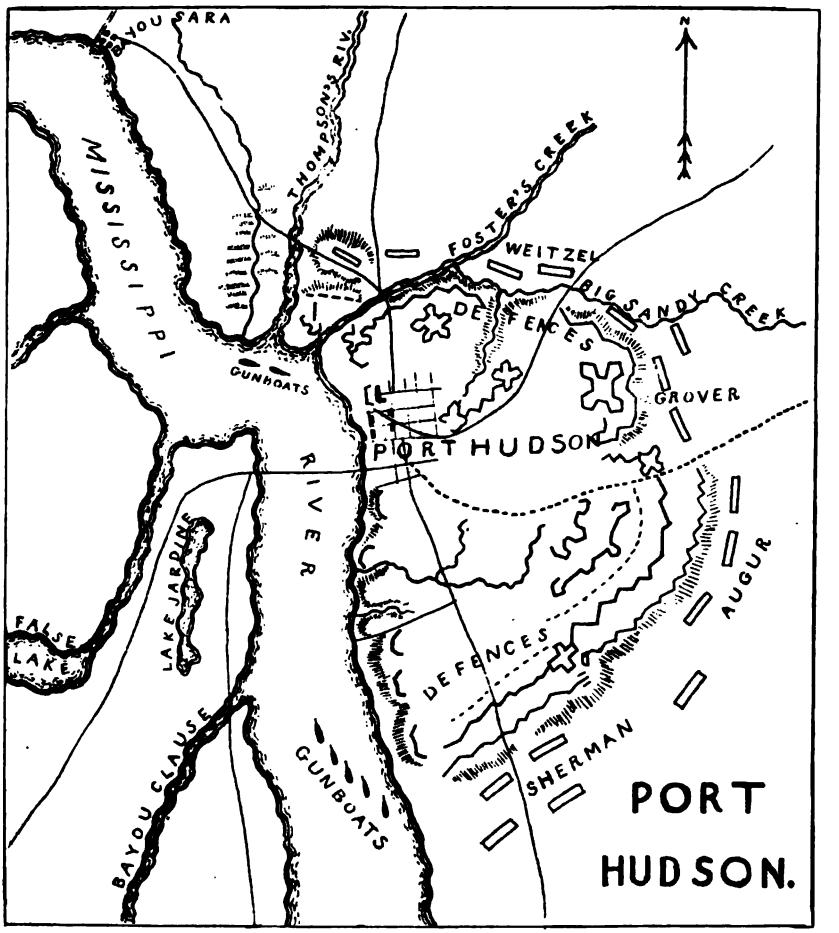
In the investment of this stronghold Gen. Weitzel's division occupied the right, Generals Augur and Grover the centre, and Gen. T. W. Sherman the left, while Farragut's fleet engaged the batteries in the river. The plan was fully outlined to the commanders of brigades, regiments, and batteries, the night before the assault began, and Gen. Banks ordered the attack to

open simultaneously all along the lines. In the engagement Col. Thomas commanded Weitzel's brigade, consisting of the Eighth Vermont, Twelfth Connecticut, and the One Hundred and Fourteenth and One Hundred and Sixtieth New York; while Lieut. Col. Dillingham commanded his regiment. It was also of special advantage that these troops had served together for a long time under Col. Thomas, and had confidence in each other as well as in their leader.

THE FIRST ASSAULT.

In accordance with orders, the fleet in the river opened with their guns on the morning of the 27th of May, and rained shot and shell upon the garrison; the land batteries began firing with great spirit and determination; and the ground fairly shook, while the air echoed with the noise of battle. Weitzel's division at once moved into action, and at the onset Thomas's brigade was the third line of battle. The first line advanced and found the enemy as soon as they entered the woods, and the musketry fire became heavy and incessant. Progress was slow, owing to the obstructions in the way, and, being completely exposed to a raking fire, the men in the foremost lines fell rapidly; and while trying to force the enemy from the outer positions they were so badly broken that Gen. Weitzel ordered Thomas to charge with his brigade. His men responded nobly, led by the gallant colonel on foot, for orders had been given to the field and staff officers to leave their horses in the rear. In a few moments they passed the broken lines of the other brigades, fell upon the enemy with a rush, drove them from their position, captured many of them, and hurried the rest from point to point, until they were sent back in disorder behind their main fortifications.

When Col. Thomas halted his line after his brilliant sally, they found themselves within fifty or seventy-five yards of the main earthworks, and exposed to a murderous fire which the Confederates instantly opened upon them. To remain there or attempt to scale the works was wholesale butchery, and, not


YOU SARA
THOMPSON'S BY.
MISSISSIPPI
FOSTER'S CREEK
WEITZEL
DEFENCES
BIG SANDY CREEK
GUNBOATS
GROVER
PORT HUDSON
RIVER
LAKE JARVIS
FALSE LAKE
DEFENCES
AUGUR
BAYOU CLAUSE
GUNBOATS
SHERMAN
N
PORT HUDSON.

having orders to thus sacrifice his men, Thomas fell back to the cover of a ravine, and reported to Gen. Weitzel what he had done. Word came back to hold his position if possible; and, had the plan of attack been strictly followed throughout the lines, it is believed that Col. Thomas might have advanced again, and Port Hudson would have fallen that day. But the attack in the centre and on the left was not begun in earnest until the afternoon, and the enemy, seeing that the charge on the right had failed, were able to throw their entire force against Sherman and Augur. In this brave attack the forces of Gen. Weitzel lost heavily, and, when the lack of co-operation became apparent, it is said that he sent word to Gen. Banks that he had "yet to learn that any other general had co-operated in the assault, which was ordered to be simultaneous." Be that as it may, nothing can detract from the credit due Col. Thomas and his gallant brigade on that eventful day; and let it be recorded that they took up and sustained the charge at a critical moment, led by the colonel in front of his troops. Among his losses were numbered two valuable staff officers: Capt. Hubbard, assistant adjutant general, and Lieut. Wrotnouski, were killed during the halt under the main earthworks. Both were held in high esteem by their fellow officers and the men under their immediate commands.

The total loss throughout the lines on May 27th, in killed, wounded, and missing, was nearly two thousand men. Thomas's brigade suffered considerably, and the Eighth Vermont lost eighty-eight, including the wounded and killed. Those killed were: in Company A, Joseph O. Kimball, Zolvey Sargeant; in Company C, David N. George; in Company D, Henry Butterfield, Jr.; in Company E, George E. Wedgewood; in Company F, Edward Ducharme, Peter Henchey; in Company G, George W. Battles, Dennis Ryan; in Company H, Charles Bartlett, Wilbur. F. Bowker. June 11th, Porter J. Whitney, Company I.

A great amount of time and labor have been expended to make the list of wounded on this date and the 14th of June as complete as possible, but after consulting every available source

of information both lists are but partially filled. So far as obtained the names are: Col. Stephen Thomas, scalp wound on left temple; in Company A, Wm. W. Kinsley, Moses Larue, John B. Chayer, C. W. Boynton; in Company B, Corp. H. H. Holt, T. W. Page; in Company C, Capt. H. E. Foster, H. K. Page, J. Colcott, C. Collins, H. G. Perigo, C. A. Newman, A. J. Keith, H. W. Prisby (whose hurt proved fatal); in Company D, Sergt. Nathaniel Robie, Mason B. Jenkins, Asa S. Emery; in Company E, F. Y. Snow, George Maxham, Julius McMurphy; in Company G, Lieut. James Welch, Lyman B. Evans, Paschal Bissonett, Daniel W. Eaton, Chas. W. Battles; in Company H, Sergt. W. H. Smith, Geo. R. Harrington, Cyrus M. White, Amos L. Jenkins, Samuel S. Childs, James Frascovia; in Company I, Geo. J. Bishop, Henry G. Baldwin; in Company K, D. D. Fairbanks, W. H. Silsby, Charles Drown. May 29th, Con Carmody, Company G, was wounded, and died in consequence July 23d; June 12th, Lewis Amel, Company E, and Eben Pond, Company K.

After the death of Capt. Hubbard, Capt. John L. Barstow, of Company K, was detailed as acting adjutant general of the brigade.

June 5th, David C. Bell, of Company G, was discharged to accept a position as contract surgeon.

To fully appreciate the splendid behavior of the Vermont troops in this first assault on Port Hudson, it must not be forgotten that the failure of the other generals to join promptly in the attack left the enemy free to concentrate all their fire upon Weitzel. But into this storm of death Col. Thomas did not send his men alone — he led them as was his wont, and exposed his own person where the shots were thickest. His words of encouragement sounded in their ears as they paused under the very walls of the stronghold after the fearful charge was made; and still keeping in their front, Thomas gave the notable order for every man to cease promiscuous firing, and act as a sharpshooter.

Before the order was given to charge a singular incident oc-



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curred. Charles E. Hardy and Levi Skinner, of Company C, saw two rebel soldiers about a hundred yards away, in the act of loading their muskets. Taking deliberate aim, the Vermont boys fired upon them, and a few moments later saw them lying dead as the lines swept on to the attack.

After the failure of the first charge, Gen. Banks abandoned for a time any further attempt to carry the enemy's works by assault, and set about the preparations for a protracted siege. On the night of the battle he ordered the troops to throw up entrenchments, and hold their positions at all hazards.

On the following day there was an armistice of a few hours, in order that the dead might be buried and the wounded cared for; then the white flags were pulled down, and the warning sound of bullets announced the resumption of hostilities.

For several days the troops were occupied in strengthening the lines, mounting guns, selecting sharpshooters, and making all as secure as possible within the trenches. Meanwhile a brisk fire of musketry and the boom of cannons was incessant along the lines, and the "heated guns" of the enemy "belched forth their thunder." Shells went screaming overhead and crashed through the trees, or fell among the cooks' and quartermasters' trains in the rear. The midnight darkness was illumined by the fiery missiles projected from the mortars, and occasionally, as they set fire to some building within the stronghold, a quick blaze would cast its lurid glare upon the parapets; and the rebels never tired of discharging a huge cannon which the boys named "old demoralizer," in order to prevent the besiegers from getting needful rest.

The service required in the trenches was very exacting, and one half the regiment was on duty while the other rested on their arms, ready in turn to relieve their comrades, or to spring into line at any sudden word of command. The natural result of this arduous, irregular life, the privation and exposure, the strain of constant watching, was that large numbers of the men fell sick and were unfit for duty; so that the service bore more and more heavily on those who could endure it. But the force was so small, considering the number of miles to be

guarded and held by the lines, that no available man could be spared, and a soldier must be pretty badly off before he could be sent to the temporary hospital which Surgeon Gillett had opened.

Another source of constant depletion of the Federal forces was the vigilant work of the enemy's sharpshooters, and every day brave men were wounded by these well-aimed rifle balls, and many were killed. On this account it was necessary to exercise extreme caution every moment, lest some unguarded movement should expose the person to this deadly fire. Not a hat or a hand could be raised above the earthworks without drawing a shower of bullets, and woe to the poor man who was so imprudent or careless as to venture beyond the close cover of the trenches. But sharpshooting is a game that both sides may play at, and, if the investing army lost many brave fellows by this means, Banks's keen shots failed of their intentions if they did not pick off a Johnny for every Union man who fell. In time this death-dealing practice became a nice exercise of skill, and many a Yankee trick was resorted to for discovering the position of an enemy on whom an expert sharpshooter desired to draw a bead. One method was to cautiously raise a hat above the trenches on the point of a bayonet, when a Confederate would fire at it, and receive a return shot aimed at his puff of smoke.

Besides the danger from missiles and disease, there were manifold discomforts of minor importance, which in the aggregate added greatly to the constant discomfort of the daily life of a besieging army. Conveniences were not to be thought of at such a time; no good sleep was possible; food was poorly cooked and irregularly served; cleanliness was out of the question for lack of water in which to bathe; and changes of raiment were not as frequent as a well-bred man might desire. Heat was intense, filth abounded, and worse than all other annoyances combined were the parasitic pests that swarmed in every quarter, and disputed every inch of crawling room in order to maintain the closest possible fellowship with all the men.

The brigade headquarters were only about one hundred and fifty yards from the Confederate works, and in close proximity thereto were the headquarters of Lieut. Col. Dillingham; and these had to be shifted from place to place in order to avoid the murderous fire of sharpshooters. Capt. Barstow, whose duties included a large amount of writing, had for his portable desk a bread-box, and the same *in*convenience served also as a dining table. Nor were the officers exempt from the dangers and hardships suffered by their men. One day Col. Dillingham obtained a small tent to use as a shelter from the intense sunlight, but as soon as it was raised a cannon ball carried away the top. As Capt. Barstow's servant stretched forth his arm to pass his master a cup of coffee, it was shattered by a bullet, and the captain lost his drink.

To those who have never had an experience of army life in trenches, the subjoined extracts from a letter written by Quartermaster F. E. Smith during the siege, and dated, "Before Port Hudson, June 27, 1863," will be an interesting revelation.

"Our officers and men lie quietly down day and night, week after week, with hundreds of rifle balls whistling within a few feet, often a few inches, of their heads. And when from necessity they must leave their posts, they have to crawl behind logs and through ditches and ravines to get to the woods in the rear. Perhaps on the way they must cross a knoll or a ridge of land, when — whist! whist! whiz-z-z! go a half dozen bullets from sharpshooters, who are constantly watching every such exposed place. You have heard of the boy who got scared in the graveyard, and did not know what frightened him, but thought it was a 'fraid'; well, I saw the same thing the first time I had occasion to cross those [exposed] places; and now when I think of going to the front, I imagine I can see a 'fraid,' and conclude not to try it, unless for some very urgent reason. I have heard a great deal about men being brave and not afraid of any danger. I have seen many truly brave men, men who can do and dare *anything*, if it be in the line of their duty. But they say to the inexperienced: 'Don't be idling or fooling around the front, unless you have business there; for it is no credit to you and does the army no good for you to be shot when away from your post. Let every man do his business and go where he is ordered; for the real test of a man's bravery is whether he will do his duty wherever it lies.'

"I often wonder whether our friends at home have a realizing sense of the situation of affairs here in camp. I hardly think they do — in fact, I am sure they cannot. Let me tell you. The men of this command have been confined for more than a month to the ditches, in which they live, sleep, eat, and fight. In front are enbankments of their own building, on the top of which are sand-bags and logs, forming loop-holes, through which they watch the enemy, and shoot at the sight of anything that moves. They are in many places within twenty rods of the earthworks behind which lie the enemy, keeping as close watch of us as we do of them.

"A continued roar of musketry is kept up on both sides, while the bullets clip the leaves and branches overhead almost constantly. Along a large part of the line the men are obliged to approach the trenches crawling on their hands and knees. Here too, they sleep, if they sleep at all, in such an inclined position that morning finds them several feet lower down the bank than when they laid down. If the night be ever so rainy, all they can do is to lie or stand and take it. When the ground gets very slippery, so that they slide too much, they must drive some stakes to brace their feet against. Many of the men have dug holes in the bank large enough to admit their bodies, so that they literally live in caves of the earth.

"The cooking has to be done half or three quarters of a mile in the rear, out of range of the guns, and the food is carried in by cooks and negroes.

"You can readily imagine that the men are of necessity very dirty and ragged, for their clothes soon get terribly filthy, or wear out. So much is their appearance altered that you would recognize but few of the men or officers of the old Eighth. Occasionally a few get out and stretch their legs and get washed, and those who are fortunate enough to possess a change of shirt put on a clean one. But as a rule the poor boys are unshaven, their hair is long and frequently uncombed for a week or more: and, if a close inspection were made, it might surprise their wives or mothers to find vermin living on their heads and bodies.

"Their food is, of course, very plain and very poor. The water they get is very bad even for this country, and the best they are able to procure would be thought unfit for cattle in Vermont. Think then of living in such a place week after week, with the burning southern sun pouring down upon you, while a hundred pieces of artillery boom around you night and day, not to mention the bursting of rebel shells in your very bedroom, and the reports of ten thousand muskets to lull you to sleep. What say you to this? How would you like it? Still, this is the actual state of things, only a deep shade too faintly pictured.

"Many amusing dialogues occur between the pickets on either side, who are often near enough to hold conversation. A 'reb' sings out: 'Hello, Yank! Seen anything of "Yellow Jack" yet? He 'll give you a call soon, over there in the swamps.'

"'No, I have n't seen "Yellow Jack," but I've seen "Yellow Jane," and she calls every day or two. I say, Johnny, what do you have to eat? Have you any whiskey? Give us a drink,' replies the picket in blue.

"'Oh, plenty to eat and plenty to drink. I 'll give you a quart of whiskey for a pound of coffee. What ye say, Yank?'

"'You desert and come out,' answers Yankee; 'I 'll give you all the coffee you want.'

"'Do n't see it," says Johnny. 'I 'd be a great fool to surrender now, for Johnston will be here in three or four days with twenty thousand men. Then we 'll have you, coffee and all.'

"'Do n't count your chickens before they are hatched, Johnny. You 'll get mighty dry before you get coffee that way. "There 's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip."'

"The officers and men of your acquaintance, that are left, are all well, I believe. Col. Thomas is an old hero. Lieut. Col. Dillingham is O. K., and as good as the best."

After two weeks had been spent in digging and fortifying, Gen. Banks ordered a night reconnoissance on the 10th of June, in order, by drawing the enemy's fire, to locate the position of their artillery, and also to give the officers a chance to advance the lines, and thereby lessen the exposed ground in front of the works, across which the troops must charge under a galling fire in the next assault. The night was warm, cloudy, and dark, and about midnight the order was given to fall into line, while the skirmishers went over the breastworks and waited for the signal to move. It took considerable time to prepare for action, so that the advance was not begun until about three o'clock in the morning. Then the skirmishers marched cautiously forward, but were quickly detected by the enemy, and a heavy fire of musketry was opened upon them. The men endured this leaden hail for a while, when a sudden thunder-storm burst over the scene, and for a brief hour the firing gave way before the torrents of a grateful and less destructive rain.

When the storm-cloud had passed hostilities were resumed, and the skirmishers met with heavy losses as they moved on in execution of their commands. But the chief object of the reconnoissance was not accomplished, because the enemy, apparently comprehending the manœuvre, did not use their cannon; and just before daybreak the troops were recalled.

It was a night of fruitless endeavor and sad experiences. Capt. Barstow, then acting adjutant general, being the only staff officer at hand, was sent with a message to the commander of the skirmishers belonging to Col. Thomas's brigade. On his return, being scarcely able to see his way, while groping along a ravine, he suddenly fell over a man lying on the ground apparently in great distress. "What are you doing here?" asked the captain, but the only reply was a faint moan. The question was repeated, but the man gave no other answer than repeated moans. Capt. Barstow then touched the prostrate form with his foot, when the man seized one of his hands and conveyed it to his own throat. In this way he made the officer aware that he had been shot in the neck and could not speak. Capt. Barstow told him to keep up courage, and promised to send men to his assistance from headquarters; and when the poor fellow was brought in he proved to be a member of the captain's own company.

After sunrise there was another armistice, to enable the dead and wounded to be removed from the open ground between the works; and then orders came to be ready in two days to make a second grand assault on the main works of the enemy.

During the forenoon of the thirteenth instant there was a furious bombardment all along the investing lines, to which the enemy vigorously responded. Several Confederate guns were dismounted before the engagement ceased, and when the fire began to lull Gen. Banks sent a flag of truce to Gen. Frank Gardner, commander of the garrison, demanding its surrender, which was refused.

This being a preliminary movement, the firing was not resumed, and quiet reigned for the rest of the day, broken only by the occasional discharge of a sharpshooter's weapon. But it was the hush that precedes the storm, the pause in which the champion gathers for a terrible struggle; and to many an anxious soldier it was the calmness that heralds death.

THE SECOND ASSAULT.

The next day was Sunday. But the soldier at the front knows no Sabbath, and Gen. Banks issued orders on that morning, which so many were wont to associate with peaceful and hallowed thoughts, that the army should make another attempt to carry the works by general assault.

At that time Col. Thomas lay very ill in the hospital, and Col. Smith, of the One Hundred and Fourteenth New York, took his place as commander of his brigade. Capt. Barstow was adjutant general, and Lieut. Col. Dillingham led the Eighth Vermont. The order was, that, on going into action, the brigade column should consist of two regiments of skirmishers, followed by one regiment with hand grenades, the next with cotton-bags with which to fill the ditch before the breastworks; and three regiments were to bring up the rear as an assaulting party. The Eighth Vermont was assigned to lead the assaulting column.

About one o'clock on the morning of the 14th the troops were served with coffee and light rations, and two hours later the lines were formed, and the skirmishers advanced over the earthworks and reached the open spaces in front of the parapets before the east began to redden with the dawn.

The Confederates were on the alert, and the movement did not escape their notice, so that the lines had scarcely cleared their trenches, when they were assailed by a murderous fire from the garrison. The air was filled with flying minies and grape, that sped athwart the open ground on their errand of death, and seemed to find out every covert and penetrate every avenue of approach. So terrible and deadly was this fire that the cotton-bag and hand grenade regiments could not proceed, and failed to execute their commands, and all seemed about to be driven back in hopeless confusion. At this critical moment the Eighth Vermont was ordered to move to the charge by the flank through a ravine. Steadily it passed into position, and rested its right on the brow of a hill over which it must

advance. With difficulty the lines moved over and passed the men with cotton-bags, who stood huddled together, a ready mark for the enemy's guns. "Forward, Eighth Vermont!" shouted Adjt. Spalding from the head of the column; and fell dead. The men obeyed, and instantly the line was in motion. But in less than five minutes sixty noble Green Mountain boys dropped dead or wounded, and it was impossible to advance in the teeth of such a hurricane of shot and shell. Again and again did these brave fellows face the terrible fire; but advance was instant death, and a shudder of horror ran through the stoutest hearts at sight of the bloody sacrifice. They fell back under cover of the nearest ravine, reformed the column, and tried to move around the hill. But Col. Smith was disabled by a mortal wound, and the command passed to Lieut. Van Patten, of the One Hundred and Sixtieth New York, who ordered a second charge. Some went around the hill and reached the ditch, while a few touched the breastworks. But the ground over which they dashed was strewn with dead and wounded; all that human effort could do the brave men had done; and as the first ruddy dawn mocked the bloody ground on which their slain comrades lay, all that were left alive retreated to the trenches as best they could. Some who had reached positions under the enemy's parapets could not get back, and were obliged to protect themselves by hugging the walls or crouching behind cotton-bags and stumps of trees.

All that hot June Sabbath day the men lay there in plain sight — the dead, the wounded, the unhurt, together, but no help could reach them, for the enemy's gunners were unusually active, and woe to the man who showed signs of life on the field, and the pitying comrade who ventured forth on a mission of relief. The least movement drew the fire of a score of sharpshooters. Many who lay wounded before the works were killed during the day; and several brave men who set out to carry relief to their fallen mates were ruthlessly shot.

The Confederates were jubilant over this successful repulse of the investing army. The strains of victory were sounded forth by drum and trumpet, while a chorus of exultant Johnnies

filled the air with "Bonny Blue Flag," and other "secesh" songs.

Far different was it in the silent trenches, where the defeated soldiers counted up their losses and talked in low, sad tones of the bloody experience of the morning.

The killed and wounded belonging to the Eighth Regiment were estimated to be ninety-six. The names of the killed were: In Company B, Lieut. Stephen F. Spalding, Horace D. Bancroft, George W. Brown, Jason C. Farewell, Wm. S. Lee; in Company C, Loren F. Kelley, Wm. T. Pettee; in Company D, Henry J. Thompson; in Company E, Corporal Ira Barrett, Wm. Jones (missing since that date); in Company G, Corporals Henry Coles and Joseph Becotte, George Kendall, Solon Parker, Wm. Johnston; in Company H, Henry W. Crocker; in Company I, Sergeant Edward R. Pratt, Henry C. Blashfield.

Wagoner Wesley H. Day, of Company K, and Jason Drury and James W. Howard, of Company E, afterwards died of wounds received in this fight.

The wounded, as far as ascertained, were, in Company A, Jephaniah Carpenter; in Company B, Orderly Sergt. John Bisbee, Sergt. W. H. Spencer, Sergt. George Collier, Corporal C. P. Church, C. S. Barrett, John R. Dawson, Joseph Baraby, W. H. Henry, John Fox, John B. Tucker, Alfred Wells, Charles Wheeler; in Company C, Sergt. J. A. Ripley, Charles E. Hardy, A. Montrett, J. S. Bailey, R. W. Williams, H. A. Crane, C. E. Dunton, Martin Rosebush, L. Swinger, George H. Haselton, Levi W. Skinner, J. L. Pettee; in Company E, Lieut. A. J. Sargent, Capt. Edward Hall; in Company F, Corporals Ezra E. Janes and Chas. A. McCluskey; in Company G, Lieut. John M. Pike, Corporal D. C. Woodbury, Francis S. Hull, Louis Hoezle, John Sullivan, Langdon Kemp, Fabin Dupias, John Davis; in Company H, Sergt. George M. Allard, A. O. Evans; in Company I, Sergt. A. H. Ward, W. W. Sawyer, Timothy Sullivan, Oscar B. Hescock; in Company K, Sergt. Perry Porter, Jr., P. P. Shores, John E. Woodsum. June 24th, James W. Howard, Charles E. L. Hills, Jason Drury, Thomas F. Ferrin, Company E. June 28th, Jacob Mills, Jr.,

Company D. July 3d, Lorenzo Robbins, Company D. June 25th, Edward White, Company D, died from wounds received on the 14th.

In this connection may properly be mentioned the following privates, who were killed during the month of June, on the dates indicated. George Renfrew, Company D, 3d; Felix Marchand, Company C, 17th; Langdon Kemp, Company G, 19th; Samuel O. Horn, Company B, 20th.

Lieut. Pike, of Company G, and Sergt. Spencer, of Company B, were severely wounded in this assault; but the latter, on getting back within the lines, pluckily remarked: "I 'm wounded; but d—n them, I 'll live to whip them yet!" Sergt. Perry Porter, Jr., of Company K, was wounded early in the charge, lay all day on the field, and was brought in at night. After he was down, seeing so many of his brave regiment falling around him, he was roused to try what a crippled man could do to help them, and crawling up behind a stump he raised his gun to fire, when a piece of shell struck and doubled it back upon itself, and threw him several feet away.

The death of Lieut. Stephen F. Spalding was deeply felt by his command and associate officers, for he was much beloved as a friend, and highly esteemed for ability and military skill. He was born in Montpelier, Vt., June 25, 1840, was graduated from the University of Vermont, and at the breaking out of the Rebellion was a law student in New York city. In less than six hours after the assault on Fort Sumter, he was on his way to Washington as a volunteer in the Seventh New York Regiment, and served with them three months. When his term of enlistment expired he returned to New York, where he enlisted a number of men for another regiment, and was commissioned second lieutenant. But being called to Montpelier by the dangerous illness of his eldest brother, he resigned his commission, and returned to the study of law in Derby. His strong patriotism would not permit him to remain at home, however, in the quiet pursuits of civil life, and, having acquired a taste for military service, he was active in recruiting Company B, of the



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Eighth Vermont, and when it organized was chosen first lieutenant. On reaching Algiers Capt. C. B. Child was detailed as provost marshal, leaving Spalding in command of the company. In the spring of 1863 he became acting adjutant of his regiment.

The night before his death at Port Hudson, Spalding remarked to a friend: "I shall be at the head of my regiment to-morrow;" and later, as if some premonition of fate had come to him, he said to his friend Capt. Barstow: "I shall not spend another night with you." Both remarks proved true, and he was struck in the head by a minie ball, and fell in front of his men. Lieut. F. E. Smith recovered his body, had it forwarded to New Orleans in charge of George W. Fairfield, of Company F, who delivered it to Lieut. Butterfield to be sent to his friends. After his death, Lieut. Geo. N. Carpenter became acting adjutant of the regiment.

In spite of his severe illness, Col. Thomas could not lie quietly in the hospital after the heavy firing began on that fatal morning of June 14th, but, disregarding the warnings of the surgeons, ordered his horse mounted and rode to the front, arriving just after his gallant regiment had fallen back. The officers he met told him he was jeopardizing his life; and finally, seeing that the fight was over, and realizing his extreme weakness, he reluctantly returned to his bed.

Two days after this terrible Sunday morning fight Gen. Banks published an order calling for a volunteer storming party of one thousand men to lead another assault. This was the general's "forlorn hope," and he urged the call with all the eloquence he could summon, but there was no enthusiastic response from the lines. Finally a camp was designated where those who would volunteer could be specially drilled and prepared for the difficult charge. The number was not raised, however, though something less than three hundred entered the lists, mostly from the Thirteenth Connecticut, as it was understood that Col. Birge of that regiment would lead them, with a few from the Twelfth. Col. Thomas, had he been on duty, could have led the entire Eighth Vermont to this assault simply by asking

them; but as the case stood, only a few of his men allowed their names to be enrolled for the "forlorn hope," and after about three weeks the project was abandoned. The names of those members of the regiment who signified a willingness to serve, as far as ascertained, are: Capt. John L. Barstow, of Company K; Orderly Sergt. George G. Hutchins, of Company E; Corporal Abner N. Flint, and Privates Lyman P. Luce and George W. Coles, of Company G; George H. Ormsby, of Company H.

In the latter part of June Gen. Banks was informed that the enemy had captured a wagon-train in the rear, and Weitzel's division was ordered to leave the trenches and move against any Confederate forces found hovering around. Accordingly Col. Thomas led his brigade in this march, though scarcely strong enough to sit on his horse. The first night the troops camped in line of battle, amid a heavy rain. The next day a long, tedious march was made, without discovering the enemy, and on the third day the division returned to the trenches.

By this time the privations and exposures of the protracted siege began to tell severely on the troops. The work of mining had been begun, in addition to all the other duties, and heat, malaria, and fatigue combined carried a large number of officers and men into the hospital, while many another soldier, not sick enough to be excused from service, simply dragged himself about because he must.

All this while there had been no regular surgeon's call at the front, but C. M. Ferrin, the hospital steward, attended to the wants of the ailing in the trenches. And to his credit it should be recorded, that his kind and skilful care saved many a soldier from severe illness, and he performed a noble service by his brave and tireless attentions to the wounded in times of battle.

For weeks the two hostile armies faced each other within hailing distance, and the rebels watched from the covert of their earthworks, while the besiegers, strongly entrenched, slowly laid the mines which as a last resort would be fired beneath the enemy's walls. Under the laws of warfare, of course, no inter-

course could be allowed between the armies, except through the mouths of shotted guns, or officially under a flag of truce. But it would be scarcely human for one body of men to be thus held close prisoners week after week by another body speaking a common language, and having so many interests in common, and no attempt be made by the former to get news from the outside world. As a matter of fact, therefore, signals were frequently passed between the privates of the two lines, and the blue and the gray would pass over the fortifications and hold a friendly chat on neutral ground. Referring to this practice, Maj. Wickham Hoffman, of Gen. Banks's staff, in his interesting volume entitled, "Camp and Court Siege," writes:

"It was curious to observe the sort of *entente cordiale* which the soldiers on both sides established during the seige. When they were tired of trying to pick each other off through the loop-holes, one of them would tie a white handkerchief to his bayonet and wave it above the parapet. Pretty soon a handkerchief, or its equivalent — for the rebs did not indulge in useless luxuries — would be seen waving on the other side. This meant truce. In a moment the men would swarm out on both sides, sitting with their legs dangling over the parapet, chaffing each other, and sometimes with pretty rough wit. They were as safe as if a regular flag were out. No man dared to violate this tacit truce. If he had done so, his own comrades would have dealt roughly with him. After a while, on one side or the other, some one would cry out, 'Get under cover now, Johnny,' or 'Look out now, Yank; we are going to fire,' and the fire would recommence."

"While in the rifle-pits during the siege," says a comrade, "we were constantly on the watch for a chance to make a sharp shot at anything which might appear inside the Confederate lines. Directly in front of the position occupied by Company B, but nearly over to the river, was a large round tent standing by itself, but so far off and so situated, that with the naked eye it was almost impossible to see if it was occupied, the opening being on the side. Corporal W. E. Halladay, of Company B, had a small telescope, with which he used to amuse himself by watching anything which might attract his attention inside the enemy's lines. One day while in the pit with Samuel O. Horn, a movement at the opening of the tent attracted his attention,

and he remarked to Horn that a man was standing just inside the tent at the opening, and described to him the exact position. Horn, who was a good shot, immediately sighted his Enfield rifle to the highest notch, and aiming at the part of the tent indicated, asked Halladay to tell him if the man made his appearance again. After waiting a few minutes the man came and stood in the same place where first seen, holding the flap of the tent back with his hand. At the word Horn fired, and in a very few seconds afterwards the flap of the tent suddenly closed. We never learned if the shot took effect on the man at whom it was fired, but in the course of fifteen or twenty minutes an ambulance displaying the hospital flag drove up to the tent, thus advertising that some one got hurt.

"Being under fire night and day for so long a time as we were at Port Hudson, some of the boys became reckless, and exposed themselves unnecessarily. In digging our rifle-pits, we would dig a trench up the side, to the brow of the hill, then run off to the right and left, throwing the dirt to the rear. This formed a bank on which a man sitting would show his head and about half of the body. On the morning of June 20th, Samuel O. Horn and Edward Belville, after coming off duty, and having had a wash and their rations, went back into the pit without their equipments and in their shirt sleeves. After being there a short time talking with C. D. House, who was on duty, both sat down on the earth bank in the rear, with their feet and legs hanging into the pit. Their white shirts made a conspicuous mark, which was soon seen by a Confederate sharpshooter, who sent a ball whizzing close by their heads. Horn immediately called out: 'You are no sort of a shot! You could n't hit the broad side of a barn. Try again.' Apparently the same man did try, as soon as he could reload, and sent the bullet to the centre of Horn's forehead, killing him instantly. After this Belville was less reckless of unnecessary exposure, but met his fate in a singular manner."

Among the multitude of accidents and experiences met with during the protracted siege, it may be mentioned that on the 14th, Wm. H. Henry, of Company B, turned his head to sight

his rifle, when a ball struck his left cheek, plowed into the bone, and came out through his ear, while at the same time a buck-shot struck him in the neck.

A few days later a canteen was seen lying on the flat land in front of the trenches, and several comrades, who had not parted with all their boyish recklessness, asked who dared to run out and get it. Charles A. Dean, a young member of Company H, accepted the challenge, and got safely back with the trophy, though one of the Confederate shots, sent after him, cut a hole through the tin. While holding conversation with the Johnnies under a flag of truce, one day, Commissary Sergt. Lewis Child and three comrades climbed over the enemy's works, and were busily talking, when a Confederate officer came along, and ordered them "to get out or be shot."

So complete was the investment of Port Hudson, that it was utterly impossible for Gen. Gardner and his army to hold any communication with the outside world, or convey any supplies within their stronghold. Consequently, the stock of provisions became so much reduced by the last of June, that the garrison were obliged to subsist on a small allowance of corn-meal, and an occasional ration of mule meat. Even this meal was obtained and prepared with great difficulty, for lack of a grist-mill. They had a small portable mill, but no power, and to supply this they resorted to a curious device. There was within the garrison a small locomotive, which the ingenious Johnnies raised up on blocks, so that the driving-wheel would clear the rails. Round one of these was passed the belt of the corn-mill, and after the engineer had "got up steam," he was able in this way to furnish meal at the rate of several miles an hour. Probably this rude contrivance enabled the garrison to postpone the inevitable surrender for some days.

During this interim in the trenches several promotions were made, as follows: June 11th, Maj. L. M. Grout resigned on account of ill health, and Capt. H. F. Dutton, Company H, was promoted to major; Sec. Lieut. S. E. Howard, Company H, first lieutenant; First Lieut. A. B. Franklin, Company H, captain; June 15th, Sec. Lieut. F. D. Butterfield, Company

B, first lieutenant; Orderly Sergt. John Bisbee, second lieutenant; July 1st, Sec. Lieut. Geo. O. Ford, Company K, first lieutenant.

On the morning of July 4th Gen. Banks ordered that the national salute be fired all along the line with shotted guns, and Admiral Farragut issued a similar order to the upper and lower fleets stationed in the river. Three days later, on the 7th instant, came the cheering report that Vicksburg had surrendered to Gen. Grant; and as the message passed along the lines, the troops hailed it with such loud and hearty shouts of joy that the Confederates knew that some important event had taken place, and called out, "What 's the news, Yanks?" and soon the Port Hudson garrison knew that another stronghold of the enemy had fallen.

THE SURRENDER.

Early next morning white flags were displayed above the invested works, and Gen. Gardner sent a messenger under a truce to inquire if the news of the Vicksburg surrender was official, and Gen. Banks returned answer that it was captured on the 4th. This was soon followed by a second message from the commander of the works, stating that he had appointed three commissioners to confer with three officers, whom Gen. Banks would detail, and arrange terms of capitulation. This was cheering news indeed, and in the course of a few hours the details of the surrender were completed, and the garrison that had defied the Union army for forty-two days, voluntarily opened its arms to receive them.

This event, following so closely upon the receipt of the news that Vicksburg had fallen, was very naturally construed at the time to have been a direct consequence of that disheartening intelligence. But while the inevitable result might have been hastened a day or two on that account, subsequent evidence fully confirms Gen. Gardner's assertion that it was a different motive that decided him to surrender. The simple fact was

that he could defend the place no longer; and after the surrender he plainly told Gen. Banks that his garrison had scarcely anything to eat; and when he saw preparations going on for another assault, knowing that the mines were laid beneath his works, he determined to save further bloodshed by honorable concession.

It is a question, too, how much longer Gen. Banks could have maintained the siege without reinforcements. For at that time the army had been greatly reduced, and he was in imminent danger of being attacked in the rear by Confederate forces collected from the surrounding country. In describing his condition Capt. de Forrest, of the Thirteenth Connecticut, writes: "On the day of the surrender Gen. Banks had ten thousand four hundred men for duty, to watch and fight over a line nearly eight miles in extent. Our [the Union] forces had lost at least four thousand in killed and wounded, and nearly as many more rendered unserviceable by sickness."

At the same time Gen. Gardner was not an easy foe to conquer. He was strongly fortified and made an able and vigorous defence of Port Hudson, so that the reduction of the works was a severe test of endurance and skill, whether the investing army accomplished the end by siege or by assault.

On the morning of July 9th the Union columns marched into Port Hudson and halted in front of the Confederate garrison, which was drawn up in line of battle. Gen. Gardner gave them his last order to ground arms, the Confederate flags were pulled down, and the stars and stripes rose in triumph, amid the exultant cheers of the victors. The surrender included between six thousand and seven thousand men, with their arms and the armament of the works.

When Port Hudson fell, the last Confederate defence on the Mississippi was removed, and a free water-way was opened from Cairo to the Gulf. It divided the Confederacy and cut off from their armies on the east side the supplies from the west, on which they had so long subsisted. It was the severest blow yet struck at the enemy; and the successive victories of Mead at Gettysburg, Grant at Vicksburg, and Banks at Port Hudson,

were a message of despair to secession, renewed hope to the loyal North, and courage to the Union armies in the field.

While all the available forces of Gen. Banks had been drawn from other points for the investment of Port Hudson, "Dick" Taylor had opportunity to collect his scattered army and ravage the country from which he had been so lately driven, without check or hindrance. And he improved his chance to descend upon the Teche, capture Brashear City and Bayou Bœuf, and the sick, with the heavy baggage and valuable papers left at the former place by the Eighth Vermont, fell into his hands. Col. Thomas's fine horse, which was so much admired, was there also, in charge of Private Parkhurst, of Company G, and was taken by the enemy. After that Taylor reoccupied the La Fourche country.

It would seem that Texan soldiers had not kept posted on the subject of improved electrical machinery, for Taylor's book says that when he made this capture at Brashear City, "the sight of such quantities of 'loot' quite upset my hungry followers. Wandering through the station and warehouse filled with stores, a Texan came upon a telegraphic instrument clicking away in response to one down the line. Supposing this to be some infernal machine for our destruction, he determined to save his friends at the risk of his own life, and smashed the instrument with his heavy boots, then rushed among his comrades, exclaiming: 'Boys! they is trying to blow us up. I seen the triggers a-working, but I busted 'em.'"

On the evening after the formal surrender, Gen. Weitzel's division, including the Eighth Vermont, took boats and proceeded down the river to Donaldsonville, where the Confederate soldiers had appeared in force and were placing cannon along the bank in order to interrupt communication with New Orleans.

INCIDENTS OF THE SIEGE.

Every survivor of the Eighth Vermont will remember with gratitude Quartermaster Sergeant W. H. Gilmore, whose prompt energy in forwarding his wagons saved them so many

times from going hungry. One incident of his army experience during the siege of Port Hudson is worthy of mention in this connection. On the 10th of June he set out for Baton Rouge to order supplies, and while making his way alone through a long stretch of woods, he was suddenly surprised by three mounted Confederates, armed with shot guns. So near were they when he discovered them that escape was impossible and resistance useless, and he suffered himself to be captured and disarmed. The guards proceeded with him to Clinton, which they reached about nine o'clock in the evening, and he was informed that he would be sent next morning to Richmond. But before they got away from the place a body of Federal cavalry, which was skirmishing in the neighborhood, approached so near that it was feared that Gilmore and a few other prisoners would be rescued; so they were paroled, after promising to make their way to New Orleans. But in the course of the next two days the faithful sergeant got within the lines again at Port Hudson, and reported to Gen. Banks.

A remarkable artillery shot was made one morning by Capt. Bainbridge. Seeing the enemy open fire with a piece they had mounted during the previous night, he brought one of the guns of his battery to bear upon it, and fired a charge that struck it directly in the muzzle and exploded, dismounting the piece and rendering it useless.

So alert were the Confederate sharpshooters during this investment, that it was difficult to get a sight of the works, even through the most guarded loop-hole, without being exposed to fire. And one day Gen. Banks himself had a narrow escape from death, while taking a stealthy survey. He went into the stockade and clapped his eye to a small lookout, and then for some reason turned away. Immediately a negro who stood near by put his eye up to the same peep-hole, and was shot dead.

A singular illustration of the power of imagination was discovered at one time by Hospital Steward Ferrin. He was hastily called to a man who lay groaning on the ground, who declared that his foot had been completely shattered by a ball.

The steward removed his shoe and stocking, and found the pedal extremity perfectly sound — the ball had struck his shoe and glanced off.

Port Hudson was the first of the great battles of the war in which the Eighth Vermont had taken part, and their behavior won for them and their commander the admiration and praise of all who were competent judges of the situation. The general in command of the brigade said in his official report: "I would not do justice to my convictions of duty, did I fail to mention Col. Thomas for his coolness and gallantry at all times;" and gave a full account of the endurance and heroic deeds of the officers and men belonging to this regiment, during that protracted investment.

Mr. H. M. Pollard was commissioned first lieutenant of Company I, July 12th; and Orderly Sergt. John Bisbee, of Company B, was promoted to second lieutenant, July 15th.

VI.

BAYOU TECHE AGAIN.

EARLY on the morning of July 10th, Weitzel's division reached Donaldsonville on the steamer Laurel Hill, and the Eighth Vermont went into camp near the landing. No engagement took place that day, although there was some firing along the picket lines; but the next afternoon the regiment was suddenly ordered to "fall in" and move on the double-quick to the front, for the advance of the other troops had been checked by the enemy. The battle lasted but a short time, however, and the Eighth was held in reserve. But in a counter charge the Confederates captured a few Federal prisoners and two pieces of artillery, and retreated during the night. The entire division pursued them the next morning, and the Confederates hurried to Berwick bay and crossed before the Union gunboats could intercept them.

The Eighth Regiment then marched beyond Thibodeaux and went into camp for the first time since April 9th. In memory of the brave adjutant general of the brigade who fell at Port Hudson on the 27th of May, Gen. Weitzel named this place Camp Hubbard; and there for a space they enjoyed the rest so much needed after the long, exhausting campaign. There the evening dress parades made it sadly apparent that the ranks had become greatly reduced. All the companies had suffered great losses, while some had left not more than a dozen privates, and not a single commissioned officer. Members of the regiment were buried from every camp between New Orleans

and Alexandria. Some died, buried in the Teche; many had fallen at Port Hudson; a large number were sick in the hospitals; another small portion had been discharged on account of disability; while a few had gone North on furloughs. Among those absent were Col. Thomas, who was ordered North on sick leave, and Capt. Barstow, who was much debilitated and unfit for duty.

Such being the condition of the companies, the future efficiency of the regiment made it imperative that they should be recruited. Accordingly, on the 15th of August, an order was given for a detail to proceed at once to Vermont and secure new men for the service. The following were selected for this duty: Capt. C. B. Leach, of Company D; Lieut. and acting Adjt. George N. Carpenter of Company C; Lieut. A. K. Cooper, of Company A; Sergt. W. H. Spencer, of Company C; Sergt. Charles R. Wills, of Company G; Corp. F. R. Carpenter, of Company F; Corp. H. R. Brown, of Company H; Corp. W. J. Parker, of Company I; Corp. Ezra S. Pierce, of Company K. They left immediately for New Orleans, took a boat for Cairo, Ill., and thence proceeded by rail to Brattleboro, and reported to Maj. Austin, the provost marshal.

A few days after their arrival in Vermont, Lieut. Carpenter was ordered to report to Gen. Devons in Boston harbor, where he remained a while on duty, and was then sent to Norfolk and Alexandria, Va., in charge of conscripts to the Vermont regiments belonging to the Army of the Potomac. He returned to his own regiment the following December. Capt. Leach and the rest of the detail remained on duty in the state until the necessary recruits were assigned, and returned to the regiment in Louisiana.

When this detail left Camp Hubbard, Lieut. L. M. Hutchinson, of Company A, was made acting adjutant in place of Lieut. Carpenter.

On the 15th of August Capt. Henry E. Foster, of Company C, resigned and retired from the army on account of disability and ill health. He was a man well adapted to military life. His company had been raised largely through his own



Albertype: Forbes Co., Boston.

LIEUT. COL. CHARLES DILLINGHAM.

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personal influence, and he was active and faithful in looking out for the interests of the men under his charge. He was a brave soldier and a good disciplinarian. After the railroad had been repaired and opened from Algiers to Brashear City, Capt. Foster became the military superintendent, and filled the position with marked ability. Lieut. Geo. N. Carpenter was promoted to the vacant captaincy, on the same day.

September 1st, Lieut. Col. Dillingham was ordered to proceed with the regiment to Algiers, and there embark on a steamer to join an expedition against Sabine Pass on the Texas coast. Gen. Franklin commanded the troops, and anchored opposite the pass, but did not land, because the gun-boats were unable to reduce the forts. But Gen. Weitzel begged to be allowed to take the Eighth Vermont, with the Twelfth Connecticut and Twenty-sixth Massachusetts, and charge the enemy's works. But his request was refused, and the troops returned to Algiers on the 11th instant.

During the last of November a second detail for recruiting service was ordered to report at Burlington, Vt., which consisted of Lieut. Col. Charles Dillingham; Lieut. and acting Quartermaster S. E. Howard; Sergt. Ezra H. Brown, of Company A; Sergt. George Collier, of Company B; Sergt. John A. Ripley, of Company C; Sergt. Edward F. Gould, of Company D; Sergt. Chas. R. Wills, of Company G; Sergt. Geo. G. Hutchins, of Company E; Sergt. Joseph N. Dunton, of Company H; Sergt. Francis E. Warren, of Company I; Sergt. Charles Cheney, of Company K; Sergt. Wm. T. Church, of Company F.

Col. Dillingham did not serve on this detail for reasons indicated below, and Lieut. Howard, consequently, took it in charge, and started at once for the North.

On the 12th day of December, Lieut. Col. Dillingham resigned, Maj. H. F. Dutton was promoted to fill the vacancy, and Capt. John L. Barstow, of Company K, was made major.

Lieut. Col. Charles Dillingham, son of ex-Gov. Paul Dillingham, was educated in the schools of Newbury and Barre, Vermont, passed the early years of his life in mercantile houses in

Waterbury, Cleveland, Ohio, and Minnesota, and then studied law in his father's office, and was nearly ready for admission to the bar when the war broke out. He raised the first company of three-years' men in the state, but was obliged to disband because the governor had no authority to accept them. He then recruited Company D, of the Second Regiment, was elected captain, and served in the Army of the Potomac, where he participated in the first battle of Bull Run. He was commissioned as major in the Eighth, was promoted to be second lieutenant colonel, and commanded the regiment at the siege of Port Hudson. Col. Dillingham was a brave and efficient officer, who not only distinguished himself on the field, but as an able counsellor on military commissions.

The following promotions were made during the fall of 1863, as indicated: O. E. Ross, appointed assistant surgeon, Sept. 17th; Sec. Lieut. W. H. Smith, Company F, first lieutenant, Oct. 1st; S. W. Shattuck, appointed adjutant, Oct. 20th; First Lieut. H. M. Pollard, Company I, captain, Nov. 7th, *vice* Capt. W. W. Lynde, resigned; Sec. Lieut. John Bisbee, Company B, first lieutenant, Nov. 7th; Sec. Lieut. Geo. E. Selleck, Company I, first lieutenant, Nov. 7th; First Lieut. F. D. Butterfield, Company B, captain, Nov. 7th; Com. Sergt. Lewis Child, first lieutenant, Company C, Dec. 6th; Sec. Lieut. A. J. Sargent, Company E, first lieutenant, Dec. 12th; Maj. H. F. Dutton, lieutenant colonel, Dec. 28th; First Lieut. Geo. O. Ford, Company K, captain, Dec. 28th; Capt. J. L. Barstow, Company K, major, Dec. 28th.

The following from the Eighth Vermont were promoted to U. S. colored regiments; Wm. Noyes, Company C, captain; P. J. Noyes, Company C, lieutenant; Lewis Titus, Company C, lieutenant; H. C. Abbott, Company C, captain, Second Louisiana Regiment; Lucius C. Herrick, Company G, was discharged to accept a commission as assistant surgeon of another regiment.

Quartermaster Fred E. Smith, whose name occurs so frequently in the earlier history of the Eighth Vermont, in connection with a record of honorable service, had some experience in military affairs before the time when the regiment was raised.



Forbes Co.

Fred. E. Smith.

Late Quartermaster 8th Vt.

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He assisted in raising the Sixth, and in November, 1861, Gov. Fairbanks sent him to the Potomac to settle the accounts of the Third, Fourth, and Fifth Regiments, which were unclosed when they left the state. Before his return he received a telegram from Col. Thomas, tendering him the quartermastership of the Eighth, and on reaching Vermont he set about his new duties immediately. In this position he had a wide field for the display of executive and business qualities which have characterized his whole career; and it was these which attracted the notice of his superior officers, and gained him a promotion which was equally complimentary to his personal ability and the regiment to which he belonged.

After serving faithfully under Col. Thomas, Gen. Weitzel adopted him into his own military family, appointing him on his staff, as acting commissary of subsistence. In this capacity he served in the different engagements in Louisiana, beginning at Labadieville and ending with the surrender of Port Hudson. It was a great and merited tribute of praise, when Col. Thomas, while acting brigadier commander, remarked of Lieut. Smith: "I have the best quartermaster in the United States army."

September 17th, the Eighth Vermont led the brigade by easy marches along a familiar route. There was a day's halt at Franklin, and they passed on through New Iberia and Opelousas to Carrion Crow bayou,* where they went into camp for a few days. Here the enemy, which had thus far retired before the advance of the brigade, made a stand in considerable force, and a strong picket-line was necessary to guard against surprises. November 7th there was some sharp skirmishing, but no general engagement took place, and on the 16th the troops were ordered to fall back to New Iberia, and there establish a position which would be stronger for defence.

An incident not likely to be forgotten was a splendid dash of Barrett's cavalry on about six hundred mounted Texans.

* The name "Carrion Crow bayou" was given to this stream on account of the former residence upon its banks of a gentleman named Carron Cro.

That troop of horse was one of the finest in the Union army and was greatly admired, and the Green Mountain infantry, in camp at New Iberia, witnessed the rout of the Texans with a great deal of satisfaction.

At this place complaints of foraging were made at head-quarters, though Col. Thomas, with his usual caution, would warn his men, whenever the sight of sleek cattle or sheep attracted their hungry eyes: "Now do n't let me see you touch one of those animals!" And it is not to be presumed that he ever did *see* any of his faithful boys appropriate to their own use the innocent live-stock of peaceful citizens.

When Gen. Franklin was in command, however, complaint was made to him that some of Weitzel's men were stealing from the adjacent plantations. The members of the Eighth Vermont were Weitzel's men at that time, and, convinced that a high standard of integrity prevailed throughout his brigade, Weitzel, to whom the complaint was referred, said he had given his men permission to purchase what they needed, but had forbidden theft, and did not believe they would steal. At that moment a cavalry-man brought in two privates of the Eighth Vermont, Edward Price and Henry Roseblade, who were charged with stealing geese.

"Here is a clear case," said Gen. Franklin.

"I think not," answered Gen. Weitzel; and looking round at the men he added: "You bought the geese, did n't you?"

The accused were not so stupid as to answer in the negative, and were acquitted, although Gen. Franklin appeared not to be entirely satisfied with the result, and kept a sharp lookout for the next case. It came soon after, for the same "Ed" Price, in company with E. S. Pierce, of Company K, had an interesting adventure in a watermelon field. The owner of the melons sat under the shade of a tent, gun in hand, guarding his precious fruit. But the two Yankee boys took him by surprise, made him drop his weapon, go to the field and pick a liberal supply of the ripest melons, and carry them far enough towards the camp to be out of reach of his gun. Then they released him, and brought in their booty.

The next day the two foragers chanced to be detailed for guard duty, and while at their posts the melon man appeared, and made loud complaint of the ill usage he had received. The first step toward redress was, of course, to identify the thieves, and Pierce was ordered to show the man round the camp. It did not occur to the planter that either of the guard could be the guilty parties, and he did not inspect them; nor, after looking around to his heart's content, was he able to find the men he sought; consequently, as a lawyer would say, he had no case, and the two offenders were relieved to see him take his departure.

Foraging is a prolific topic, and it would be easy to cover many valuable pages with transcripts of the amusing stories of personal adventure, so well told by comrades Herbert E. Hill, Charles A. Dean, and others, who came near being captured by guerillas while engaged in a laudable search for mutton, fowl, and other desirable means of army subsistence.

A VETERAN REGIMENT.

This camp, which was retained until the following January, will be remembered as the scene of some very important changes in the Eighth Vermont, which at that time had passed nearly its full term of volunteer service in the field.

The year of 1864 opened with the severest weather the regiment had experienced since landing at Ship Island. A cold north wind, with continuous rain and sleet, caused much suffering on picket lines as well as in camp, for the men had no means of protecting themselves against such unusual weather. The ground was frozen, ice formed on the water, and snowflakes often filled the air.

But the discomforts of this inhospitable storm did not chill the warm patriotism of those long-tried descendants of Ethan Allen's plucky campaigners. An order, issued on the 25th of June, was received from the war department for raising a veteran regiment, and, on the 5th day of January, three hundred and twenty-one brave veterans faced the chances of

a still more rigorous and exacting service, and signed papers of re-enlistment for another three years. This was a crucial test of loyalty. There was no element of novelty or romance to lure them on; no spell of Northern enthusiasm tempered the inclement atmosphere; no offer of rich bounty dazzled them. These men knew what the service exacted; the privations and horrors of war were all familiar to them; they had every reason to believe that the future struggle with the giant Rebellion would be more severe and sanguinary than the past.

When the news of this re-enlistment was communicated to Gen. Emory, who commanded the division at that time, he issued a special order, commending the zeal of the Eighth Vermont, and caused it to be read to all the troops at the evening parade.

The Eighth was the second from Vermont to re-enlist, and thus become a veteran regiment. The number of veterans from each company was as follows: A, 42; B, 31; C, 29; D, 34; E, 22; F, 32; G, 32; H, 32; I, 39; K, 25; making a total of 318 privates, to which were added three non-comissioned staff, besides the commissioned officers who signified an intention to remain in the service.

In this connection Capt. McFarland, of Company A, furnishes this interesting statement: Fourteen men re-enlisted out of the seventeen who originally enlisted under him from his home in Waterville, Vt. One died in the service; one was promoted, and one discharged for disability; so that they were all accounted for.

On the 6th of January, the camp was moved to Franklin, where very comfortable quarters were secured near the town, and where the regiment remained for two months. During the month of February the second detail, that had gone home for recruiting service in Vermont, returned with three hundred fresh men, accompanied by Col. Thomas, who had regained his health and returned to the command of his gallant regiment. He had sailed from New York in the Cahawba, which had on board a number of deserters taken from Blackwell's Island, to be returned to their regiments. One characteristic incident on

this voyage is narrated by Lieut. Howard, of the recruiting detail, which will bear repeating.

The deserters contrived to smuggle a cask of whiskey on board and secrete it, and, having imbibed freely during the first night out, they became quarrelsome and indulged in a rough fight, during which several men were badly cut or shot. A faithful search was made for the whiskey, but it could not be found. But it was evident that one of the sailors knew something about it, and the captain of the vessel questioned him sharply. The tar, however, refused to tell what he knew, and no threats or coaxing could wring the secret from him. At this juncture Col. Thomas sent to have the sailor brought before him, and, in the presence of three or four others, talked to him in a way that made him quail. "And now," added the Colonel, "I 'll give you just five minutes to tell where that whiskey is, or" — here he interjected a Jacksonian expression of great emphasis — "I 'll hang you at the yard-arm!" Then requesting one of those present to "time" him, not another word was spoken. For three minutes Jack Tar stood there under the piercing gaze of the Colonel, but at the end of that space he broke down, and confessed that it was in the coal bunkers. A court-martial was then convened, and the trial of the offenders lasted during the remainder of the voyage.

Col. Thomas had not been many days at Franklin when he was ordered to New Orleans to testify before a military commission. By some means the colored people of Algiers learned that their old "Massa Colonel" was near by, and they gathered in great numbers at the ferry landing to see him on his return. As he stepped from the boat he was thronged with negroes, who blockaded his path, shook his hands, and greeted him with the heartiest demonstrations of joy. Col. Thomas was touched by this exhibition of genuine affection, and talked to the people as they came surging around him, giving them good advice about their behavior as freedmen. In closing he said: "Now I am going back to the regiment, and may never see you again; for very soon we shall go into battle, and I may be killed."

Here his utterance was interrupted by a loud exclamation from an old negro, who seized his hand and cried: "No, no, Massa Thomas, you won't be killed, sah! Every time we prays, we tell de good Lor' to keep Massa Thomas in the hollah of his han'. God won't let you be killed." This was uttered with a fervor that left no doubt of his sincerity; and as soon as he could make himself heard, another aged negro added: "De good kurnel is sent down heah to deliber us. Don't ye know when Pharaoh druv the Israelites inter de Red Sea, how God sent Moses down dere to git 'em out agin? Jes' so he send de ol' kurnel down heah to deliber us out uv bondage."

During this period of quiet camp life a number of promotions were made, as follows: Edward Dewey, appointed quartermaster, Jan. 12th; Sergt. William H. Spencer, Company B, second lieutenant, Feb. 20th; Sergt. John A. Ripley, Company C, second lieutenant, Feb. 20th; Sergt. Nathaniel Robie, Company D, second lieutenant, Feb. 20th; Sergt. Joseph N. Dutton, Company H, second lieutenant, Feb. 20th; William K. Crosby, Company C, first lieutenant Louisiana Volunteers.

ON A FURLOUGH.

In accordance with the orders of the war department, granting a furlough of thirty days at home to members of regiments who re-enlisted, the troops received word about the first of March to go to Algiers and prepare the muster rolls for their speedy departure. A steamer was provided for their transportation, and on the seventh instant the lines were formed and the rest of the Second Brigade escorted the Eighth Vermont on board, and sent them off with cheers and hearty good wishes. They remained at Algiers four weeks, during which time the veterans signed the new rolls of enlistment, and were formally sworn into the service for three years, by the United States mustering officer. Then came the welcome paymaster, who replenished their empty pockets with Uncle Sam's legal tender, and on the 7th of April the veterans went on board the steamer Constitution, bound for New York. The

Ninth Connecticut, also on a veteran furlough, bore them company.

A pleasant passage of nine days brought the two veteran regiments to New York, and they reached New Haven by a Sound boat late in the afternoon, where the citizens gave their returned sons a grand reception and banquet, and insisted that their Green Mountain companions in arms should share the honor and hospitality. Hurrying on again by special train, the gallant Eighth reached Montpelier on the evening of April 16th, where their friends and the citizens welcomed them in the most cordial manner, and the congratulations and feasting were prolonged into the early hours of the morning, which was Sunday. During that day the regiment went through the usual weekly inspection by the company officers, and a dress parade in the evening, which was witnessed by a large concourse of citizens. On Monday they were furloughed for thirty days, with orders to report at Brattleboro at the expiration of that time.

After the departure of the veterans, the remainder of the regiment, together with the recruits (in all 567 men), occupied the old camp at Algiers under command of Maj. J. L. Barstow, and, in accordance with orders from Col. Thomas, they were at once placed under stringent discipline. Every detail of guard-mounting, dress parade, guard and police duty, and company and regimental drill, was rigorously insisted on, with particular attention to rapid loading and target practice. The sick were tenderly and skilfully treated by Asst. Surgeon O. E. Ross.

With no details for detached service, the recruits were rapidly gaining in proficiency, but the Confederates were at their old tricks. Brashear City had been strongly fortified, and redoubts had been thrown up at La Fourche and garrisoned. The rebel cavalry also made frequent dashes upon points between and adjacent to these places, and the Eighth was not to remain in a quiet camp. On the 6th of May, Maj. Barstow was ordered by Gen. J. J. Reynolds, commander of the defences of New Orleans, to proceed at once with his force to La Fourche Crossing, and report to Col. Day of the Ninetieth New York. A private note from headquarters at the same time informed him that

news had just been received that rebel cavalry to the number of several hundred were at Napoleonville, preparing for a descent upon Thibodeaux and the railroad. At six P. M., therefore, a train was ready, and Boutee station was reached at dark, where it was found that the train due from Brashear City had not arrived, and that the wires had been cut each side of the station. The train, however, proceeded with great caution, the engineer being placed under guards, who were ordered to shoot him upon the least appearance of treachery or disobedience. La Fourche was reached at midnight, and the men were marched up the river through Thibodeaux and camped in the suburbs. At about eleven o'clock the next night word was brought to the major by Col. Day's adjutant, that a scout had just arrived with information that a force of Confederate cavalry was *en route* for the place, and that an attack was certain to be made before morning; also that Col. Day had left for Brashear City, and the command of the post consequently devolved upon him. In addition to the Eighth Vermont, the garrison consisted of two companies of Scott's Nine Hundred, and one company of Maryland cavalry, one section of a Connecticut battery, and two companies of infantry at the redoubts. Every man was instantly ordered into line, and all preparations made to resist the expected attack. As Maj. Barstow had no mounted staff, Quartermaster Edward Dewey, of Montpelier, and Assistant Surgeon Ross, volunteered to act in that capacity, and were on duty during the night, riding to the outer cavalry picket with orders, and performing all the duties of aids. Soon after midnight firing was heard at the picket-posts, and at the same time an incendiary fire was kindled in an unoccupied house in the village, the light of which disclosed the position of the troops. This was a preconcerted signal by a resident, and gave notice to the approaching column that surprise was impossible that night, and the Confederate force retired. Two days later heavy reinforcements arrived, and further apprehension of danger was dissipated. Thereafter, drill and instruction were sadly interfered with by heavy details for guard duty upon the railroad.

While the veterans were home on a furlough, shortly after re-enlisting, and the balance of the Eighth Regiment with the new recruits were in camp at Thibodeaux, a planter near by lost some mules, and jumped to the conclusion that the Yankee soldiers had stolen them. Into the camp he came, one morning, and in a towering rage addressed the officer in command and charged the men with theft. The commander treated him in a kindly manner, and by adroit courtesy so quieted and mollified the wrath of the old man, that he accepted an invitation to stay to dinner.

In the headquarters mess was a young officer, who had imbibed too freely of the ardent, and who, on being introduced to the planter, asked, "Where, sir, have I met you? Your face is very familiar." The stranger disclaimed any previous acquaintance, but the officer was confident and persisted: "Must "'ave seen ye b'fore! — face very familiar." Again the planter denied having met him, but in a few moments the young man repeated his assertion. This was pressing a point too far for the dignity of a southern gentleman, and, drawing himself up at full height, the planter silenced the aggressive youth with the haughty remark: "I certainly have *not* met you before, unless you are one of the party that stole my mules."

On the 24th of May Maj. Barstow was ordered by Gen. Banks to proceed to New Orleans and thence to Vermont with all the original members of the regiment, who did not re-enlist, to be mustered out at the expiration of their term of service. The major replied, asking to be excused from the performance of this duty, as he wished to remain with the recruits until Col. Thomas returned. He also mentioned two experienced captains, Leach and Foster, either of whom was perfectly capable of taking care of the men. But Gen. Banks refused to grant his request, whereupon the major again wrote, stating that his absence would leave over three hundred recruits with no officer above the rank of lieutenant in charge of them, and again asking to be allowed to remain. The response was an order detailing the major of the Twenty-sixth Illinois Infan-

try to take command of the recruits, and peremptory directions from Gen. Reynolds to carry out the first order. In accordance therewith, this portion of the regiment arrived at New Orleans on the 6th of June, and, after a brief interview with the veterans, who had just returned, they sailed on the Daniel Webster for New York, and arrived at Brattleboro on the 15th instant. They were mustered out of service June 22, 1864.

Maj. John L. Barstow, who quitted the army with this part of his regiment, had won a splendid record. He entered the service as quartermaster sergeant, but before his regiment was mustered into the United States service, he was promoted to adjutant. Then he became captain of Company K, and was acting adjutant general under Col. Thomas. Finally he was commissioned major. He had participated in all the engagements in which his regiment took part, and was acting adjutant general of the brigade at the siege of Port Hudson. As a brave and competent officer he had won the confidence of his superiors, and been complimented for eminent service in the field. As a commander he enforced military discipline every where, by example as well as by precept, and above all by the noble manhood with which nature had endowed him.

Maj. Barstow carried with him into private life the tender regard of his comrades, who in token of their esteem presented him a beautiful sword and belt just as he was about to leave New Orleans for his home. On accepting this tribute the major remarked that he regarded it the highest compliment he could receive, since it was a gift from those who had served under him in the field.

On the 19th of May the furloughs of the veteran regiment expired, and, with the exception of a few Canadians who had repented their oath and skipped across the line, all reported at Brattleboro, and returned to New Orleans June 3d. Eight days later they were ordered to proceed to Morganzia and join the forces concentrated there after the disastrous Red River campaign. Here they suffered from the intense heat, but their



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MAJOR JOHN L. BARSTOW.

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duties were light, and though the enemy hovered around in considerable numbers, they did not offer battle. On the 11th of June the Nineteenth Corps, to which the regiment belonged, was reviewed by Gen. W. H. Emory, and on the 12th the regiment went down the river about twenty miles to capture or disperse the guerillas infesting that region; but they fled at the approach of the Union troops, and the regiment returned to camp.

On the 14th instant Maj. Gen. D. E. Sickles, inspector general of the U. S. A., visited Morganzia and reviewed all the troops. He was given a very enthusiastic reception; for the crutches borne by his orderly spoke eloquently of his gallant services and personal sacrifices in the Union cause.

On the 19th, about midnight, the first division went on board transports, and, with an escort of gunboats, proceeded up the river to Tunica Bend, where the Confederates were reported to be massed in considerable force. On landing, Col. Thomas ordered his regiment to divide into small scouting parties, which he sent in different directions.

One squad of half a dozen men, including Herbert E. Hill, of Company I, and Herbert Butler, of Company H, climbed a high point called Tunica Mount, and while ascending were suddenly startled by a shot which cut Butler's clothing. This was quickly followed by a second. But no enemy was in sight, and when the party had gained the top by passing round on the other side, they found a deserted signal station, from which they concluded that the rebels had fired upon them and then escaped. The height commanded a magnificent view of the Mississippi for miles up and down, which well repaid the boys for the toil of climbing. On the return they discovered a man trying to set fire to a bridge across which the Federal cavalry had ridden, for the purpose, it was presumed, of cutting off their retreat. He was captured and brought before Col. Thomas, who compelled him to confess what he knew that might prove serviceable to the Union cause.

At dark the several scouting parties returned on board the boats, and were landed again at Fort Adams, Miss., the next

forenoon, where they again scoured the country, without finding any trace of a hostile force; and the regiment returned to Morganzia the next day and went into camp.

During the last days of June the camp was full of rumors that something was about to happen. It is usual for experienced soldiers to have an intuitive presentiment of important campaigns or battles in which they are to participate. This may possibly be due in a measure to an unusual activity noticeable at headquarters, the going and coming of orderlies and messengers, and the ominous silence of officers when questioned concerning the future movements of the troops. In this instance suspicion ripened into certainty when the order came to prepare three days' cooked rations. They were sure then that a grand movement would soon follow; but where, not even the wisest old campaigner was able to predict.

July 26th, Capt. John B. Mead, of Company G, was promoted to the vacancy made by Maj. Barstow's discharge. The latter, along with Capt. D. S. Foster, Company F, and Capt. C. B. Leach, Company D, was mustered out June 22d. Capt. Geo. N. Carpenter, Company C, was discharged to be mustered as captain and commissary of subsistence United States Volunteers.

The changes that had recently occurred in the several companies required the promotion of a number of deserving men to higher rank; and on the 26th of July the following commissions were issued: First Lieut. S. E. Howard, Company H, captain of Company C; First Lieut. Alfred E. Getchell, Company D, captain; First Lieut. W. H. Smith, Company F, captain; First Lieut. John M. Pike, Company G, captain; Second Lieut. Edward F. Gould, Company D, first lieutenant.

GOING NORTH.

July 2d the regiment was again ordered to break camp and go aboard the waiting transports, and the next day they reached Algiers. Remaining here until the morning of the fifth, the men were ordered aboard the ocean steamer St. Mary, and were carried down the river under sealed orders. This meant



CAPT. GEORGE N. CARPENTER, Co. C.



CAPT. S. E. HOWARD, Co. C.



CAPT. EDWARD HALL, Co. E.



LIEUT. GEORGE F. FRENCH, Co. K.



LIEUT. J. ELLIOTT SMITH.

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farewell to Louisiana; and after passing over the bar at the mouth of the river, Col. Thomas opened the packet and found their point of destination to be Fortress Monroe. The captain of the St. Mary declared that his vessel was not seaworthy, and protested against attempting the voyage. But Col. Thomas, who had never learned to disobey orders, firmly insisted, and left the timid seaman no choice.

Fine weather insured a safe passage, but the regiment had a sad experience. Herbert Butler, of Company H, died on board, and his comrades lost in him a noble boy and brave soldier. He had been ill for some time before the regiment started, but insisted on going North with his company. When he realized that his end was near, he called his intimates around him and begged that his body should not be committed to the sea, but should be sent home to his mother. This, his last request, was executed.

On leaving Louisiana the regiment parted with Gen. Weitzel, to whom the men had become greatly attached, and entered another command, while he was ordered to Virginia. His brigade formed in line, and as he rode in front of them for the last time, gave him hearty, though sad, parting cheers. The following tribute to his character and worth is contributed by Quartermaster Fred. E. Smith, of Gen. Weitzel's staff:

Godfrey Weitzel, long known and much respected as the first commander of Weitzel's Reserve Brigade, was lieutenant of engineers in the regular army, and, March 10th, was appointed chief engineer on Gen. Butler's staff. On arriving at New Orleans he was made assistant military commandant, and was acting major of the city. August 25th, he was made superintendent of exchange of prisoners. In the discharge of his official duties both before and during the war he had become so familiar with the topography of the state of Louisiana and the fortifications of the Mississippi, that, when he was commissioned brigadier general of volunteers, it was fitting that he should take command of the first brigade organized for active service in the field, in the department of the Gulf.

It was the privilege of the Eighth Vermont Regiment to be long connected with Gen. Weitzel's brigade, and both officers and men learned to esteem him highly for his personal qualities and military knowledge. His kindliness of heart won their love; his ability and skilful management gained their confidence; his careful provision for their wants and comfort inspired their trust in his sagacity and prudence. So much did both officers and men come to rely on their young commander, that it was a common remark that the Eighth Vermont were always ready to follow wherever he led. Throughout the marches and skirmishes of the La Fourche, the Teche, the Attakapas, and the Red River campaigns, Weitzel's commands were readily accepted, and met with a prompt and cheerful obedience from the Green Mountain boys who served under him. It would be easy to recall many instances in which comrades of these companies received his compliments and hearty thanks for the meritorious discharge of the duties to which he had assigned them.

Gen. Weitzel was a young man to hold so responsible a position, and well do the boys remember the scene in Camp Stevens, when over a hundred officers of the regiments of his command called to congratulate him on his twenty-seventh birthday. He requested his staff officers, all of whom were older than himself, to aid in entertaining his guests; and never had they seen him come so near showing the "white feather," and having his wonted gravity of manner disturbed. When an officer proposed the sentiment: "To the gallant young brigadier general, Godfrey Weitzel," etc., he modestly exclaimed: "This is not an official occasion, gentlemen. Please call me G. Weitzel, lieutenant of engineers." It was about this time that he was notified of his promotion to captain of engineers, and he received the announcement with the quiet remark: "It 's all right, I have earned it, and am entitled to it; but this 'brigadier general' commission I have yet to earn."

Gen. Weitzel was quick to recognize merit in men and regiments, and on many occasions he cheered the hearts of the soldiers by complimenting their behavior, and assuring them of his confidence in their courage and endurance. When asked



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GEN. GODFREY WEITZEL.

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by consulting generals if such or such a march, dash, or attack could be successfully made, he was wont to reply, "Yes, with my Eighth Vermont, Twelfth Connecticut, and Seventy-fifth and One Hundred and Sixtieth New York, I have no fears for the result." He took pleasure also in the fact that the Eighth Vermont had in its ranks men of every trade and profession. When Gen. Butler once asked: "Weitzel, how is it that all your staff departments are in such perfect order, and their papers so correctly and promptly returned?" he quickly answered: "Sir, I have in my brigade men competent to transact any kind of business, so I simply appoint my staff, and leave each man to carry out the details and manage his own department." While going down to Donaldsonville, after the surrender of Port Hudson, Col. Thomas, worn out and sick, swooned in the steamer's cabin. On being revived, Gen. Weitzel said to him: "I have several times advised you to take a leave of absence to recruit your wasted strength; now I *order* you to do so, for I must have you saved to this command."

The general was born in Cincinnati in 1835, was graduated from West Point in 1855, and died in Philadelphia in 1883. He was emphatically the soul of his command, and the subjoined letter testifies to the pleasant remembrances he always retained of them. It was written in answer to an invitation to attend the reunion of Vermont officers.

DETROIT, MICH., Oct. 1, 1880.

My Dear Sir: My duties here, and the sad condition of my eyes, forbid my acceptance of your invitation to meet the Vermont officers at their annual reunion; but I beg you will convey to them my kind remembrances, especially to your brave old commander, Gen. Thomas (who I hope is alive and well), and to the members of the gallant old Eighth Regiment. She was always reliable, and I have good reason to remember the readiness with which she sprang to every duty. Our old boys are so scattered that I rarely see any of them now, but shall ever remember them with pleasure.

Yours with esteem,

G. WEITZEL.

TO LIEUT. FRED E. SMITH, Montpelier, Vt.

VII.

TO THE SHENANDOAH.

It was the destiny of the Eighth Vermont Regiment to have a varied experience during the period of its active military service. The January rigors of a northern New England winter were exchanged for a semi-tropical climate, and the passage was made on a stormy sea. It was lovely mid-summer when the regiment returned along the same coast, and found the waves smoothed before their sliding keel.

They did not leave the St. Mary, on which they had embarked at New Orleans, until it dropped anchor in the river in front of the city of Washington. On reaching Fortress Monroe, where Col. Thomas had been ordered to report, he received further instructions to continue his voyage, and report to the secretary of war. This opened to the regiment a new field of operations, and brought the men into association with troops and officers to whom they had hitherto been strangers. For three years had they been marching and fighting in a country abounding in swamps and malaria; their future work lay in one of the most delightful and healthful sections of the Union.

At Fortress Monroe Col. Thomas landed in a small boat and received his orders. While returning to the vessel he was hailed by Gen. Emory, of the Nineteenth Corps, who had just arrived and wanted to know what was to be done, for he had not reported, and of course knew nothing at that time about the order to Washington. But the St. Mary was ready to sail, consequently Thomas and the Eighth Vermont reached the capital

on the 13th of July, 1864, somewhat in advance of the rest of the corps. Leaving his men to disembark, the colonel hastened at once to report to the war department. Secretary Stanton expressed gratification at his timely arrival, and designated his command the advance of the Nineteenth Corps. Gen. Early was then menacing the city, which was almost defenceless for lack of troops, and it was feared that the capital might be captured. Col. Thomas immediately received his orders, and marched his men through the city in the direction of Georgetown. As they passed the White House President Lincoln was in sight and saluted them by lifting his hat. The courtesy was returned with three rousing cheers and a tiger.

The force under Col. Thomas included besides his own men remnants of several other regiments, and, passing Fort Reno, they encamped that night at Tennallytown, Rockville. On the 14th the march was continued to Poolsville, near the river, where the troops remained until the 16th. Then pushing westward, the men waded across the Potomac at White's Ford, and went into camp near Leesburg in the evening, after a dusty and fatiguing march. Here the colonel received orders to search the town for concealed Confederates and arms. On the following morning, which was Sunday, he entered the streets, and, having disposed his men so as to command all the approaches to the town, proceeded to execute his work. A considerable number of prisoners was taken into custody and secured. Among them was a soldier in gray whom Sergt. Lamb, of Company I, recognized as his own cousin.

Having retired from Maryland, Gen. Early was at Snicker's Gap, in the Blue Ridge, and thither the Eighth Vermont was ordered to follow him on the 18th. But when the place was reached in the afternoon, it was found that the enemy had retreated over the mountain just in season to avoid them. From this time until the meeting of the two armies at the battle of Opequon in September, Thomas and his regiment had an experience not unlike that which many of them might have heard their grandfathers speak of having in Revolutionary times,

— marching and countermarching; pursuing the enemy, but having no decisive engagement; hurried hither and thither on long, toilsome tramps, without being allowed time for sleep or rations. The sun was extremely hot, the roads dusty and sandy, and the men were thoroughly foot-sore and jaded.

On the next advance the regiment climbed the mountains east of the Shenandoah, and at daylight on the morning of the 20th forded the river into the beautiful valley which was to be the scene of their greatest achievements. The tents were pitched near the Berryville pike, not far from the spot where the enemy had passed the previous night, and a house where Confederate Gen. Breckenridge slept was pointed out to Col. Thomas. In the afternoon a terrific thunderstorm and tornado swept over the place, and one man belonging to a New York regiment was killed by the lightning.

At sunset that night orders came to return again to Washington as rapidly as possible. Accordingly, the troops retraced the route by which they had just advanced, marched all night, and did not make a halt until eleven o'clock on the morning of the 21st. When the men forded the river, they found the stream, which was probably swollen by the afternoon rain, up to their armpits, and as they climbed the banks on the mountain side with their shoes full of water, the sand worked into them, and very soon the soldiers began to complain of blistered feet. In some cases, too, the soaking so demoralized Uncle Sam's contract leather, that sole and upper parted, and the poor wearers were obliged to trudge on in their stocking feet.

During that short morning halt, coffee was made, but the men had no solid food, and before they had time to drink it orders came to "fall in," and they marched to Goose creek, a small stream a few miles beyond Leesburg, and there rested until afternoon. Then they pressed forward again until eleven o'clock at night, when, thoroughly jaded, they dropped down without any supper, and slept on their arms. The next morning found them on the move again; and, crossing the Potomac at Chain bridge, they went into camp on a hill overlooking the bridge, and remained there two nights.

On the 26th a march of nineteen miles was made to Tennallytown on the Frederick pike, where the troops had bivouacked on the first night after leaving Washington. The next day the movement was ordered in another direction, and the following night was spent at a place a little beyond Hyattown. The men camped without supper, and before the next sunrise were marching again. Passing through Ubana, they bivouacked at Monocacy Junction, where Early had whipped Lew Wallace some twenty days before.

It was a zigzag, tiresome game they played there with the wily enemy, for Gen. Early did not propose to quit that region till he had severely worried his antagonist, even though he failed to carry a secession flag into the capital of the United States. At that stage of affairs, therefore, the only mode of dealing with him was to follow him closely, and keep the hostile army at bay as far as possible. Accordingly, Col. Thomas and his command continued their devious route by fording the shallow river, and moving towards Harper's Ferry on the 28th. Nineteen miles of hard marching brought them to Halltown, where, tired and hungry, they encamped, and enjoyed a good ration of beef and a little fun at the expense of an old gentleman, who came to headquarters inquiring for his lost cow. But her fate was sealed, and he discovered no evidence of her bovine identity save in the stew-pans beneath which the cooks were feeding the fires.

Harper's Ferry was reached on the 30th, and the troops were ordered to climb Bolivar Heights. There they remained three hours, not devoting their time to a leisurely survey of the natural beauties commanded by that eminence, it is safe to say; then they all marched down again, and trudged thirteen miles away to Jefferson, reaching the place about midnight. A halt and a short nap, when the familiar "fall in!" smote their drowsy ears, and they were off again. On the last hot night of the month, exhausted for lack of proper food and rest, the weary Vermont boys passed through Frederick and chose a camp near a water spring beyond. It had been a Sabbath-day's journey, too, but longer than the ancient Hebrew rule would have sanctioned. A herd of cattle was grazing near

by, and Col. Thomas sent word to Gen. Dwight that if the regiment was not supplied with meat, some of those sleek animals would shed their hides before nightfall. But pleasanter thoughts than those of unsatisfied hunger came to the jaded soldiers. The camp was pitched on high ground, from which the men, on looking down into the streets of the town they had passed, saw kindly women engaged in carrying water to another body of Union troops which had halted there. The sight was ravishing; it reminded them of the clear, pure streams slipping down their native hills, and they could not resist the temptation to go thither and quench their intolerable thirst. The colonel gave them a fatherly caution about over-drinking, and thus saved many of his men from the consequences of excessive indulgence. The meat supplies failed to arrive, and, after waiting a proper time, the men were allowed to prey upon the adjacent herd; and for once, having borrowed some salt of a grocer, the half-starved men "made a meal of it."

Few people, without having shared a soldier's experience, can realize what it is to march day after day, as the Eighth Vermont men did those hot July days and nights. The excessive fatigue, the grinding torture caused by loss of regular food and sleep, and the long continued motion, are truthfully described in the following paragraphs quoted from a Confederate soldier's letter, published in a southern newspaper:

"It must be remembered that a soldier, with his rifle, ammunition, blanket, provisions, etc., is weighted down about fifty pounds, or over, and this dead weight, instead of being distributed over the body, bears chiefly upon the shoulders.

"Those who have never been there generally suppose that the actual contact of battle is the hardest and most trying to the nerves and pluck in the phases of a soldier's life. This is a fallacy. Many a time have I heard my comrades express satisfaction, after a long and distressing march, at having got at last within striking distance of the foe. I do not believe that the man lives, or has lived, who could honestly say that he never felt fear while on the eve of battle, or rather when first going under fire.

"But a forced march is a terror to the best of troops, no matter how well they may have been disciplined. What do the readers of this paper suppose that a forced march means? It means torture of mind and torture of body; it means a dull aching of every joint and bone and marrow of the

bones; it means not simply utter weariness and pain, but an almost complete prostration of the physical powers; it means that one falls asleep for a minute while mechanically plodding along, to awake with a start while staggering to a fall; it means, when the ten minutes' rest comes at every two miles, to sink down in one's tracks like an empty bag, and to be asleep before you touch the ground. When the ten minutes' rest expires and the command, 'Fall in!' is given, one awakes and gets up from mere force of habit, and resumes the grinding task, stiffer and sorer, if possible, than before.

"It means, finally, that one would barter a million cheerfully for an hour's rest and sleep, and, while feeling bound to obey the inexorable command, 'Forward,' one is in such a state of mental and physical wretchedness that he is ready, almost, to curse God and die. And then, too, when the day's march is concluded, sometimes far in the night, what must be the condition of those detailed to guard their sleeping comrades? Surely no galley slave was ever tortured like this!

"And such a march often occurred in the most inclement weather, whether the sun was blazing hot, and the roads so dusty that one could not see ten yards before him, or the air was bitter cold, and the snow and slush a foot deep on the ground."

The experiences of the regiment during the month of August were simply those of July repeated — hither and thither, to and fro, over the familiar roads, varied, it may be observed, by a tendency towards Winchester and the higher points in the valley of the Shenandoah. But Maryland was not abandoned, and so frequently did the Federal troops appear at that confluence of the two great streams, that the army came to be designated as "Harper's Weekly." But these movements did not long wear the aspect of an aimless campaign; for, on the 10th instant, Gen. Phil Sheridan assumed the command, and then began the initial marches in a masterly plan, which was to culminate in the entire destruction of the Confederate power in the valley which was the pride of Virginia.

THE VALLEY.

From the Potomac just below Harper's Ferry, the Blue Ridge mountains have a south-southwesterly trend across the state of Virginia. To the west is another irregular, but nearly parallel range, known as the Kittatinny, or locally, as the Great North

and Little North. Between these two mountain walls lies an elevated valley having an average width of about twenty miles. The northerly portion of this valley, (where the interest of this volume now centres) is about a hundred miles in length, measured from the northernmost bend of the Potomac to Staunton. Roughly estimated, it includes an area equal to the portion of the state of Vermont lying between the Green Mountain ridge and the Connecticut, and bounded north and south by the parallels of Newbury and Brattleboro. In the very centre of this inclosed territory rise several other rugged mountain spurs, the highest ending abruptly on the north, and called Massanutten.

As the mountains round about Jerusalem gird a spot which to the ancient Hebrew was a synonym for all that is lovely, so these sentinel walls of western Virginia fence in a land of great fertility and picturesque beauty. The southern portion abounds in little water streams, which gradually draw together as they flow northward into the Shenandoah, that joins the Potomac at Harper's Ferry. In this charming valley nature with prodigal hand has blended that "diversity in unity" which gives the highest artistic effect. The general sweep of meadow and pasture is everywhere broken by grand and rugged scenery; wooded heights relieve broad acres of the best of tillage land; comfort and plenty abound on every hand; and the rich annual crops are so bountiful, that the place has been long and widely known as the granary of the Middle States.

When the war broke out, the Shenandoah valley had a thrifty, industrious population; good farms and busy mills afforded the means of ample support, and the evidences of content and prosperity were to be seen on every side. The larger centres were connected by fine macadamized pikes and convenient railroad lines, so that when it afterwards became the scene of military operations, the armies and wagon-trains could be moved to any desirable point with rapidity and ease.

Considering how often it has echoed to the clash of arms, this smiling valley is worthy to be called a historic battle-ground. Long before Batte explored it, or Spottswood, the "Tubal-Cain of Virginia," visited it with the "Knights of the Golden

Horseshoe," tradition says it had been the scene of terrible Indian wars, between the northern and southern tribes of the continent. The original white settlers were Scotch-Irish and Germans, and, according to the historian Kercheval, these Celts and Teutons were far from friendly neighbors, and often engaged in sanguinary quarrels. On St. Patrick's day the Dutchmen would march through the streets of Winchester in procession, carrying effigies of the saint and his wife Sheeley, the former decorated with a necklace of Irish potatoes, and his spouse with an apron full of them. On St. Michael's day, when the Germans glorified their patron saint, the Irishmen would retaliate by exhibiting an effigy of that saint wearing a necklace of sour-krout. These demonstrations often ended in fights, bloody noses, and broken heads.

Throughout the colonial period of American history, the record of life in the Shenandoah valley is one of bloodshed. The white men were intruders on the heritage of the red men, and must fight. The tomahawk and scalping-knife assailed them as they planted and reaped. The foe burned their cabins, murdered their strong men, and dragged their women and children into bondage and torture. In the autumn of 1775, when the shadow of the Duquesne disaster darkened the whole frontier, Washington was sent to Winchester to defend the valley against the savages. He found the place full of refugees and confusion, and it was no easy task to reduce the chaos to order, and put the country in a state of defence. A fort was built in the suburbs of the town, named Fort Loudoun, mounted with twenty-four cannon, and containing barracks for four hundred and fifty men.

In the fall of 1859, intrepid John Brown, of Ossawatomie, sacrificed two sons on the altar of freedom at the gateway of the Shenandoah, and baptized it with their blood. From a gibbet of infamy his soul went marching on, bearing the torch of war through river gorge and mountain pass, through slimy swamp and lonely bayou, till the shackles fell from the race for whom he fought and perished, and the gate he sealed with blood became a highway of liberty.

For years before the Eighth Vermont reached Winchester on their zigzag road to martial glory, this rich valley had been the source of food supplies for the Confederate army, and a thoroughfare for the victorious troops of Johnston, Jackson, Ashby, Lee, Breckenridge, Mosby, Elwell, Early, and other commanders, on their way to harass or invade the North. To many a Federal general it had been the valley of humiliation, on account of the defeats his forces had suffered. Neither Patterson, Banks, Shields, Fremont, Milroy, Sigel, nor Crook, had been able to destroy the enemy west of the Blue Ridge, or drive the Confederate armies from that land of abundance, where they gathered strength to prolong the conflict, and from which they raided the other side of the Potomac and menaced Washington.

But in those dark days, when Federal military operations seemed destined to end in failure, relieved only by an occasional "masterly retreat," and loyal men began to feel discouraged, a new chieftain entered the valley through John Brown's blood-stained gate, who had power to reverse the fortunes of war and cause victory to rest on the Union standards. From the day that Gen. Phil Sheridan took the command, purpose, and not fortuity, governed the march of Union troops along the Shenandoah, and the reign of defiant rebellion drew rapidly to a close. The jaded soldiers who rallied round his standard, from the plodding campaigns of Louisiana or the vanquished battle-fields of the Atlantic slope, found in this new theatre of action the romance of the war. The service there might be more exacting, the white heat of battle more terrible; but the greatest generalship on both sides was there to contend for mastery, and victory, if achieved, would crown the conquerors with laurels of glory.

It is not within the province of this volume to attempt to set forth the masterly plan upon which Gen. Sheridan acted, or to describe in detail the movements and achievements of that mighty force of infantry, artillery, and horse, which he officially designated the Army of the Shenandoah. All this has been done repeatedly and well. But in following the fortunes



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of the Eighth Vermont it will be necessary to make frequent references to the division and corps to which it belonged, and in tracing its movements in the great battles of the valley very brief allusions to the positions of the opposing armies will enable the intelligent reader, with the aid of maps, to understand the subject.

Sheridan initiated his valley campaign by marching his forces out of Halltown, just south of Harper's Ferry, towards Winchester, on the morning of August 10th. The Sixth Corps moved through Charlestown to Clifton, there forming the right infantry line, the Nineteenth Corps followed the Berryville pike, until its right joined the left of the Sixth; the Eighth Corps proceeded through Cabletown to Berryville, coming up on the left of the Nineteenth. An easy day's march brought this army into a position which the commander thought strong in itself and favorable for defence at any time, and disposed the three corps in the order in which they were to advance. Keeping in mind, then, that the Eighth Vermont belonged to the Second Brigade (Gen. McMillan) in the first division of the Nineteenth Corps, the reader will find it easy to follow its subsequent movements.

Gen. Jubal Early was in command of the Confederate army with which Gen. Sheridan had to cope, and was holding Winchester when the Federal troops began the movement already described. But the enemy was not ready to accept battle, and, consequently, while Sheridan was moving out towards the Opequon on the morning of the 11th, Early was pressing beyond Winchester in the direction of Cedar Creek and Strasburg. For three days the two armies continued their marches up the valley, neither inclining to offer battle, though there was constant and sharp skirmishing, especially by the cavalry, on both sides. The part of the Eighth Vermont in this movement was, a march and countermarch, and a brisk skirmish with the enemy, on the 11th; more skirmishing during a march *via* Middletown to Cedar Creek, on the 12th; serving as grand guard on the Front Royal pike, on the 13th.

At this stage of operations Sheridan learned that the enemy held a strongly fortified position at Fisher's Hill, that they had a signal station on the highest point of the Massanutten mountains, from which all his movements could be seen and reported, that reinforcements were on the way and would soon join Early; and he deemed it prudent to retreat. Accordingly the Nineteenth Corps began to retire on the night of the 15th, which brought Col. Thomas into Winchester at daylight next morning. He then pressed on to Berryville and Summit Hill, constantly manœuvring with the enemy for several days, and arrived at Halltown again on the 21st, and fortified his position. At first Sheridan attempted to make a stand near Berryville, but after a short engagement between the Sixth Corps and the enemy, he withdrew his whole army to Halltown on the 21st.

So far as the country could determine from the reports of this primary movement in the valley, the new commander, on whom thousands of anxious and critical eyes were fixed, had done like his predecessors in the same field, and fled before the enemy. But in reality the case was somewhat better. In moving back from Cedar Creek to Winchester, Torbert's Cavalry, by direct order from Sheridan, had burned barns and crops, laid the country waste, and seized all the horses, mules, and cattle for the benefit of the army. This was a military necessity, and, in reporting the act, Sheridan wrote to Gen. Grant that he had "destroyed everything eatable south of Winchester, and they [the Confederates] will have to haul supplies from well up towards Staunton."

For several days Early seemed to be trying the strength of the Union position at Halltown, while Sheridan remained quiet; then he feigned to be about to raid across the Potomac again. But having accomplished nothing of importance, the Confederates moved up the valley again on the 26th instant, and encamped at Bunker Hill. Two days later, the Federal army followed on after Early, and the Eighth Vermont bivouacked at Charlestown, the enemy being near at hand. What was known as the Clifton-Berryville line was again occu-

pied by the Union forces. There was some spirited fighting between portions of the opposing lines during several successive days, but no general engagement, and on the 4th of September Early withdrew his whole army across the Opequon. Then for ten days more the same position was held, and the skirmishing continued with unabated vigor.

But while enduring this exhausting life, in which the regiment seemed to be simply marching against time, several worthy men were cheered by the receipt of commissions. First Lieut. John Bisbee, Company B, was made captain; Wheaton Livingston, Jr., Company B, first lieutenant; Henry Carpenter, Company F, first lieutenant.

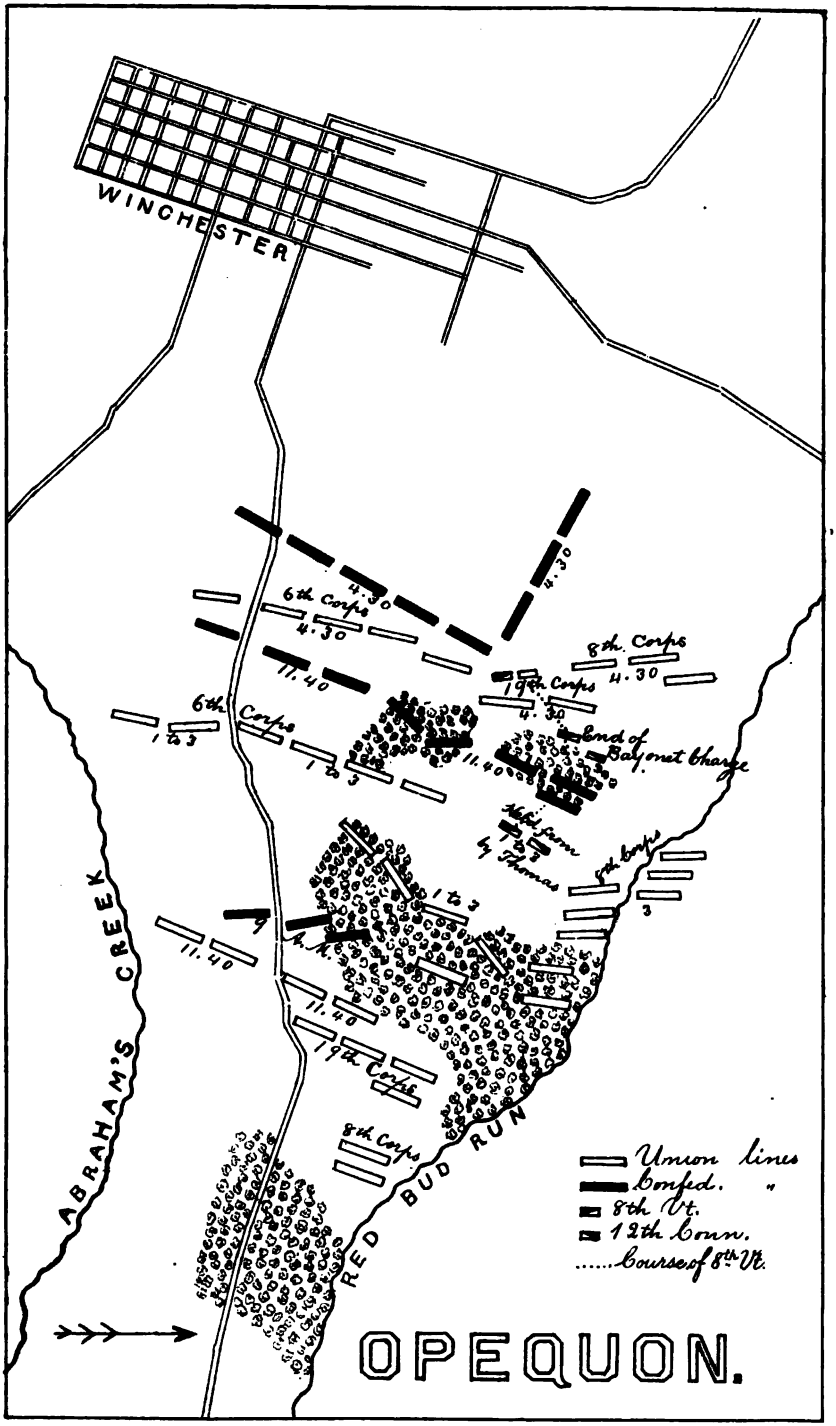
Why "Little Phil" waited so long, acting only on the defensive, the public could not understand, and many messages of distrust reached his ears, while the lookers-on clamored loudly for him to "do something." But Sheridan knew what he was waiting for, and when at length assurance came that the enemy had been weakened by the long-expected withdrawal of Kershaw, he was aware that the moment for aggressive action had arrived, and remarked: "Our time has come."

VIII.

BATTLE OF OPEQUON.

GEN. SHERIDAN decided to attack Gen. Early in front of Winchester, on the 19th of September, and by taking the aggressive to bring on a general engagement between the two armies. In accordance with his plan of operations the Union troops began to move out from Berryville at two o'clock in the morning, and the manœuvres which at length brought the Eighth Vermont into action will be made sufficiently clear by following the route of the Nineteenth Corps to its position on the battle-ground.

Winchester is a little more than ten miles west of Berryville, and the two towns are connected by a macadamized turnpike, which about six miles out from Berryville crosses Opequon creek, and enters a narrow defile or cañon that soon opens upon the wider valley and undulating ground, on which the troops were deployed. The Opequon, after which Gen. Sheridan named his famous battle, to distinguish it from other Winchester engagements, is a small stream which flows in a northerly direction to the Potomac. On each side of the cañon it receives an affluent which rises on the higher land beyond Winchester. The north branch is called Red Bud Run, the south Abraham's Creek, and between them, on both sides of the pike, lies the battle-ground. The general surface is broken and rolling, and interspersed with belts of woods between open spaces. But just in front of the town the land slopes up to a plateau, gradually rising higher on the left towards Front Royal


WINCHESTER
ABRAHAM'S CREEK
RED BUD RUN
6th Corps
4.30
11.40
19th Corps
8th Corps
1 to 3
Head of Bayonet charge
Union lines
Confed. "
8th Vt.
12th Conn.
.....Course of 8th Vt.
OPEQUON.

pike, and on this the main body of Early's army was stationed to resist the Union attack.

In telling this simple story, it is not necessary to set forth the entire plan of battle that has been so graphically described in more comprehensive works. The well-informed reader, and certainly every veteran survivor of that terrible struggle, is familiar with the routes along which the cavalry advanced, and the three infantry corps and artillery followed, into position on the field. He knows that Wilson's mounted brigades swept through the Berryville cañon in the early morning, driving the enemy from the outposts, and clearing the way, while Col. Thomas, with the Eighth Vermont, after being detained in the gorge, arrived at the front just before ten, and went into position with the second division (Grover's) in the first line of battle, and the first division (Dwight's) held in reserve.

On the left of the Nineteenth Corps the Sixth had already formed, with the third division (Ricketts's) on the right of the pike. The Eighth Corps, also, which had been assigned to the right of the Union line, was moving up along Red Bud Run.

Such was the position of Sheridan's infantry when, twenty minutes before mid-day, a grand advance was ordered across an open belt of ground to the woods and clearing beyond, and the battle became general and deadly. The Sixth was soon driving the Confederates Ramseur and Rodes back over an almost open field, while Grover's division made a sharp attack on Gordon from the covert of the woods. At first Gordon's line fell back, and, inspired by their success, Grover's brigades charged forward under a withering fire; but the enemy received a strong reinforcement, the success was reversed, and both Grover and Ricketts were forced back with terrible loss. In this repulse the Fourteenth New Hampshire, belonging to Grover's second brigade, was so nearly annihilated that the lines were completely broken, and, while the remnants of the companies wandered away and disappeared, the color guard remained on the field, still bearing their signals aloft, and when the Eighth Vermont came into action, took a place in the color company of that regiment.

When Gen. Emory's second division fell back, the first, which had been held in reserve, was ordered to the front, and the Eighth Vermont and Twelfth Connecticut relieved Col. Molineux, who had retreated under a murderous fire, and were ordered forward with Company F, Capt. W. H. Smith, deployed as skirmishers. Over that bloody ground, strewn with the dead and wounded of both armies, these companion regiments advanced at the command of Col. Thomas, amid the most fearful storm of shot and shell they had ever encountered. For three mortal hours they stubbornly held the exposed position, while the ranks were thinned, and the hot carnage raged on every hand. They stood the test without flinching, and many a brave deed was there enacted, an account of which is given in the pages that follow.

The climax in this terrible day, as all the world knows, was reached at three in the afternoon, when the Confederates, who, from a strong vantage ground, had been fighting with desperate energy under skilful leaders, began to give way under the persistent hammering of "Little Phil." When that supreme moment came, and Crook's superb column like a mountain avalanche poured down upon the exhausted enemy, it brought an opportunity for the Eighth Vermont to render a signal service, and win thereby a lasting record on the scroll of fame. An inspiration, such as sometimes comes to men under great pressure, seized Col. Thomas and carried him whither it would. Notwithstanding the orders were to hold his ground, he charged with his regiment, followed by the Twelfth Connecticut, beyond the rest of his corps, beyond every other Union line, in fact, and broke the enemy's front; and using this position as a pivot, the right and left wings of Sheridan's victorious army swung like huge jaws against the vanquished Early, putting his broken lines to flight and utter rout.

Concerning this famous charge, which seemed to have been the turning-point of the day, Greeley says: "Col. Thomas, Eighth Vermont, ordered his men to charge at double-quick with the bayonet. In vain general officers shouted 'Halt!' 'Lie down!' 'Wait for supports!' etc.; for, while some were

still confused and vacillating, a staff officer from the right galloped in front, and pointed with his sabre to the woods which sheltered the enemy. At once, all dissent was silenced, all hesitation at an end; the whole centre, as one man, swept forward cheering and plunging into the woods, meeting there Crook's corps, charging from the flank. All the rebels who could still travel were by this time going or gone."

The record of the Eighth Vermont in the battle of Opequon appears as a "twice-told tale" in subsequent pages. The first account is contributed to the volume by Capt. S. E. Howard, of Company C, who bore an honorable part in the masterly struggle which made the gallant Sheridan a leader of heroes. The second account is from the pen of Col. Herbert E. Hill, who entered with enthusiasm into the very front and heat of the deadly strife when the first guns were fired, and was close on the flying enemy's rear when the last Confederate shot announced their utter defeat. Each writer has told the story in his own way, and while the first has the wider scope, the second relates what has rarely if ever appeared in print, what a soldier in the ranks beholds as he advances into the thick of the fight.

But before these sketches of the fight are introduced, it is fitting that a brief tribute should be paid to the exemplary heroism of four young men from Winchester, N. H., who have already been alluded to, and who joined the Eighth Vermont in the gallant charge that capped the climax of the day.

Francis H. Buffum, now widely known as Maj. Buffum, on the staff of the *Boston Herald*, Charles G. Howard, Henry E. Baldwin, and Henry A. Wood, were the color bearers who, when their regiment went to pieces, carried their deserted standard to the side of that on which the Eighth Regiment of their sister state aligned, and voluntarily shared with them the dangers of the front, when they might have retired without incurring the slightest stigma of cowardice. As a unique act of bravery on the field this deed is worthy of the highest praise. They were mere boys who, before that day, could scarcely be said to have been under fire; but they behaved like veterans, and, forgetful

of peril, refused to be swept away with their broken lines, and added the influence of their personal courage to the inspiration which broke the enemy's front, and insured the victory. While his regiment was under the terrific morning fire, Maj. Buffum exhibited his coolness and pluck by standing up while the entire line lay prostrate on the ground; and requesting his three comrades also to lie down, he said: "Boys, if I fall, do n't forget that I did my duty." At the request of the historian, Maj. Buffum has writen for these pages the following lively description of the scenes in which the homeless color guard of the Fourteenth New Hampshire participated.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

A regimental history is written, generally, from an inside point of view. Yet it may be well to vary its pages with the paragraphic glimpse of the outside eye and pen. I gladly stand for such an outsider, although, in my present mood, I feel very much identified with the Eighth Vermont, an organization dearer to me than any other save my own. It was my good fortune to occupy a position during the whole of the afternoon on the sanguinary field of the Opequon, where I could critically observe the conduct of the Eighth Vermont, and I desire to give in my testimony. Fortunate indeed were the battle-tossed waifs from your sister state that the eye of your commander was upon us, and that his memory is yet clear concerning our conduct on that field, for our own regiment knew nothing of our whereabouts.

The Fourteenth New Hampshire, battered by the shells of Fitz Lee, drenched in its best blood, had been whirled out of organized existence by a reinforced foe, after a splendid and triumphant charge, which opened the battle, by the infantry. Struck three times by shell and bullet, though not seriously, I had a sense of being hurled *out* from "the jaws of death," and having passed *through* "the gates of hell." In an hour I had lived a lifetime, and life itself from that hour was a different thing. The colors of the Fourteenth were not lost, as supposed,

for four men saved, guarded, and kept them on the fighting line till the sun set on victory and a routed enemy, "whirling through Winchester." Those men — all from my Company F, all from my native town — were, Charles G. Howard, Henry E. Baldwin, Henry A. Wood, and the writer. We were not dazed, not bewildered, but uncertain. The sweat of battle had limbered us well, and given the spirit a victory over fear. We retreated to find a line, for at that time the colors of the Fourteenth New Hampshire were nearer the now jubilant Johnnies' than any others. Howard wanted to hunt up the remnants of our own regiment, but I insisted that the attempt was useless, and urged turning to our right, as we retreated, into a belt of timber and "falling in" with some other regiment. We were all anxious to keep our colors in the fight and to the front of it. We enjoyed the full opportunity sought for.

Passing along the rear of one regiment we came to the Eighth Vermont, which held the advance line of the Union position. Your history tells the story of our adoption. The initiatory rite by which our identity with you for the day was sealed, was a genuine baptism of blood and carnage, the enemy's shells plunging into and rending the ranks at the moment of our "muster in."

Never shall I forget the appearance of the Eighth as we first saw you there, couchant, in the verge of the wood. It was the terrible majesty of a readiness for conflict, an assurance of tremendous possibilities, of a thorough appreciation of the situation, a coolness that was awful when illumined by the fire in every eye down the line. That line testified to the sublime energy of a disciplined body of men, sure to obey orders and impatient for the word.

There I first met Stephen Thomas, and now I need not force or trim a sentence to gloss his reputation. Fulsome adulation of such a man is senseless phrasing. I saw him, as with the ease and composure of a veteran fighter he gathered for heroic work; as he moved his line out into that open field which had just proved so fatal to the first line of attack; as he moved under the quick, hot fire of the foe; as with excellent judgment

he guided his regiment, with a rapid dash, well into the plain; and then, — "Halt! lie down!" Still on his horse, he swept the field with accurate, reconnoitring eye. Not near enough to the vaunting Johnnies, — not yet within easy range of those piled up rails from behind which belched smoke and death, — the line must be pushed out, judiciously, but farther, — "Attention, old Vermont!"

It was n't a "tiger spring," nor anything of the sort, but it was a brilliant, mighty onsweep of a well-handled, eager battalion, moving with an intelligent, irresistible dash, through the hollow, across the little "run" — just far enough, for when Thomas was under fire impetuosity never trampled upon judgment. For two hours the regiment lay there, giving and taking in well-borne battle, fighting with zest, Col. Thomas scorning the precautions he demanded of his men. On that field he showed that personal bravery, military talent, and the power to command men, which are the crowning excellences in war. The officers and men were welded into a homogeneous body, an admirably disciplined force, sensitive to the controlling will, — a splendid line of hardy, heroic fighters.

In this connection one incident of that afternoon should not drop into oblivion. Some sorely wounded men lay away to the front between the lines in a spot crossed by the fire of both armies. Several of the Eighth asked permission to go to the relief of their suffering comrades. This was denied, for prudential reasons. At last one man was allowed to creep out on his mission of alleviation, but "on his own responsibility," as the venture was worse than perilous. It was a plucky act, a noble sacrifice to soldierly charity. I did not learn his name or fate.

It was about half-past three o'clock when the rebel fire slackened in front of the Eighth, and most of the men were brought to their feet by a prolonged cheer half a mile away to our rear and right. A long line of battle was sweeping up towards the enemy's left. The colors of the battalions in the advancing line, for a moment, aligned on those of the Eighth and Fourteenth, and we caught a glimpse of the splendid emulation of

the charge as one regiment vied with another, making undulations in the line of colors, crowding the foe. Now comes the crowning triumph of the Eighth Vermont. Thomas understood the situation and was ready for the emergency. The story of that charge is vividly pictured in this volume. It had much to do with the success of the day. In the momentum of a magnificent advance the regiment was carried to the edge of the timber which had just previously sheltered the rebel line, then through the timber into the most murderous fire of the day. But it was the last. In a tempest of lead Thomas gathered his command, aligned it, and was ready to again move on, but the position was won,— the rebels had retreated to their last line.

I can still hear, echoing in the halls of memory, that clear, unwavering voice of grand command: "Steady, old Vermont!" Vermont was there, and Vermont *was steady;* and the best spirit of that noble state breathed that day in the voice of Stephen Thomas. I was proud to grasp his hand — after twenty-one years — on the very spot where, in the emergency of battle, he gave us his benediction as we left you to restore to our own Fourteenth its mourned-for colors. I am proud of the honor accorded me of assisting Gen. Thomas and Col. Hill in locating on that field your monument, marking the ground where your heroic charge culminated, a spot forever hallowed by the consecration of spirit and the spilling of blood by the Eighth Vermont; ground made beautifully conspicuous henceforth by a monument which perpetuates the patriotic devotion of your veterans, and the noble munificence of one of your worthiest comrades.

CAPT. HOWARD'S STORY.

As the Eighth Vermont Regiment lay in camp at Berryville, Va., on Sunday, September 18th, 1864, a careful observer might have noted an unusual air of expectancy in their faces and demeanor. The men, many of them, were gathered in groups, engaged in grave and earnest conversation. Some were writing letters to parents, brothers, sisters, wives, and sweethearts,

Others did those last things which thoughtful men are apt to do, when oppressed with a presentiment of coming evil. The camp was remarkably quiet, and every countenance wore a serious aspect.

This unwonted gravity was evidently something apart from any feeling that the sanctity of the day would be likely to impose, and to a civilian the cause of it would have seemed wholly inadequate. No startling orders had been issued, nor had the apparent relations to the enemy materially changed. Gen. Grant was in consultation, that was all; but to the experienced soldier the presence of the commander-in-chief was a grim and terrible omen. For more than a month we had been apparently playing at war. When the enemy retreated, we advanced; when he advanced in force, we fell back to Halltown and entrenched for miles, as if we expected to withstand a siege; but the moment the enemy withdrew a part of his force in our front, we advanced again. Some of our new recruits thought it would be ever thus, and the wish may have been father to the thought. But the Vermont soldiers were thinking men, and those who had seen long service know the time must be near at hand when the magnificent army under Gen. Philip H. Sheridan must strike a masterly blow for the Union. Hence there were many grave faces in the camp of the Eighth Regiment that bright Sunday morning. Col. Thomas, desiring some religious service, in the absence of a chaplain, called on Quartermaster Dewey, who read an appropriate service from the prayer-book. We believed, we hoped, we feared the time had come.

No better troops ever faced a cannon than ours. Under the leadership of our gallant Col. Thomas, the bravest man I ever saw, we had never flinched. If we had ever felt timid, or desired to shirk danger, the impulse was repressed; for no man could falter under the calm eye of Col. Thomas. We had been so proud of his leadership, and of Gen. Weitzel's cordial approval of our conduct, that I believe the fear of death was a secondary consideration. No man, unless he is a fool or brute, goes into battle without very grave feelings oppressing him,

and the best soldier is sometimes terribly frightened; but the brave man is he who so holds his fears in subjection as to be able to say, and prove his words, "Death before dishonor!"

History tells that on this Sunday, after a long interview with Sheridan, in which he found him fully prepared to take the aggressive, and only waiting the order to attack the enemy, Gen. Grant gave him the order in two words: "Go in." Late in the afternoon we received command to be ready to move in light marching order at two o'clock Monday morning, equipped with two days' cooked rations and a hundred rounds of cartridges to each man.

At the appointed time the march was begun under cover of the darkness, and as we filed out of camp the column turned toward Winchester. While halting for a little rest just after daybreak, we first heard that sound which I believe strikes a chill through the bravest man that lives, and causes him to feel that his heart is sinking down, down, till it seems to drop into his boots. I mean the dull rustling of air which is hardly more than a vibration, but which to the experienced listener betokens artillery firing at a distance. When one expects soon to join in the exercises, that signal is not inspiriting. As we advanced, the sound grew more distinct and ominous. Pressing forward at a rapid march we entered a deep, wooded gorge, and while there got the order to quick-step and then to double-quick, while the noise of fierce strife beyond and out of the woods gave a fearful meaning to the haste with which we were urged forward. In this defile was established a hospital; and as the regiment passed, we saw the surgeons taking out and examining the bright, keen knives; and on a table was a victim undergoing amputation of the leg, while other mangled men, and pools of blood, showed too plainly what was going on at the front. I must confess to "feeling pale" at that sickening sight, and I distinctly saw the men turn a shade whiter as they hurried on. I believe it was a mistake, locating the hospital where the men must see these sights before going into action.

And now let me sketch briefly the plan of battle, and the events that had already transpired. The ravine through which we were passing led to a steep and thickly-wooded crest, beyond which lay an irregular, rolling valley, on the further side of which was the enemy's stronghold, formed by a heavy belt of woods in the centre, which was amply fortified, and a series of bluffs or heights extending to right and left, and at one point by a long ledge of rock, all forming a complete natural protection for troops. In the background rose the heights of Winchester. Early's army lay diagonally across the mouth of the ravine, through which our army must pass, his left being held nearer the gorge than his right, with the evident purpose, as developed by his actions, to let a part of our army through, and then, by throwing his whole weight upon it, to crush it before the remainder could be made available. He came fearfully near success.

Sheridan's plan of attack, as carried out, was to hold this gorge at all hazard, fight the enemy's centre sharply so as to draw from his left, and then with the Eighth Corps and the cavalry crush his left. In obedience to this plan Grover's second division of the Nineteenth Corps (our corps), and Ricketts's division of the Sixth Corps, had been pushed forward over the steep hills and through the thick woods, beyond which was a rolling valley, at the farther edge of which lay the rebel strength. Struggling through this thick forest, in face of a heavy artillery fire, the lines emerged under a fierce fire of musketry. But with great impetuosity they swept across the valley, and striking the enemy heavily near his centre, forced him back some five hundred yards, and for the time seemed likely to end the battle then and there.

But Early's strongest troops were massed at that point, and, at the moment when the victory seemed almost won, a large body of the enemy suddenly appeared and attacked our two divisions with great fury; and, to add to their discomfiture, not only was the attack made in front, but their advanced position exposed them to a heavy enfilading fire from both flanks of the enemy. They fought most stubbornly, as the dead and

wounded on both sides testified, but their position was simply untenable, and they were forced back towards the gorge. From a retreat their repulse soon became almost a rout; and it was only by the most desperate and gallant exertions of general, staff, and field officers, that organizations were held together at all, and in some instances even these efforts failed for the time being.

It was just at this juncture that, after having been held in reserve for a few minutes, we were moved to the right and formed in line of battle on the slope of the thick wooded crest. Ours was the second brigade in the first division, and in military experience I have never seen a situation more appalling than was presented at the time our reserve was called into action. The enemy was pressing heavily with both artillery and infantry, and the ground was strewn with the dead and dying, for both forces had been driven over it. Commanders were making heroic, but, for the most part, vain efforts to stem the tide, which seemed to be surely setting against us. Amid this confusion and disaster, our division moved forward under cover of the trees. It was a thick wood, but the shot and shell screamed fearfully; yet our line advanced handsomely. A shell bursting near our colors killed two men and wounded several others, and just then the whole regimental line seemed to recoil from the terrible fire to which it was exposed, but recovered in a moment under Col. Thomas's stentorian "Steady, men!" Lieut. Col. Dutton, while gallantly urging forward the men, had his arm shattered by a musket shot, and was taken off the field.

At this point we reached the border of the wooded crest, and looked out upon the valley and the stronghold beyond. The fire was withering, — scorching; and here occurred one of those cool, brave actions which no soldier who saw it can ever forget. Above the roar of the battle a murmur was heard. It was not a cheer, nor was it a shout, but more an exclamation of surprise and admiration, as, mounted on his dapple gray, with hat and bridle-rein in his left hand, his unsheathed sword at

"attention," and moving at a moderate walk in front of the line, rode our grand old corps commander, Gen. Emory. Without a word, with a perfectly calm and unmoved demeanor, like a statue of stone, but with his eyes keenly scanning the ranks, he passed from one end of the line to the other, while the terrible storm of death pelted pitilessly about him. The effect was electric and wonderful, and the weakest man among us felt that he could and would dare anything after this brave act of the old soldier. Men who doubted a moment before, knew now that we should advance and succeed.

Half-way between this crest and the strong point of timber held by the enemy, a weak line of infantry which had been saved from the wreck lay on the ground firing feebly, while the enemy crowded overwhelmingly upon it. This line must be relieved, and two regiments, the Eighth Vermont and the Twelfth Connecticut, were ordered for the work. As we emerged from the border of the forest upon the open ground, we were greeted with a shower of lead and iron; but our blood was up, no one looked back, and we rushed into position. This position we held more than three hours under a continuous and heavy fire of musketry. We were apparently somewhat protected by the rolling nature of the ground, but the bullets of the enemy often found us out, and occasionally a man was hit. Company I especially suffered, being in a more exposed position than the most of the line.

Many acts of personal daring occurred during that three hours' work. Many of the dead and wounded of both armies lay close to us, and at imminent risk to their own lives our men relieved the sufferers, both friend and foe, with a drink of water or a lift into an easier position.

During the first hour stray bullets kept coming from our left, enfilading our line, and causing much nervousness; for a soldier, however bravely he may endure the shots in front, cannot bear with composure a flank fire. Taking a gun from one of the slain, one of our officers passed down to the left of our regiment and watched for this cross-fire, and soon saw three rebels in a clump of bushes at long range. Resting his rifle

on a stump he waited till one showed himself again, when he fired, and then called the attention of several men to the clump, desiring them also to watch. Soon two of the men were seen carrying off the third, when the squad fired at them, and there was an end of the pestering cross-fire.

Three o'clock came, and with it the supreme moment. The Eighth Corps under Gen. Crook had gained a position on our right, from which to crush the enemy's left. A general advance was ordered; but the line in front of us being considered too strong to charge, Col. Thomas had been ordered to hold his position until the advance had been made on either side. Suddenly on our right burst forth the deep, fierce yell our soldiers uttered when going in to win. It continued some moments, and at the same time there burst upon our ears the sound of the most continuous and terrible fire of musketry I had ever heard. Looking in the direction of the sounds we saw Crook's line advancing. It was magnificent but terrible; moving in quick time with banners unfurled, and firing rapidly by file, they marched upon our right and flung their columns on the hidden foe. The carnage was awful. Men could be distinctly seen dropping from the ranks, and the field was strewn with the dead and wounded in their rear; but the line never faltered, never wavered.

At the first sound of the advance Col. Thomas was in the saddle, and said, "We ought to drive them out of the woods." But the orders were to remain where he was. As the successful charge swept on, he could stand it no longer, and forgetting everything except his determination to take the woods, he rode in front of the colors and shouted: "Boys, if you ever pray, the time to pray has come. Pray now, remember Ethan Allen and old Vermont, and we 'll drive 'em to hell! Come on, old Vermont!" And with his sword held aloft he headed his horse for the wood, and gave him the spur. Some officers might have looked back to see if their men were following, but Col. Thomas knew his "boys" would not flinch, and, as he rode rapidly toward the wood, with the

panting, yelling regiment close to his heels, the Twelfth Connecticut could not stand it to see us charging away from them, while they remained behind. Their commander, Col. Peck, had been killed early in the action, but Capt. Clark stepped into his place; and as we moved rapidly away, he shouted: "The Eighth Vermont is going to the d——l, but they shan't go ahead of us!" and on they came. It was grand,—glorious! Nothing could stand against us, and we swept over the works and into the woods in advance of everything, driving the enemy before us in great confusion.

In this wood were great numbers of the dead of both armies, and many of our wounded. Lying propped against a tree and mortally wounded, was Lieut. Col. Babcock of the Seventy-fifth New York, well known and beloved by our regiment. One poor fellow wearing the blue lay flat on his back, but waved his cap and looked as happy as if his leg had not been shattered with a shell. Knowing that our colonel had not been ordered to charge, several superior officers tried in vain to stop him, and Gen. McMillan rode up and down the line shouting "Halt!" at the top of his lungs. But by that time we had fairly carried the woods, and there was no halt in us.

As we reached the farther edge of the wood, a new phase appeared. The Eighth Corps was hammering the enemy's left, and his line of battle was gradually swinging around diagonally to ours. The rebels were still fighting desperately, but were receiving terrible loss. A battery on our left front and not more than one hundred and fifty yards away, was delivering a rapid diagonal fire in our front. We all supposed it to be one of our own batteries. Gen. Upton, of the Sixth Corps, rode up and ordered Col. Thomas to fire upon it. Col. Thomas refused, saying it was our battery. Upton was earnest and Thomas firm, and some high words passed between them, when the smoke lifted, and there close to the battery was the rebel flag. Instantly Col. Thomas gave the order: "Fire on that battery!" and the shots were poured in with such terrible effect that it was instantly silenced; and after the battle the slain and wounded testified to the fatal accuracy of our aim.

At this time the Sixth Corps came up on our left. The Confederates were fighting the Eighth Corps from their left front, and the Nineteenth and Sixth Corps from their right and right flank. Their situation was most desperate, and most desperately were they struggling; but their fight was over. Crook, with his Eighth Corps, gallantly charged the high ground on the enemy's left, his last stronghold. From our position we could distinctly see the lines of the assault, and hear the crash of the combat, and then the cheer of our victorious men.

Then, as if the fates had conspired to make the enemy's defeat complete and terrible, our cavalry under Torbert and Custer appeared on the scene. A long stretch of open ground sloped up to a crest to the left and rear of the enemy. We had advanced, and were sheltered from a lively spurt of firing behind a stone wall. Capt. Mead shouted, "Boys, look at that!" We did look, and saw a sight to be remembered a lifetime. In solid columns, with drawn sabres flashing in the sun, and without firing a shot, down from the crest in the left rear of the enemy came a brigade of troopers, and burst at a gallop upon the surprised enemy. It was like a thunder-clap out of a clear sky, and the bolt struck home. The entire left of the enemy's line broke in utter confusion and fled in perfect rout. No man ever saw a more thrilling sight than that cavalry charge.

The work was done. Line after line moved forward at a run in pursuit of the flying enemy. Battery after battery galloped up and blazed away, then limbered up and was after them again. The enemy was driven before us like a flock of frightened sheep. Generals Sheridan, Emory, and Crook, were in the front lines directing everything. Gen. Sheridan looked as happy as a schoolboy. As he passed our regiment the men burst into a spontaneous cheer, and he swung his hat about his head and shouted: "Boys, it is just what I expected!" Gen. Emory looked just as happy, and no more so, as he did in the morning, when he rode bareheaded down our lines under a storm of shot and shell. His face was as grim and impassive as ever, and when we cheered him, he just raised his hat and galloped away to the front, where the fire seemed hottest.

For three miles we chased them just like this. Cheer after cheer rang along our lines, as we went forward at a double-quick to give one blow more, and the artillery seemed to boom joyfully as it hurled shells among the traitor crew. And thus, as Gen. Sheridan in his dispatch said, "We just sent them whirling through Winchester." Thus ended Sheridan's Battle of Winchester.

The results of this battle, in captures, as gathered on the spot or during the next day's pursuit, were five cannon, fifteen battle flags, between six thousand and seven thousand small arms, and three thousand prisoners. Three thousand of the enemy's wounded were left on the field or in the town of Winchester, or on the road between there and Strasburg. Horace Greeley's history puts the figures thus: "Our loss in this battle was fully three thousand, including Gen. David A. Russell, killed, with Gens. McIntosh, Chapman, and Upton, wounded. The heroic Nineteenth Corps — on which fell the brunt of the fight — alone lost one thousand nine hundred and forty, killed and wounded." The enemy's entire loss, including stragglers and deserters, must have been at least seven thousand men. To this should be added the important fact that the prestige of the rebels in the valley of the Shenandoah was completely broken.

COL. HILL'S STORY.

A BRIEF sketch of the experience of a single regiment for a few hours in the battle of Winchester, as observed by one of their number, will serve to show what thousands of other men in other regiments were realizing and enduring at the same time.

The night before the battle finds us occupying the rifle-pits on the Winchester pike, near Berryville. The men are quietly cooking their rations for supper. For weeks the army under Sheridan has been marching swiftly up and down the valley, face to face with the rebel army, without coming to any decisive engagement. Now, just before the sun goes down behind the hills, a cannon shot is heard. Well, what of it? To an old

soldier a single cannon shot is not an unusual occurrence. But, strange as it may seem, in war a single shot is sometimes the signal to great carnage, when under different circumstances one hundred shots would hardly receive a passing notice. A cannon shot, and the men look up and into each other's faces. My old friend and classmate, Walter Pierce, is sitting at my side, and Lieut. Downs is also at hand. Not a word is spoken until comrade Pierce breaks the silence by saying: "Hill, will you take my diary, pocket-book, and little Testament which uncle gave me, and send them home, if I am killed?" Strange premonition! but it follows him to his death. I endeavor to disabuse his mind of such an idea, but with not a particle of success: the cannon shot tells him only of death.

The little tents are quickly down and rolled up, and soon the men are in line. But they soon dropped down on their rifles for the night, with orders to be ready to move at a moment's notice. Some sleep soundly, while others toss restlessly, and their slumbers are disturbed, for it is the last fitful slumber before their long sleep of death. Between two and three o'clock in the morning, after making a hasty breakfast of hardtack and coffee, the hurried march for the battlefield is begun. Amid the booming of cannon, Abraham's creek and the old red mill are passed, and then a little stream through which artillery, horses, and men are rushed, the muddy, disturbed water being scooped up by hand and cup to cool the parched lips of the hurrying soldiers. We now enter a deep, narrow ravine, through which our cavalry has passed before us, and desperately engaged the enemy on the battlefield above us. The wounded men are being brought back into this gorge. The ground is literally strewn with men, perhaps our own neighbors, who a few hours ago were as sound in body and limb as ourselves, but are now torn and mangled.

We hurry on. Occasionally a man attempts a jest or joke to turn the thoughts; but it seems only hollow mockery. Verily, this is the valley of the shadow of death. We reach and climb the high bluffs, and Winchester plains are spread out before us.

The line of battle is formed. We march to our position in the fight between nine and ten o'clock. The rebels are in the field and woods in front, but we cannot see them distinctly. Their cannon fire shell and solid shot. A shell comes crashing into our midst, literally throwing one man into the air, taking the leg off another, and tearing open the abdomen of a poor fellow, so that his backbone protrudes in a shocking manner. It is useless to fire, for we can see only smoke. One of our batteries of six pieces is stationed a little to our left, exposed to a terrible fire from the enemy. Spiteful puffs of smoke are seen constantly over the guns and horses, and rebel shells are bursting. The horses rear and plunge, and occasionally one falls, or is cut loose by the bursting shells. The artillery men flit like spirits from caisson to gun, while cannon belch forth their death missiles, then recoil ten or fifteen feet. A man drops dead here and there, or crawls away wounded and bleeding. This is the Fifth Maine Battery.

We are under fire, but not firing ourselves. Some of the men laugh, possibly one weeps; the face of another is pale as death; his next neighbor's is flushed; one man swears a fearful oath, while his right-hand man is praying silently; the next is excited, fretful, and crowding. Here and there one is calm and cool, as if marching in review before his commander. There is absolute equality for the time being. All are on the same plane, so to speak, the rich and poor, the high and the low, the learned and the unlearned. The minie ball and the screeching shell make no distinction, but plough their cruel furrows until exhausted, or pass on like invisible fiends.

We move to the right, over a rolling field, then forward again under heavy fire into a sheltering timber. The bullets spatter against the trees and glance off, and then a sharp cry of pain is heard. Shells tear through the tops of the trees overhead, severing the limbs, which drop upon the men below. On again, through the timber to the opening, and we see the line of battle we are to relieve. It is being literally cut to pieces by the enemy which is massed in the woods in front. Into this fatal clearing and beyond, the brigades of Birge,

Molineux, and Sharpe, of the second division, had gallantly charged and been driven back with great slaughter. Wounded men and fragments of decimated regiments are passing back through our line to the rear. The flags of an almost annihilated New Hampshire regiment of Birge's brigade approaches, and Col. Thomas instantly adopts them with the quick indorsement of Gen. Dwight, only a few feet away with Gen. Emory, who said, "Yes, fall in with the Eighth Vermont; I 'll guarantee you will be taken care of there."

Now the One Hundred and Sixtieth New York, of our brigade, is hastily ordered off to fill a gap elsewhere, while the Forty-seventh Pennsylvania is used in connection with the first brigade of our division.

We can see squads of the enemy crowding out from the woods toward us. Thin clouds of white smoke rise rapidly from the muzzles of Molineux's rifles, as his men valiantly continue their desperate struggle. We are needed at once, and on the double-quick we rush forward nearly across the bare field, greeted by a fierce wail of musketry from the second woods, while the remnant of Molineux's line we relieve, rises from the ground and passes quickly back to the timber we have left. The Twelfth Connecticut is soon sent to our support and stationed at our right. Our fresh volleys come none too soon, but they are heeded, and the enemy's advance is checked in our front. A tall man near me receives a bad gash in his forehead; the crimson blood flows down his face and bosom. Another has his chin shot away, leaving his tongue dangling exposed over his throat. Both must probably die; but life is dear, and with a beseeching, parting look, they crawl back to the rear and from my sight forever, but their faces are imprinted in my memory.

We are in an open field. The enemy are strongly posted in the woods only a few rods in front, and nothing between them and us but thin Virginia grass. What a change comes over the men. No more of that strange, helpless feeling. Now every man can fight for himself. All fear is gone; in grim silence the men load their guns while lying on their backs, rise quickly

to their feet, glance across the gleaming barrel, and fire. The first man to die on this spot is Walter Pierce, who had the strange presentiment about the cannon shot last night. A minie bullet strikes his face as he rises to fire for the third or fourth time. Not a word escapes his lips as he falls lifeless to the earth.

In front and rear Confederate and Union batteries are firing over our heads. The shells have an awful, unearthly, hissing sound, like the terrible rush of escaping steam from a boiler, only a thousand times greater. A desolating fire of musketry sweeps across the exposed ground we occupy, the bullets sounding like angry hornets, as they cut the air so close to the face as to be felt. Men tear a cartridge and ram home the ball, and speak to their comrades about home or matters of interest a thousand miles away. Now amid the roar, word is passed along that Charlie Blood is killed. He falls with a single exclamation. Another is wounded, and we wonder who will be the next, when Corporal James Black settles slowly to the ground. A friendly hand instantly reaches out to his relief, but too late; his spirit has flown. And still the ugly work goes on. Col. Thomas, our commander, sits like a statue on his horse, refusing to dismount, seemingly bearing a charmed life, encouraging the men within sound of his voice. Capt. Francis E. Warren is at my side, and has partly risen to his feet to watch the rebel movements, when a bullet enters the socket of his eye, and comes out near his ear. With a groan he bows his head between his knees, and drops at my feet. The next to fall is Edmund Fisher, a man past fifty years of age, and never yet absent from his post of duty. He rises deliberately, takes careful aim, and fires his last shot; a rebel bullet pierces his right hip. He exclaims "I 'm killed! I'm killed! My home! my home!" I hastily examine his wound, and find the ball protruding from the hip bone. With my thumb and finger I press the bullet out and show it to him. He is so delighted to find his hurt so slight that he draws up his paralyzed limb to hobble away. In vain I advise him that to needlessly expose himself as a target will be sure death. He rises slowly to his feet, takes one anxious step to the rear, I

distinctly hear a dull thud, as the leaden death messenger enters his back, and he falls a dead man.

Then an incident occurs which I shall always remember with peculiar interest. Our rifles become so hot and foul from constant and rapid use, that we are obliged to abandon them and take others from the dead soldiers lying within reach. But our ammunition is giving out, and Sergeants Henry Downs and Lamb volunteer to cross the open field to our rear for more, and soon return with a fresh supply; but none too soon, for the lull in our firing is evidently taken advantage of, and the rebels swarm out from the woods and charge towards us with wild yells. But they are quickly driven back by the fierce volleys along our line. Company I is losing heavily; four of their men are shot dead, and the captain falls and is supposed to be dying. A bullet strikes Sergt. Thorn, glances, and wounds Corporal Eddy, and others are wounded. Three times, after continued firing, our ammunition is exhausted, and Col. Thomas calls for volunteers to go for more cartridges, exposed to a raking fire. Downs and Lamb nobly respond.

The First Brigade, having repulsed the foe in their own front, have moved back to the woods as a reserve, and the Eighth Vermont and Twelfth Connecticut are now alone on this advanced line. Upton's troops of the Sixth Corps are on our left, with quite an interval between us. It is three o'clock. The enemy are pressing out towards us from the woods in front, and a crisis approaches. Our slender line cannot, without plenty of ammunition, hold out against a charge accompanied by heavy volleys. At this moment, some distance to our right and rear, great cheering is heard, and we discover a body of troops advancing in magnificent array in solid column, with banners flying aloft, and moving rapidly up, with intent, as we suppose, to take position on our right as reinforcements to our thin line. It is Col. Thoburn's division of Crook's corps, and as the solid column advances, the terrible flank fire from the enemy in our front mows them down like grain, leaving literally a swath of dead in their wake.

In the meantime, while we are watching with such intense

interest this wondrous sight, Col. Thomas is not idle. The moment the enemy's fire is turned away from us, he takes upon himself the responsibility, and makes a daring move on the checker-board of war. He sees an opportunity to hurl two veteran regiments like a thunderbolt against the enemy, which is concentrating every available gun to break Crook's exposed flanks. "Boys," says he, "what we can't give them for want of powder and ball, we 'll make up in cold steel. Fix bayonets." It gives one a peculiar sensation to hear the sharp rattle of steel, and the whole scene changes. It is ugly work, but the regiment is up and ready for the conflict. Col. Thomas walks in front of his own regiment, and talks tenderly with the men, as though they were of his own flesh and blood. He passes down in front of the Twelfth Connecticut, whose colonel has been killed, and asks the officer in command if he and his men are ready to join the Eighth Vermont in a bayonet charge. Many of the men respond by springing to their feet. The captain explains that his ammunition is exhausted. "So is mine," said Col. Thomas. "Three times my regiment has fired the last cartridge." "So has the Eighth Vermont," said their gallant old leader. Then walking back, he determines to lead his own regiment to the charge, and leave the others, believing they would follow. He moves forward, holding his sword high in air. His faithful men spring to the line, their bayonets glistening in the sunlight. The Twelfth Connecticut, inspired by this courageous dash, soon follow, and the enemy are driven at the point of the bayonet from their works in the timber, our own regiment capturing many prisoners who could not get away, so sudden and desperate was the assault. In vain do staff officers, and Gen. McMillan himself, ride furiously after the men, shouting to Col. Thomas to halt his lines; the brave old commander — God bless him! — is riding with drawn sword, in front of a line of steel bayonets, and cannot be reached. Nor do they halt until the colors they bear are planted on the open plain in sight of Winchester. Not a Union flag to be seen in the wide sweep to the left, not a Union flag in front, not a Union flag to the right; only rebel

flags and batteries, one above the other, with infantry massed between, frowning down upon us, who are amazed at the grandeur of the scene. The regiment awaits the next order, while their leader hastily scans the field, which at that moment his men hold in sole possession.

A flash, and without a moment's warning, the spell is broken, when an angry roar and a horrid screeching sound is heard, as a shot tears through the air a few feet over our heads, and then we discover immediately in our left and front two pieces of artillery. The enemy we have driven back has retreated to the battery, and the field is now open between us. Quickly comprehending the situation, Col. Thomas orders the regiment to double-quick to the tall trees ten or fifteen yards to the left, form on the colors, and give them a volley. In scarcely more time than it takes to write it, the regiment obeys, and the order to load and fire is accompanied by a queer remark about "riddling their shirts." It is literally carried out; for, while it may seem exaggeration to the reader who is not on the spot, yet the truth is that the volleys which follow instantly silence both pieces, and sweep every sign of life from the guns. Among those killed and wounded here may be mentioned Charles Jenks, another of Company I, a former classmate of the writer. While the regiment was hastily forming under fire, Jenks started on the run towards the colors, halted deliberately, threw up both arms over his head, and fell backward dead.

This exciting affair is hardly over when white puffs of smoke dot the plain, and a storm of iron hail is rained upon our uncovered heads from guns planted further up the plain, one above and back of the other, and from different points, which bids fair, for a few moments, to completely wipe us out. But the Twelfth Connecticut has joined us on the right, and the advance lines of Crook's corps are rushing in from the same direction. Plunging shot and shell are creating terrible havoc in the tree-tops over our heads, when a Union flag bursts from the woods into the opening on our left; then another and another, and the plain for a long distance to our left swarms with Union troops, the flags and regiments appearing *en échelon*, while

almost at the same instant the cannonading concentrated on us is suddenly distributed along the whole line.

Now we realize for the first time how far the rushing bayonet charge has carried our regiment in advance of the main army. Meanwhile Gen. Upton of the Sixth Corps, whose men are coming up on our left, rides up through the regiment and engages in hasty conversation with Thomas, concerning troops obscured by smoke still further to the left. When the cloud-wreaths lift, and we catch sight of the familiar southern cross on the enemy's battle flags, the colonel orders the sights on the muskets raised, and one or two quick volleys are fired upon their confused lines. But our flanks are now up, and with infantry in front, cavalry and infantry on the enemy's left flank, with one grand rush the Union troops close on the Confederate army, and the finishing charge is sharp and crushing. Brave Col. van Patten, although wounded, moves to the right of the Eighth Vermont with the One Hundred and Sixtieth New York, and, connecting with the right of Upton's troops, we advance rapidly toward the enemy's left centre, in the direction of their retreat, delivering an enfilading fire as we advance, receiving in turn a heavy artillery fire. Men from Crook's corps, without any formation whatever, join us till we come to a stone wall, passing the bodies of the dead artillerists. But the enemy's artillery breaks down the wall, when we move back a few yards and then charge over beyond; and by this time the entire rebel army is on a race for life, and soon after Sheridan is able to telegraph to the war department that he has sent the enemy whirling through Winchester, and that this army fought splendidly.

Just as the last cannon shot is fired towards us a touching incident occurs. A horse comes hobbling up on three legs, one having been shot away just above the knee. The poor animal rubs his nose against the shoulders of one of the men, whinnying and crying for help. The men pity the affectionate brute, and will not shoot him till ordered to do so by an officer.

Horace Greeley, in his carefully prepared "History of the Great Civil War," has singled out this bayonet charge as one

worthy of special mention, for its national importance. In fact, it was the only actual bayonet charge in the great battle. Col. Thomas simply anticipated Sheridan's plans, and by this charge accomplished exactly what Sheridan wanted, to wit, to break the rebel left; and the important thing desired by Gen. Sheridan was secured in twenty minutes after Thomas's regiment was once under way. And when Thoburn's gallant men reached the enemy in the woods in their own front, they found his line to the left utterly shattered for more than three hundred yards by Thomas's bayonet charge.

Another important result of this charge was that it opened the way for the cavalry charge which immediately followed. The rebel infantry here was shattered and panic-stricken, and every veteran, from a soldier in the ranks to the general in command, knows that the time for a successful cavalry charge is at the moment the enemy at any given point is panic-stricken or demoralized, and just here the crowning moment came.

During the charge Lieut. Col. Babcock, of the Seventy-fifth New York, who had received a terrible and mortal wound, and a prisoner in the hands of the enemy till now, raised himself from the ground, while his life blood was ebbing away, and waved us on, shouting: "Colonel, you are doing it gloriously! When you are through, remember me." Thomas waved his sword back to his dear friend, and answered, "My dear fellow, I 'm sorry for you. I 'll remember you." He kept his word faithfully, for the conflict had hardly ended before he sent Sergt. Bowman back with a detail, and had Col. Babcock carried from the field; and while in the hospital, the dying officer remarked that he "never experienced a happier moment in his life than when he saw Thomas leading that bold and successful bayonet charge."

New Hampshire, our sister state, furnished some of the finest regiments in the service, and among the number the noble Fourteenth, of the second division. During the battle that regiment gallantly penetrated the enemy's lines, when it was driven back with terrible loss, and the colors were supposed to have been captured. Instead, however, three brave men, Sergt.

F. H. Buffum (afterward captain in service of the state), Sergt. G. E. Howard, and Corp. H. E. Baldwin, by their heroic efforts saved the flags, which were adopted by Gen. Thomas; and though the Fourteenth New Hampshire, as an organization, had no part in our bayonet charge, its colors marched proudly side by side with those of the old Eighth Vermont in that memorable and successful assault.

Among the sad memories of the battle who can ever forget the exclamation of horror that unconsciously came to our lips when, glancing back as the regiment sprang forward, we saw the zigzag line of our own dead and wounded, and those of the line we relieved, many of them to be left behind forever, as the regiment never returned to the spot; and from the commencement of the charge to its termination, we were constantly obliged to jump over the dead and wounded of the blue and the gray. So fierce had been the contest for this field and wood, over a thousand men had spilled their blood within the radius of a pistol shot of our pathway.

The flag of the regiment which was planted with such lofty heroism in the open plain in front of Winchester town was the same sacred flag that fluttered in the soft southern breezes on the high bluffs of the Mississippi river, and in face of the terrible fire for over forty days and nights at the siege of Port Hudson.

What earthly power can ever obliterate from our memory the spectacle that closed the day! The battle over, the last shot fired, the regiment halted for the night. Gen. Sheridan appeared once more in our midst, engaging for a moment in conversation with Col. Thomas. The sombre pall of night enveloped the strange scene; when, as if by magic, a thousand camp-fires leaped into the air, illuminating the great rolling plain and hilltops for miles around, while around those little fires gathered groups of brave, resolute men. Oh, my comrades, for a living photograph of that scene,—the bright night fires, the happy, excited groups, the faces burned and blackened with powder, the glistening eye of speaker and listener as the thrilling encounter was described. Then like some strange



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dream the drama slowly changes; the fires burn lower and lower, flicker, flash, and then go out in darkness. No mortal historian — only the recording angel of the God of battles — can ever write down the multitude of graphic and thrilling incidents related around those memorable fires. Then comes the moments of sorrow; for, as the weary soldier rolls himself in his blanket alone, hot tears steal down his bronzed cheek as he thinks of his loved tent-mate also alone, dead on the plain below.

INCIDENTS.

BEFORE the Eighth Vermont went forward to relieve Molineux, Company D, Capt. Getchell, and Company K, Capt. Ford, were detailed to fill a gap in the line between the Nineteenth Corps and the Eighth, where they bravely held their position until after Thomas had made his gallant charge through the woods, when they rejoined the regiment. Company F, also, which under Capt. Smith had been holding a difficult and dangerous skirmish line, rejoined the regiment at that time; and all three were complimented for their valiant behavior that morning, in Col. Thomas's report to the adjutant general.

On a battlefield where the entire period of action was one long display of courageous endurance, it is difficult to single out instances of conspicuous bravery. And yet when the Eighth Vermont came under a hot fire, and Col. Thomas called for volunteers to go out in front of the line as scouts, to inform him if the Confederates should make any attempt to charge upon him, Sergeant Halladay, of Company B, and the six comrades who responded, showed a degree of nerve that entitles them to special mention. Those daring fellows, taking their lives in their hands, crawled out a hundred yards in front of the regimental line, and, partially concealed by some bushes and rising ground, lay there under two fires and watched the movements of the enemy, who filled the woods just ahead of them. They could not well return, but when the charge ordered by Col. Thomas swept over the ground, they fell in and rejoined their company.

When the Eighth first joined the army in Virginia, members of the Sixth Corps would often joke them about being "Louisianians"; but after the splendid charge on the 19th, Gen. Sheridan rode along the line, and, stopping in front of the regiment, said: "If you are 'Louisianians,' you can fight."

The recovery of Private Ransom Coalbeth, of Company K, who was wounded in the Opequon fight, was remarkable. A piece of shell laid open his side, tearing out two ribs, and exposing the contents of his chest. The surgeon who saw him on the field reported that he was past help and would not live an hour, and in the company reports his name was placed on the list of dead. But about two months after the battle, notice was received from the hospital at Annapolis, Md., that he was there, doing well and likely to recover. He did recover, and was able to do light duty until the close of the war.

Before his regiment started for the front on the morning of the 19th, Lawson Whittemore, of Company A, wrote a letter to his mother, but remarked to a comrade, after finishing it, that it would never reach her. Nothing further might have been thought of the matter had not Whittemore been wounded. But in the morning fight a shell burst and carried away his leg. Speaking to Sergt. Hill, to whom he had made the remark about the letter, he asked: "Do you remember what I told you? That letter was in my pants pocket, and is torn into a thousand pieces."

Later on, after the regiment had executed the brilliant charge for which the colonel has been so highly complimented, and was lying prostrate behind a stone wall where they had made a temporary halt, Edward Belville, of Company B, who had escaped all the enemy's shots, received a fatal wound from a fence rail that lay on top of the wall. He had risen to his feet and was watching the Confederates, when an artillery shot struck the ground in his front, glanced, hit the fence rail, and sent it against him with tremendous force. Belville was thrown on the ground several feet away, and his comrades who picked him up did not think him seriously hurt, because he was able to go to the rear without further assistance. But he died in the hospital shortly after.

While the retreating Confederates were pursued beyond Winchester, and after the firing along their lines had apparently ceased, Col. H. E. Hill reports seeing one cannon wheel into position and give the Union victors a parting shell, which struck and exploded about forty yards in front of the Eighth Vermont, and a flying fragment knocked one man down. This was a rather spiteful way of acknowledging that they had been soundly whipped.

After Sheridan's exultant troops had encamped for the night, and the kindly darkness had dropped its veil over the bloody field, Lieut. Lewis Childs, of McMillan's staff, who was looking for his supply trains, was obliged to dismount and lead his horse, to avoid treading on the wounded and dead of both armies, who still lay where they had fallen on the gory ground.

The effect on Gen. Grant of "Little Phil's" first victory in the valley would seem to have been phenomenal. He was never a demonstrative man; but an officer who was inspector at the headquarters of the army operating against Richmond, said: "The only time I ever saw Gen. Grant show any exhilaration was when he received the news of Sheridan's victory at Winchester. He came out of his tent, threw his hat into the air, and then went back again. He knew that was the beginning of the end."

The list of men killed and wounded at Opequon, on the 19th instant, is as follows: Killed: Corp. Marshall W. Wells and Lawson Whittemore, Company A; Edmund Fisher, Charles J. Blood, Walter W. Pierce, Charles E. Jenks, and James F. Black, Company I. Wounded: Lieut. Col. Henry F. Dutton; Capt. Geo. O. Ford, Company K; Lieut. Wheaton Livingston, Company B; Lieut. Nathaniel Robie, Company I; Lieut. Perry Porter, Jr., Company K; Sergt. Kirk F. Brown, Corp. Rodger Hovey, Michael Hurley, Wm. B. Page, and Charles S. Clark, Company A; Corp. Wm. H. Henry and Edward Belville (died from wounds), Company B; John Miller and Henry A. Dow, Company C; Sergt. Jacob Mills, Jr., and Edgar Barstow, Company D; James W. Averill and Thomas F. Ferrin, Company

E; Paul Bouskay and D. L. Payne, Company F; Antone Depuys, Company G; George P. Eddy and Charles S. Smith, Company I; Corp. George Furbush, Samuel T. Penfield, Simon Scheikert, Wm. H. Silsby, and Lewis J. Ingalls, Company K.

Lieut. Col. Henry F. Dutton, one of the most efficient and popular officers in the Eighth Regiment, was so severely wounded at the battle of Opequon, that he was unable to continue in the service, and was honorably discharged November 16th, 1864. He entered the service as captain of Company H, and having an active, well-disciplined mind, he soon made himself master of the situation, and was equal to any emergency, whether in camp or under fire. He was one of the best field officers in the brigade, and could move a regiment in battle with the same ease as when on parade. For valiant service as commander of the picked detachment at the destruction of the gunboat Cotton, he was complimented by Col. Thomas in his report made to the adjutant general of Vermont.



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IX.

FISHER'S HILL.

WHAT Mr. Geo. E. Pond calls the corollary to the battle of Opequon was fought three days later. In their flight from Winchester, Early's troops, pursued by a victorious and exultant army, did not pause until they reached the wellnigh impregnable fastness known as Fisher's Hill. There they took position on a thoroughly defended bluff that rises abruptly from the general surface above Strasburg, midway between Massanutten and North Mountain. The steep eastern base is guarded by a loop of the Shenandoah, and Tumbling Run cuts its channel under the very brow of the crest on the north. By blocking the approaches on the northwest, therefore, with strong works, the enemy, once in possession of the crest, could consider themselves tolerably secure, if not absolutely inaccessible.

But Gen. Sheridan did not propose to neglect his advantage, and on the morning of the 21st instant the Union troops were advanced within artillery range of Fisher's Hill, and the day was spent in shelling the woods on the enemy's flanks, and fixing a position from which to strike a decisive blow. At daybreak the next morning the batteries opened a brisk fire, to which the Confederates made but a feeble reply, while the infantry line was moved into the woods north of the hill; and during the forenoon strong earthworks were thrown up, though for what reason the soldiers did not know, unless it was to amuse the Johnnies, who gazed down upon them from their stronghold on the bluff.

At two o'clock, P. M. the skirmishers advanced and drove a detachment of Confederates out of some rifle-pits in front, and at five o'clock Gen. Sheridan's plan of attack became apparent. While the movements in front had engaged the attention of the enemy, Crook with the Eighth Corps had executed a successful flank movement, surprising them and turning their left. This was what Sheridan had been waiting for, and as soon as it became certain that Crook had gained the rear, he ordered a general advance all along the lines.

Col. Thomas and his regiment pushed forward with the rest of the Nineteenth Corps, towards the base of the bluff that looked so formidable, bristling with blazing guns. But it seemed incredible that Crook could actually be in the enemy's rear, or that the strong works would yield to assault. Just then, however, Captain Wilkinson, of Gen. Emory's staff, came dashing along, waving his hat and shouting, "They 've left their guns and are running like cowards!" Gen. Sheridan, too, was all along the line with his aids, impatient of delay, and commanding everything to be hurried forward.

Across the ravine, through the tangled brushwood, and up the steep ascent scrambled the troops, to find the works deserted, and Early's army in full retreat along the valley road, their dead and wounded, batteries, and everything on wheels left behind, and the troops so panic-stricken at the sudden bursting of the Eighth Corps upon their unguarded rear, that they were indeed running like cowards, while a considerable force had failed to escape and were made prisoners. Twenty-one pieces of artillery were taken and a stand of Confederate colors, while the disabled and slain, numbering more than a thousand men, testified to the deadly havoc produced by the Union guns.

By this time night had shut down on the scene, but Gen. Sheridan, determined to keep close upon the enemy's rear, ordered immediate pursuit; and the Eighth Vermont, as the advance of the supporting column, pressed on as rapidly as the thick darkness and the nature of the ground would permit. While they descended the slope beyond the bluff, a light suddenly shone out from a small house at the foot of the hill, which



LIEUT. PERRY PORTER, JR., CO. K.



ASSISTANT SURGEON O. E. ROSS.



SURGEON H. H. GILLETT.



HOSPITAL STEWARD C. M. FERRIN



ASS'T SURGEON S. H. CURRIER.

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proved to be a signal to the enemy, for, when the regiment came in front of it, a Confederate battery opened fire upon them from the higher ground, and at the same moment the timber on each side of the line blazed with musketry.

It was not an agreeable surprise for a dark night, and several men were wounded by the bursting shells, for the shots had been well aimed. One flying piece struck a musket in the hands of the tallest man in Company C, and cut off the breech, without hurting him or any one else, though he had what the Friends would designate as a "close call." Taking in the situation, the captain of the company made a dash for the door of the house, but finding it barred, broke in a window, and, reaching in, overturned the signal lamp with his sword. Then Col. Thomas ordered the regiment to charge up the bank to the left, and the temerity of the saucy Johnnies was quickly punished by the capture of about two hundred and fifty, and the major who commanded them. Meanwhile a Union battery had arrived on the spot, and delivered a shot which forced the enemy into silent retirement.

The results of that day's work, while insignificant when compared with Sheridan's two great battles of the valley, were important because of the wide disparity between the losses of the two armies. For while the Confederates must have lost over thirteen hundred men, the Union forces were reduced only about four hundred. But the brilliancy of this achievement, following so closely the victory at Winchester, heightened the nation's admiration of "Little Phil," and established him in public confidence. There were general demonstrations of rejoicing; and on hearing the news Gen. Grant said to Sheridan, "Keep on, and your good work will cause the fall of Richmond."

No members of the Eighth Vermont were killed in this engagement; but George Bement and George S. Remick, Company A, Lieut. Edward F. Gould, Company D, and John B. Thomas, Company F, were wounded. Ferris Merrill, Company G, fell out of the ranks on the night march to Woodstock, was taken prisoner, and died in captivity.

After this disastrous encounter, Early's depleted army continued to fall back up the valley, until, on the 25th, they reached Port Republic, far up among the head-waters of the Shenandoah. The Union forces pressed on in pursuit, and collected at Harrisonburg, near enough to keep a vigilant eye on all the enemy's movements. The cavalry under Torbert, however, proceeded to Waynesboro, Staunton, and other points to the southward, destroying military stores and provisions, and laying waste the country, in order to cut off the enemy's means of subsistence. For some days Sheridan remained quietly in that vicinity, while carrying on correspondence with Gen. Grant concerning future movements. Finding that Kershaw with his forces had rejoined Early, and Rosser with his brigade had reinforced the enemy's cavalry, Gen. Sheridan came to the conclusion that the best policy was, "to let the burning of the crops of the valley be the end of this campaign, and let some of this [his] army go elsewhere."

With this view the lieutenant general at length concurred, and Sheridan set about the cruel though necessary business of devastating the country, and burning everything on which either man or beast could subsist. The measure very likely caused no little suffering to innocent, defenceless people, and the fair land soon became a smoking, blackened waste.

TOM'S BROOK.

In carrying out the orders received from Gen. Grant, Sheridan began to move his army northward again during the first days of October; and Early, construing this retrogression as a symptom of weakness, or, what is more likely, getting so desperate for lack of subsistence that he was obliged to offer battle or hasten to some more hospitable region with his famished army, pushed on in pursuit. The enemy's cavalry under Rosser, the new commander, were particularly inclined to press upon the Union lines, and caused them much annoyance. This led on the 9th instant to a cavalry engagement, which was interesting to the Eighth Vermont, chiefly because a portion of

the men chanced to be on picket duty in a position from which they could witness the fight, while at one stage of the action there was a probability that they, and perhaps the entire regiment, might come under the Confederate fire.

An officer of the Eighth, who was in command of the pickets at the time, has furnished quite a graphic account of what he and many of his comrades saw of this lively battle. As he describes it, Rosser set about his new task with great energy, and pressed Custer, who was his classmate, on the back and middle roads, while Lomax, with another brigade of Confederate horse, moved down the valley pike against Merritt. Gen. Sheridan resented this boldness, and on the afternoon of the 8th rode to the rear to investigate. Coming upon the Eighth Vermont as it lay resting after the toilsome march, he stopped some moments and talked with Col. Thomas. He was in excellent spirits, and said that the enemy had a new cavalry commander from Richmond, who thought that the Union army was running away, and was consequently very saucy and pushing, and needed a fight to cool him off. And Sheridan added that he was going to find out whether his army were running away or not, and at the same time settle with this new general.

The place was near Tom's Brook, three or four miles south of Strasburg, and the picket line was pushed well out. Just beyond, the enemy's cavalry were hammering away with great vigor and using their artillery freely, and the Union troopers were steadily driven back. The brisk firing continued till long after dark that night, and at last the two lines approached so near that shots began to fall among the pickets, and one man was wounded. To the picket officer it seemed that Sheridan's "settlement" with Rosser was showing a balance on the wrong side of the account that might prove him insolvent, unless the Union infantry took a hand in figuring up the bill.

During the night which followed, the utmost vigilance was maintained along that picket line, no member of which showed any symptoms of being sleepy; and before retiring to headquarters "Little Phil" gave the famous verbal order to Torbert to start out at daylight next morning, and "whip the rebel cav-

alry or get whipped himself." In his report Sheridan changes the wording of this order somewhat, but Torbert's version is believed to be right, since it sounds like Sheridan, who always went into a fight intending that somebody should get soundly whipped.

At daybreak the cavalry was in the saddle, Custer confronting Rosser on the back road, and Merritt facing Lomax on the pike. The opposing forces were nearly equal, and each commander had a full battery, so that the spectators on the picket line had a prospect of witnessing an intensely interesting contest. As the Union cavalry deployed in full view of the foe, the latter opened a furious artillery fire upon them, and presently met their advance with carbines. But the Union troopers moved firmly out; and as the horses set into a gallop, they gave a prolonged yell, brandished their gleaming swords, and burst upon the over-confident Johnnies, breaking their line in pieces.

The fight lasted for about two hours, during which Rosser struggled with great desperation and a momentary success; but no subsequent effort could regain the set-back he received at the outset, and soon his entire force was flying in wild confusion. All their artillery, except a single piece, was left behind, and Torbert, whose men were in high spirits, chased the fugitives along the valley for a space of fully twenty-five miles, before breakfast.

Before the defeat was clearly discerned by the excited pickets, the officer says he was somewhat startled by seeing a full rebel battery come into his line, the riders wearing the gray; but in a moment the cause of the strange movement became apparent, for he discovered that the pieces were captured, and under the direction of soldiers in blue.

Everybody in camp that day was in rare good humor. Gen. Sheridan could not move without being greeted with cheers, and the air was full of jokes and gibes about the new Confederate general. There was some reason to believe that the Federal army would shortly have all the enemy's heavy guns in safe keeping; and not long after this the mob in Richmond painted on some pieces of artillery marked to be sent to Gen. Early, "In care of Gen. Sheridan."



LIEUT-GENERAL P. H. SHERIDAN.

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TO MIMI
ANGELIAO

X.

BATTLE OF CEDAR CREEK.

WHILE the two hostile armies had been marching up and down the Shenandoah valley, improving every chance to deal each other crippling blows, the sun was moving to his winter quarters in the south. The pensive autumn days came, when nature seemed to deck the far blue hills and nearer landscape in "splendors not her own"; when forests put on their dying brilliancy, and gorgeous sunsets left the world aflame.

Unconsciously the veteran regiment, whose devious career lends interest to these pages, were going to their "last weird battle in the west," after which those who escaped would be exempt from the toils and cruelties of fighting for the remainder of their days. But the release was to cost them the bloodiest sacrifice they had yet laid on the altar of patriotism. Already had their precious colors passed through a terrible ordeal in the white heat of slaughter, and the company rolls had strangely changed, since first the warm-hearted volunteers answered to their names at Camp Holbrook. But the defiant spirit of rebellion, that had so long hovered over the valley, was not yet satiated with human blood, and thousands on both sides were yet to fall, before its cursed shadow would flee into the distant mountains, and haunt the fair land no more.

Early and his generals did not lack courage in the field or skill in strategy, nor were they yet conquered. Since the flames had devoured the abundance on which they had hoped to subsist as long as they required to hold possession of the valley,

they were reduced to the necessity of choosing between immediate retreat and aggressive operations. They decided on the latter, and, inasmuch as the case was desperate, all their military genius was laid under tribute to devise means by which to visit upon the Union army a surprise as sudden and complete as that which had cost them such a mortifying rout at Fisher's Hill. The experience of the last month had taught them something of the methods of Gen. Sheridan, and it was not their fault if they did not better the instruction.

The Confederates possessed one advantage over their enemy which could scarcely be rated too highly. They had an established signal station on Three Top, the highest point of land in the region, from which they had never been permanently dislodged, and from which they could always overlook the Union forces, and gain an accurate knowledge of their position. By this means, when Early once resolved on striking his opponent by stealth, he was enabled to plan a battle which was certainly the most unique, if not one of the most masterly attacks during the war.

About the middle of October the Union army was concentrated near the confluence of Cedar Creek and the Shenandoah, a short distance north of Strasburg, in full view of the Confederate signal station. This was a position very favorable to the designs of Gen. Early, for in planning an attack, he could have the benefit of the actual battle-ground spread out like a panorama under his eye. As he and his officers surveyed the Union camp on the 18th instant, they discovered the situation of Sheridan's three army corps to be thus: They were encamped just east of the creek, near the pike leading from Winchester, with Strasburg in their front and Middletown in the rear; the Eighth occupied the left of the pike in two divisions, the first entrenched on a mound east of the stream, the second also on high ground a little to the north, and close to the pike; the Nineteenth Corps held the right of the Eighth, and was encamped on an elevated plain behind earthworks, with the pike on the left, the creek in front, and Meadow brook (a branch of Cedar Creek) on the right; beyond the brook the Sixth formed

the right flank of the army, and was also entrenched; the cavalry and artillery were disposed in near proximity.

On the eve of the battle which the enemy was preparing with the utmost secrecy, two untoward circumstances seemed to favor their designs. Gen. Sheridan was absent from the army, attending to important business in Washington, so that the command of the troops devolved on Gen. Wright, of the Sixth Corps. The other circumstance alluded to was that, on the night before the surprise occurred, Wright and his subordinate officers came to the conclusion that Early was too far away to cause any apprehension, and the Union army slept with a feeling of profound security. While it might be unjust to charge the officers in command with neglecting to throw around their camp the proper safeguards, it was a fact that they trusted too readily to the results of what was considered a thorough reconnoissance to determine the position of the enemy, and the morning of the fight found them unprepared.

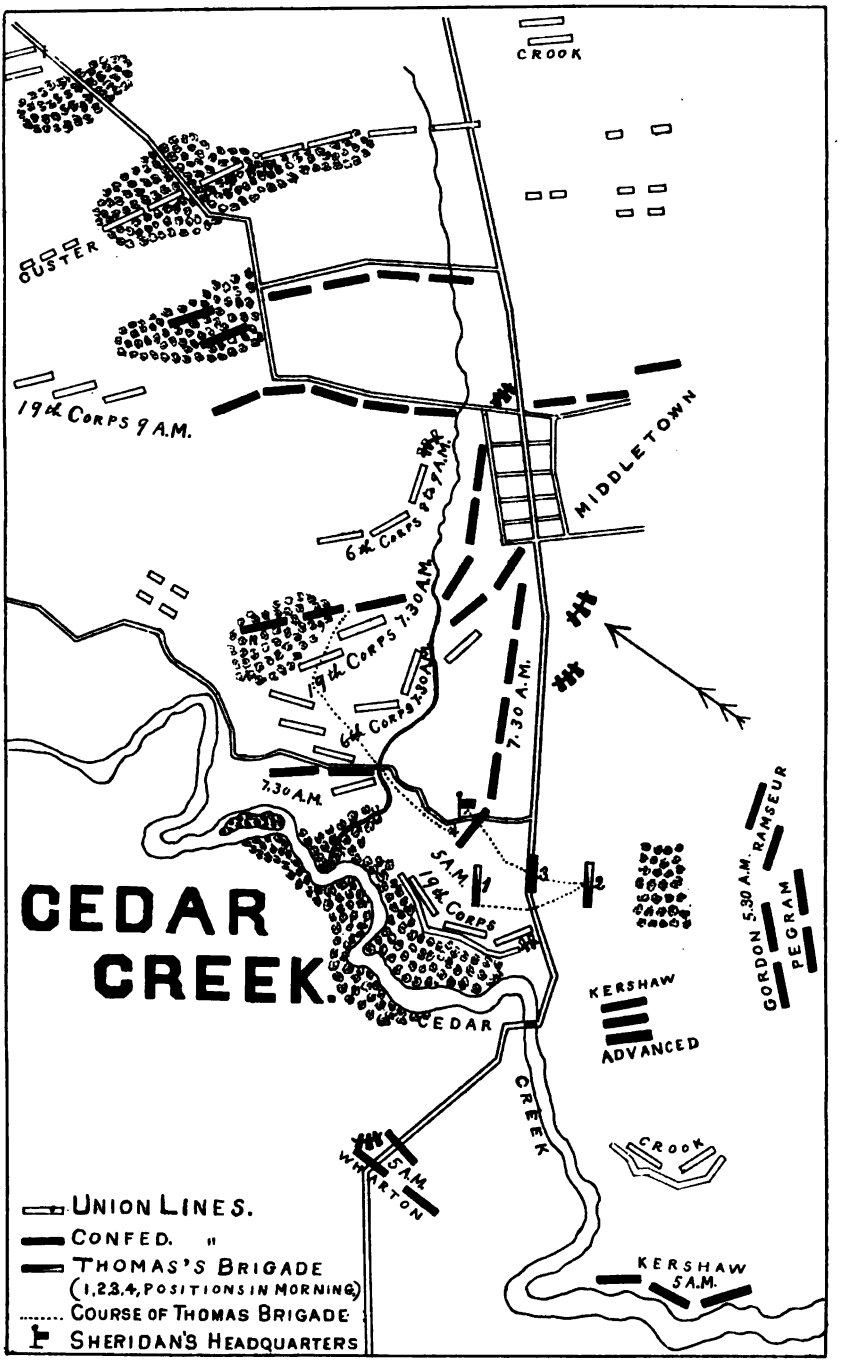
Whether Early purposed to mislead his antagonist as to his whereabouts or not, his whole available force was hovering so near at hand that, during the night of the 18th instant, he was able to march them in perfect silence along the to them well-known mountain ways, and post them by divisions so skilfully, that at morning light they could fall upon their enemy with the most sudden and effective surprise.

But while a sense of absolute security prevailed in camp the night before the battle, there was one officer who had his suspicions that danger was close at hand, and, after making a personal investigation, he caused his fears to be reported at headquarters. Col. Thomas observed symptoms of impending trouble, and, after the other officers had retired to their tents, he moved anxiously about, by no means satisfied that all was well. He was on duty as corps officer of the day, and during the afternoon, while on the watch, he discovered through his glass men in citizens' dress talking earnestly together and pointing here and there to the lines. What he saw strongly inclined Thomas to the opinion that the enemy had not abandoned their front, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding.

Finally Col. Thomas called the attention of Gen. Emory to what he had observed, and made known his suspicions. The general appeared to consider the matter of sufficient gravity to be reported at headquarters, and asked him as a personal favor to call on Gen. Wright and repeat the story to him. But Wright did not think there was occasion for undue anxiety, and to quiet the colonel's uneasiness said: "I have ordered Crook to send out a strong reconnoitring force."

But Col. Thomas considered it prudent to post his picket lines with unusual care, and remained in the saddle through the entire night. Having made his post-midnight rounds among the guard, he rode out beyond the picket line, and soon found himself in a ravine confronted by Confederate soldiers, who insolently demanded: "Surrender, you d—d Yankee!" "No, sir," said the colonel, "it 's too early in the morning! Besides, your request was not respectful." And striking spurs into his horse, he dashed up a steep bank, followed by a shower of bullets and a rebel yell.

Col. J. Hotchkiss, chief of engineers on Gen. Early's staff, during a recent call on the writer, referred to the battle of Cedar Creek, and stated some interesting circumstances connected with it. He said that during the afternoon before the engagement took place, he and another officer dressed in citizens' clothes and crept all along the Union picket lines, examining every point, and getting a large amount of information of value in planning the attack. It is possible that the twain were the very men whom Col. Thomas saw apparently studying the situation. Shortly before the attack opened in the morning a heavy rumbling sound reached the Confederate headquarter, and Early remarked anxiously: "It 's all up with us. We are discovered, and that is the enemy's artillery." Hotchkiss thought not, and crawling out once more along the picket lines, he found them in quiet order. The noise proceeded from a wagon train starting for Winchester. Col. Hotchkiss said further that they were very desirous to capture Sheridan, and had a force of one thousand picked men, who were to push on to the Belle Grove House, when the battle opened, and take him


CROOK
CUSTER
19th CORPS 9 A.M.
6th CORPS 9 A.M.
MIDDLETOWN
6th CORPS 7.30 A.M.
7th CORPS 7.30 A.M.
6th CORPS 7.30 A.M.
7.30 A.M.
7.30 A.M.
CEDAR CREEK.
5 A.M.
19th CORPS
GORDON 5.30 A.M.
RAMSEUR
PEGRAM
KERSHAW
ADVANCED
CEDAR
CREEK
CROOK
WHARTON
5 A.M.
KERSHAW
5 A.M.
UNION LINES.
CONFED. "
THOMAS'S BRIGADE
(1,2,3,4, POSITIONS IN MORNING)
COURSE OF THOMAS BRIGADE
SHERIDAN'S HEADQUARTERS

prisoner; but the movements of the Union cavalry intercepted the plan. This fact would indicate that Early was not aware of Sheridan's absence.

Col. Thomas had scarcely reached the camp after his escape from the Confederate skirmishers, when the noise of heavy firing was heard along the front of the Union lines, and Crook's first division of the Eighth Corps, which occupied the extreme left, was driven back in confusion. What followed is told in detail later on. Kershaw advanced straight upon the Eighth Corps from the creek, while Gordon, Pegram, and Ramseur moved up on the left; Wharton, too, was already posted on the pike in front of the Nineteenth Corps, where he could pour an enfilading fire into the Union lines beyond the bridge.

When the lines of the Nineteenth Corps were hastily formed for action, Col. Thomas took command of McMillan's brigade, to which his own regiment belonged, and Maj. Mead led the Eighth Vermont. Before the troops realized what had happened they found themselves in the thick of the fight, and made the startling discovery that the Union lines were giving way before the fierce onslaught of the enemy. It soon became evident that Crook's gallant regiments had fallen back before the resolute Confederates, and were retreating across the pike, hotly pursued. An effort must instantly be made to relieve them, and, even at the cost of annihilation, a force must be sent out to hold the enemy in check till the Sixth and Nineteenth Corps had time to form.

Col. Thomas and his brigade were close at hand, and, just as the gray dawn revealed the terrible slaughter beyond, Gen. Emory ordered them to advance across the pike — a single, unsupported brigade — against the best divisions of Early's army. Instantly Maj. Mead shouted, "Fall in, Eighth Vermont!" and taking position in the line they moved up the hill to the edge of the wood from which Crook's troops had fled. Lieut. James Welch, with Company G, advanced into the woods as skirmishers, and were soon hurled back by the overwhelming forces of the enemy. But the brigade knew why it had been sent there, and firmly met the shock on ground which could not long be

held. Mead was soon wounded, and passed the command to Capt. McFarland, of Company A, who, when the brigade sullenly retired, took back with him less than a third of his gallant men. It was a fearful necessity that required a detachment to be sent to almost instant destruction, in order to gain time, a trying alternative that, thank God, seldom presents itself in the history of warfare. When the veterans visited the battle-field in 1883, and were recalling the experiences of the morning surprise, Gen. Emory took Col. Thomas by the hand, and said, with much feeling: "Thomas, I never gave an order in my life that cost me so much pain as it did to order you across the pike that morning. I never expected to see you again." But it has its parallels.

At Chancellorsville, when Jackson made his famous flank attack, routing the Eleventh Corps, Gen. Sickles ordered Pleasonton to take command of the artillery, and Pleasonton hastily collected twenty-two guns of his own and the Third Corps', placing them in Hazel Grove, on an eminence that was really the key to the field. The Confederates were so close at hand that there was no time to load or aim the guns. In another moment the position would be lost. Something must be done instantly to delay Jackson. Turning to Maj. Peter Keenan, of the Eighth Pennsylvania cavalry, Pleasonton ordered him to charge the ten thousand of the enemy with his four hundred. Keenan knew it was certain annihilation to his command to hurl it into that mass of infantry, but he obeyed, and nobly rode to his death. His charge gave the batteries time to get ready, and Jackson was stopped.

History repeats itself. The charge of the Light Brigade was not a nobler act than the charge of that four hundred Union cavalry, Keenan's conduct rivaled that of Arnold Winckelried in Switzerland, and the Chevalier d'Assas in France. The disparity of forces was not much greater than that between the gallant brigade at Cedar Creek and the four exultant and victorious Confederate divisions that it was ordered to delay that the Sixth Corps might get ready.

Sheridan himself, early in his career in the war, at Stone

River sent a brigade to almost certain death in order to gain time for the rest of his division, and the charge cost him the life of the gallant Gen. Sill. Sheridan's whole division in that battle, in its relation to the army of the Cumberland, exemplified in a marked manner the conduct of Thomas's brigade at Cedar Creek.

The act of a single brigade, however brave, is but a small factor in the sum total of a day's fighting like that at Cedar Creek. Other troops, as heroic as those led by Thomas, went quickly to their death in those grim morning hours. But a peculiar exigency has singled out the deed and given it historic prominence. In commenting upon it the historian of the Tenth Vermont Regiment says:

"Col. Stephen Thomas, the veteran commander of the Eighth Vermont Regiment, and the officer who did so much to mend the broken lines of his corps at Winchester, on the 19th of September, now in command of McMillan's brigade, immediately threw it across the pike and plunged with it into the woods, where he tried to arrest the fugitives from the Eighth Corps, and attempted to beat back the rebel host that was then pressing unopposed in pursuit. But he was soon overwhelmed and obliged to retire, leaving fully one third of his men dead and wounded on the ground."

Brig. Gen. McMillan says in his report that, in executing Emory's orders, he "put in the Second Brigade, Col. Thomas, in the position indicated [across the pike], occupying a deep ravine and thick copse of wood, from which it was soon driven by overwhelming force, but not until completely flanked, and nearly one third of its members killed, wounded, or captured."

In the history of the Fourteenth New Hampshire Regiment occurs this paragraph: "Col. Thomas's brigade of the first division had faced to the rear, and advanced across the pike to meet the enemy, and fought him there until completely overborne by weight of numbers." The history of the Twenty-ninth Maine also says: "Our Second Brigade was sent under Col. Thomas, a fighter of the bull-dog kind, to reinforce Crook's command, and they made a bull-dog fight of it, across the pike near the camp that Crook had been driven from, as many dead in blue and gray testified to us who saw them the next day."

WASHINGTON, Oct. 16, 1885.

MY DEAR COL. CARPENTER:

I am very glad to learn that you are about to write a regimental history of the Eighth Vermont United States Volunteers. When I sent its heroic colonel, Gen. Thomas, across the pike at Cedar Creek, to support the Eighth Corps under Gen. Crook, I was immediately occupied in defending my own headquarters, and in changing the front of battle of the Nineteenth Corps, which was assailed in the rear by the total collapse of the Eighth Corps. But I well knew the gallantry of the Eighth Vermont and of the officers who commanded it, and I felt safe in doing the only thing that could have been done under the terrible circumstances surrounding us.

Both in Louisiana and in the valley of the Shenandoah, the Eighth Vermont was a solid and reliable regiment, that could be depended on under the scorching heats of the South as well as the rigorous winter climate of the Shenandoah.

I remain, Colonel, with great regard,

Your comrade and friend,

W. H. EMORY.

Col. Herbert E. Hill, who has made a faithful study of the history of the battle, contributes the following description of the movements in which his regiment took part.

THE MORNING FIGHT.

In the morning fight at Cedar Creek, the colors of the Eighth Vermont passed through a terrible ordeal, and received a bloody baptism. But for the heroic and loyal souls in that little band, who stood up nobly against fearful odds on the memorable morning of October 19th, 1864, the regimental standard would never have come out of the battle triumphant.

The thrilling story of the fight over the standards is no myth. It was a horrid, desperate, hand-to-hand encounter for possession of the flags—a fierce, excited, and daring foe on one side, loyal and equally brave men on the other. Gen Crook's corps, located on our left and partially in our front, had been surprised, overborne, and swept away. Gen. Thomas, after a furious ride, hotly pursued and barely escaping with his life, had arrived from the picket line, and, by direct verbal order of Maj. Gen. Emory, had led his brigade forward across the pike, a mere



Forbes Co.

MAJ. GEN. WM. H. EMORY.

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handful of men, to meet and resist whole divisions made up of the flower of the rebel army.

By the fortune of war, the Eighth Vermont, under Maj. Mead, occupied the most exposed position in the brigade, as the enemy, with deafening yells, were moving swiftly in from front and flank. As the great drops of rain and hail precede the hurricane, so now the leaden hail filled the air, seemingly from all directions, while bursting shell from the enemy's cannon on the opposite hill created havoc on our only flank not yet exposed to the rebel infantry. Regiment after regiment of the Eighth Corps had crumbled away and gone past to the rear; our two companion regiments, the Twelfth Connecticut and One Hundred and Sixtieth New York, terribly smitten, clung tenaciously to us, their love as cordially reciprocated; yet the sudden rush of the enemy from every direction, in their yellowish suits, breaking through even the short intervals between the commands, forced each regiment to fight its own battle; and so the Eighth Vermont was practically alone for a time, — and who can count such moments? — as the swarming enemy broke upon it with almost resistless fury.

Suddenly a mass of rebels confronted the flags, and with hoarse shouts demanded their surrender. Defiant shouts went back. "Never!" "Never!" And then, amid tremendous excitement, commenced one of the most desperate and ugly hand-to-hand conflicts over the flags that has ever been recorded. Men seemed more like demons than human beings, as they struck fiercely at each other with clubbed muskets and bayonets. A rebel of powerful build, but short in stature, attempted to bayonet Corporal Worden of the color-guard. Worden, a tall, sinewy man, who had no bayonet on his musket, parried his enemy's thrusts until some one, I think Sergt. Brown, shot the rebel dead. A rebel soldier then levelled his musket and shot Corporal Petre, who held the colors, in the thigh, — a terrible wound, from which he died that night. He cried out: "Boys, leave me; take care of yourselves and the flag!" But in that vortex of hell men did not forget the colors; and as Petre fell and crawled away to die, they were instantly seized and

borne aloft by Corporal Perham, and were as quickly demanded again, by a rebel who eagerly attempted to grasp them; but Sergt. Shores of the guard placed his musket at the man's breast and fired, instantly killing him. But now another flash, and a cruel bullet from the dead rebel's companion killed Corporal Perham, and the colors fall to the earth. Once more, amid terrific yells, the colors went up, this time held by Corporal Blanchard; — and the carnage went on.

Lieut. Cooper was seen to raise his arm in the air; and shouting "Give it to them, boys!" he too was stricken with a death wound, and his white, sad, dead face is one of the living memories of the spot. Lieut. Cooper's death was instantly avenged, however, by Sergt. Hill, of Company A, who shot the rebel. Hill then turned to assist a wounded companion who had fallen at his side, when an excited enemy made a lunge at him, his bayonet gliding between the body and arm. He sprang quickly away, and by an adroit movement knocked the rebel down with clubbed musket, and continued fighting until surrounded and forced into the enemy's ranks, but refused to surrender, when a side shot tore away his belt, cartridge box, and the flesh to his backbone, which crippled him to the ground; but when Gordon's divisions swept the spot, some of the rebels wearing blue coats supposed to be taken from Crook's men, Hill rose and joined them in the charge, shouting with the rebels, and actually firing harmless shots at his own regiment. He was once challenged by a rebel officer, to whom he answered that he belonged to the Fourth Georgia.

At the next stand made by the brigade on the pike, Hill rushed into the Union line, although exposed to the fire of his friends as well as his foes, and continued fighting till he sank to the ground from loss of blood, fell into the enemy's hands, and was again rescued at night.

The fight for the colors continued. A rebel discharged his rifle within a foot of Corporal Bemis of the color guard, and wounded him, but was in turn shot dead by one of our men. A little later, Sergt. Shores and Lemuel Simpson were standing together by the flags, when three rebels attacked and

ordered them to surrender; but as they (the enemy) had just discharged their pieces, Simpson immediately fired and shot one, while Shores bayoneted the other. Sergt. Moran, whose devotion to the flag was intensified by the regiment's forty-four days' heroic action before Port Hudson, marvellously escaped, for he was in the hottest of the fight, and held the United States flag all the while, several times assisting in protecting the colors.

But as the enemy crowded on, a hundred rebels took the place of the dozen grasping for the flags. Sergt. Lamb, a noble, generous fellow, was shot through the lungs and taken prisoner, but later he fell into our hands again, and then died in great agony. Capt. Howard was twice wounded while within a few feet of the flags and almost in the centre of the savage *melée*, but he managed to hobble away when the regiment was swept back. Capt. Hall, honest and fearless, whose memory is sacred, gave his last order as he yielded to a deadly wound.

Capt. Ford was shot through both legs by bullets coming from opposite directions, and fell flat on his face, but refused to surrender, struggled to his feet, and escaped in the excitement. Capt. Smith, who so coolly led the skirmish line at Winchester, swells the bloody list. Maj. Mead, afterwards colonel, while fearlessly facing the enemy, was badly wounded in the side, and shortly turned the command over to Capt. McFarland.

Later on, the brigade flag was in imminent danger of being captured by the enemy, when Capt. Franklin, with half a dozen of his company, furiously attacked the rebels who were struggling for it, and rescued it from their clutch. Moving back he was wounded, but gallantly remained with the regiment during the afternoon. Lieut. Cheney was mortally wounded and fell heavily to the ground. Lieut. Bruce, while beating back a foe with his sword, was severely wounded. Lieut. Welch, who so gallantly led the skirmish line at daybreak, and was then fighting like a tiger, was shot in the thigh, but stood his ground till the regiment went back. Private Austin received a terrible blow on his head from the butt of a rebel musket,

instantly killing him. Capt. Shattuck, after receiving a bad wound, bravely continued with his men, and Lieuts. Sargent and Carpenter joined the list of heroes who shed their blood around the flags; while scores of brave fellows in the ranks were torn and shattered in a manner shocking to behold. But why continue the list? Why open afresh the ugly wounds? Those not mentioned, who stood up so nobly, were every whit as brave as all who fell, whose names appear elsewhere on the "immortal roll of honor."

The fearful carnage had swept through the entire command, and over one half the regiment was wounded or killed, when the third color-bearer, Corporal Blanchard, was also killed, and the silken colors, their soft folds pierced with bullets, and their third bearer weltering in his blood, bowed low to the earth amidst triumphant yells of the enemy; but to their chagrin in a few seconds it was again flaunting in their faces. Bleeding, stunned, and being literally cut to pieces, but refusing to surrender colors or men, falling back only to prevent being completely encircled, the noble regiment had accomplished its mission.

Col. Thomas with his brave brigade blocked the advance of the rebel divisions, and actually held the Confederate army at bay until the Union commander could form the lines on grounds of his own choice. In this terrible charge the Eighth Vermont, the Twelfth Connecticut, and the One Hundred and Sixtieth New York, were almost annihilated. Our own regiment lost over one hundred gallant fellows, out of one hundred and fifty-nine engaged, and thirteen out of sixteen commissioned officers, who were killed or wounded in the fearful struggle, and many of those who fell had been shot several times.

It was useless to stand against such fearful odds; neither could such frightful butchery be endured longer; and the regiment, which had maintained its organization and gloriously performed its mission in holding the enemy in check, now almost completely surrounded by dense masses of rebel infantry, was for a few moments tossed about as a leaf in the small, fitful circle of a whirlwind, and then by a mighty gust lifted from



Desperate defence of the flags of 8th Vermont.

the ground and swept from the field, but not without the flags. Moran, Shores, and Holt, three trusty sergeants, and Corp. Worden, with others who had become wedded to the standards, would as soon have thought of leaving their limbs on the field as the flags, now more than sacred. But the flags still floated over our heads, and a star of great brilliancy had been added to the crown of the state which gave us an Ethan Allen and a Stephen Thomas.

When nearly encircled and driven from the pike, the command of Col. Thomas made another stand northeast of Sheridan's headquarters, to support the only piece of Union artillery that had not been withdrawn from the field. For this purpose the colonel collected fugitives from the Eighth Corps, and with his own brigade formed a line, and held the position until a portion of a wagon train entangled in Meadow run could pass on and escape. While thus engaged Gen. Crook rode up, and, after saluting him, Col. Thomas said: "I've taken the liberty to put some of your men into this line in order to save that train." "All right!" replied Crook, as he rode away as he came, unattended by even an orderly. Then instead of moving directly to the rear, as the rest of the Union troops had done, Thomas took his command round the front of the Belle Grove House, and made a second stand just west of it. Then he crossed Meadow run and made a third stand in the rear of the camp deserted by the Sixth Corps. It was here that the brigade flagstaff was cut down by a Confederate cannon shot.

Still, notwithstanding the advantages gained and the gallant contest for every foot of ground, the enemy was haughty, arrogant, and aggressive, and our army had been driven back several miles, when Sheridan arrived and here "took the affair in hand," and quickly united the corps.

All the long morning the cry was heard on every side, "Where's Sheridan?" "Where's Sheridan?" but no reply came through the clenched lips, until finally, at a quarter of ten o'clock, Sheridan, mounted on his black horse Winchester, which was covered with foam, swept up from the pike amid great cheering into the midst of his broken regiments, — a

great light in a dark valley. The despair of the morning's awful struggle was now soon to give way to the ecstasy of victory.

THE AFTERNOON FIGHT.

In the after part of the day the Eighth Regiment, reinforced by detachments from the picket line, bore an honorable part with the Second Brigade in deciding the Union victory.

During Sheridan's absence in the morning, the army, as has been described, experienced all that is known under the name of defeat. The enemy had halted in his hot pursuit to reorganize preparatory to the final move forward, which should completely annihilate the Federal army. Sheridan hastily formed a line across the valley for the purpose of checking the advancing foe, and to that end phantom breastworks had been hurriedly thrown up by means that under almost any other circumstances would have been thought out of the question and useless. Small trees were cut down and thrown in front; with bayonets earth and stones were dug up or loosened, and with coffee cups this was thrown in among the brush and leaves, together forming a slight protection against the enemy's bullets, whenever he should advance again. Imagine, then, the surprise and amazement when Sheridan dashed over the field and gave us the order to advance and meet the enemy in open fight.

It was now life or death, and every man knew it. The order was instantly obeyed, and what were left of the Second Brigade sprang over the little earthworks, and moved rapidly to the front until they approached the timber. Here were scattering trees with thick underbrush, from which there suddenly burst a sheet of flame and smoke, before which the regiment slightly recoiled, so terrible was the shock. Crashes of musketry rolled down the entire line to the left. Sheridan was riding furiously among the troops. Regimental officers were shouting their commands, and the hideous rebel yell rent the air and added to the general confusion. The rebel commander also realized Sheridan's presence, but with pangs of pain, for he well knew that the lightning strokes and the tiger springs of the Union

HEADQUARTERS ARMY
OF THE
UNITED STATES.

Nov. 5th 1885

My dear Genl:

It gives me great pleasure to state that the Regiments serving with me in the Campaign of the Shenandoah Valley in 1864. was Conspicuous for its Gallantry in all the battles reflecting Credit on its Commanders.

Yours Truly
P. H. Sheridan
Lieut Genl.

Genl Stephen Thomas.
Col 8th Vermont
Volunteers.

regiments against his front, were being directed by a masterly hand.

Lieut. Downs, at my side, shouted "Forward, men, forward!" Other company commanders, including Capt. McFarland, who had commanded the regiment after Mead was wounded, and Capt. Franklin, sprang forward and urged the men on. Quickly the regiment dashed into the thick cedars, pouring a rapid volley into the very faces of hidden foes. This rush brought us into close quarters; and, our own volleys exhausted, we again met spattering crashes of musketry following in quick succession, and the regiment once more partially recoiled before the withering fire. Commanding officers vied with each other in urging the men on, and the instant the enemy's volley slackened, the regiment swept forward and upon the rebel line, which was only a few yards distant and in plain sight; only the low cedar bushes separated us. A mighty shout went up, and at that instant we realized that the enemy's line was giving way, and we occupied the ground they held a moment before.

It is useless to attempt to describe the excitement of the next few moments, as the regiment flung itself, so to speak, upon the enemy. After the terrible experience in the morning, it was but natural in this moment of victory that the men should go to the opposite extreme of exultation; and again, as in the morning, virtually we were fighting alone, for the woods to our left shut off the main army from our view. We were fighting in a jungle, and only by the roar of battle and the wild shouts and yells which rose above the din of artillery, could we determine the position of the Union and rebel lines to our left.

As a fact, there was a continuous line along our entire front, and as far as we could see to the left and some distance beyond our right flank, we had driven this line back, but as yet were unable to pierce it. Every inch of the ground was stubbornly contested. The opportune time for the brigade had come. Owing to the clearing and favorable condition of the ground, Thomas's own regiment gained a decided advance, pierced the enemy like an arrowhead, and had the fortune to witness the first break in their line. We emerged from

the woods, and to our front was an open field for a quarter of a mile, unobstructed save by the tall dried grass and fragments of a zigzag rail fence. The entire distance on the left of the opening was flanked by patches of timber. Half way across there was a slight depression. To the right the ground rose quite abruptly, so that the right of the brigade in charging across the open space would find itself considerably higher than the left or centre. On the right and beyond the centre was quite a large area covered by tall trees and underbrush, and beyond this a sharp descent.

As the brigade entered the open field, the enemy's line stretched across our front, and but a few rods in advance; and, as if realizing the tremendous responsibility of the movement, it swept into the field on the run. Owing to the nature of the ground, the men crowded together, but just as the rebel line was reached it broke. The supreme moment had arrived, and with wild shouts the brigade dashed ahead. We pierced the enemy's line of battle, and from that moment his doom was sealed. All was now confusion: a portion of the enemy's line surged down to the left and into the woods. Others retreated on the run in our front, while another portion, perhaps to the number of two or three hundred, rushed to the right and into the timber, which offered the most natural and immediate protection.

In the meantime Gen. Thomas's horse was shot and fell to the ground. Suddenly, spattering shots, quickly increasing to a rapid fire, came down from the trees on the right. The firing was from the body of rebels which had taken refuge in the timber; and instead of retreating beyond, as we supposed, only to be captured by our cavalry, had boldly returned to the attack and opened a murderous fire into the right flank and rear of the brigade.

I stood near our regimental colors, which had halted, probably on account of the accident to the general, and shouted to the men to return or the flags would be captured. The sharp firing from the right instantly attracted the attention of the regiment, and in squads and singly within five minutes most of them

returned to the colors. The enemy's fire was rapidly returned, the men firing at will, when by order of Gen. Thomas the brigade with shouts and yells charged into the woods.* The enemy broke in great confusion and ran to the south and west. The brigade then swung to the front again, and with excited shouts and cheers, accompanied by Gen. Thomas on foot, rushed on after the now thoroughly defeated and disheartened foe.†

It was a singular coincidence that the brigade which marched out and met the fiercest fire in the morning, and suffered the heaviest loss, was the first to pierce the enemy's line in the afternoon. There was also a grim satisfaction in knowing that the swath was being cut through the identical divisions from which we recived the combined assault at early dawn.

Here again human nature showed itself as some of the men jumped up and down, shouted, threw their hats or caps into the air in their excitement. I remember distinctly at that moment looking back and seeing a line approaching from the rear and left which I suppose to have been the troops Gen. McMillan mentions in his report as the two regiments of the First Brigade, ordered to swing to the right and assist in dislodging the hidden foe. But as a fact they did not come within hailing distance until after we had charged and routed the enemy.

Early's left flank (Evans's brigade) was now completely shattered, and his demoralized forces retreated rapidly toward his centre, with the exception of the few who went off to the right. Then we charged down into Gordon's other brigades, and soon found ourselves in advance of the main army. Sheridan was in at the break. He was mounted on his gray charger, to which he had changed from the black horse Winchester, and once during the fight was so near we could have touched

* The attack was brilliantly made; the enemy's resistance was very determined. His line of battle overlapped mine, and by turning with that portion of it on the flank of the Nineteenth Corps caused a slight momentary confusion. This movement was checked, however, by a charge of McMillan's brigade on the re-entering angle, and the enemy's flanking party was cut off.—*Gen. Sheridan's report.*

† Then followed one of the most extraordinary reversals in the history of any war. Sheridan moved around our flank, swept down it, and broke our line all to fragments.—*Gen. Gordon's account, Burr's history.*

him. Here in a nutshell was the secret of his success: First, Sheridan had the absolute confidence of his men. He won it. He was never known to ask or order his men to go where he would not go himself. He often rode furiously into the hottest of the fight, apparently a reckless exposure of life; but his presence aroused his soldiers to perform deeds of valor hitherto thought impossible. Second, Sheridan always fought by a plan, as on the bloody plains of Winchester and the ragged heights of Fisher's Hill. So here his plan unfolded itself to the men as the battle progressed, revealing in the bright light of victory his rare military strategy.

Just here another rare privilege was accorded to the Eighth Vermont, for as we turned forever from this scene, we caught sight for a moment of the dashing Custer, that prince of horsemen, on an opposite eminence towards the setting sun, as he started with his famous division on that fierce charge which did not end till long after dark, and in terrible loss to the retreating foe.

After this there were vain attempts to check our onward course; but there was hardly a halt of the regiment as we pressed through the timber or clearing, with two or three exceptions,— the first, when we encountered two pieces of artillery, and on one occasion felt almost sure they were within our grasp; but after emptying themselves of grape and canister, they were hauled off to our left and front, to annoy us again further on. The second, when we were crowding them on too closely, they savagely turned and shot down Corp. Worden, our temporary color-bearer. This only seemed to rouse the regiment to further effort, and it pressed fiercely on again.

Wounded and dead men marked the enemy's pathway as we rushed over logs, fences, and through thickets, till the regiment emerged from the timber and came out on the brow of a hill, in advance of any other Union troops, and in full view of almost the entire rebel army. What a sight! Such as our army never beheld before, and never would again; the event of a lifetime.*

* When Evans's brigade gave way, Gordon's other brigades soon followed. Gen. Gordon made every possible effort to rally his men, but without avail. The information of this affair passed rapidly along Kershaw's and Ramseur's lines, and their men, under fear of being flanked, commenced falling back in disorder.—*Gen. Early's report.*

We had completed so much of a turn as to face nearly east, and double the enemy's left back upon their centre, and stood on their flank overlooking what then became a great, rushing, turbulent, retreating army, without line or apparent organization, hurrying and crowding on in mad retreat. Back across the sea of half-upturned faces of the enemy we could see the Union flags advancing amid the belt of smoke and flame that half encircled the doomed Confederates, while there was a continual roar of musketry and artillery.

While the mighty panorama streamed on in utter confusion, our men strained every nerve to make the most of their opportunity, for every shot told, and there seemed to be a savage fascination in avenging the terrible loss suffered in the morning fight. But at that moment, the Sixth Corps, seeing our men across the skirt of the meadow, mistook them for Confederates, and fired upon them, before the error was discovered. But the regiment ceased firing, and waved its flags, to enable the Sixth Corps to identify it.

This danger soon past, the regiment resumed firing with a vengeance, only to attract the attention of the enemy's artillery, and a battery of two guns opened on us from a little eminence opposite our right and across the meadow. The first shot buried itself in the bank below; then a second, and a little nearer; while the third plunged underneath us, tearing up the ground and whirling the writer completely about. The regiment at this point lost several badly wounded, and two or three killed.

An officer rode up from the rear and hurriedly ordered Col. Thomas to charge and take the battery. "That's what we are after, sir," replied Thomas; "I'm only waiting for support." As a fact, the Eighth Regiment at that moment was entirely alone. But the order to move forward was given, and the regiment dashed down the bank skirting the meadow and alongside the flying fragments of rebel regiments, closely followed by the Twelfth Connecticut, cheering as they ran. The battery saw us coming, and fired with redoubled energy, but our close proximity and the depression of the ground saved us

from loss, and in their confusion the gunners fired wildly, so that most of the storm intended for us fell short or swept just over our heads. The battery would have been captured, but the guns were hastily hauled down the opposite slope out of our clutches, to join in the grand rush across Cedar Creek, under a shower of bullets from our victorious rifles.

As the pursuing infantry reached again the ground where their morning camp had stood, the Eighth Vermont still in advance, a halt of half an hour was made, for bringing in our wounded men, some of whom fell in the morning and had lain all day on the disputed field, and were shivering in the raw night air. Fire was built, and coffee prepared for the refreshment of the men after their long fast; but before it could be served, orders came to advance again, and, leaving the wounded to the surgeons, and the dead uncared for, on we went again, after the flying foe.

The enemy crossed Cedar Creek, hurried on and entrenched near midnight behind their old breastworks, beyond Fort Banks and Strasburg. But our regiment followed closely, and, crawling up under their works, found themselves on the very spot they had occupied the night before the battle of Fisher's Hill. The men lay on their arms, under strict orders to observe silence and not even to speak aloud. But before daylight Thomas moved his regiment back to Fort Banks. Rosser's cavalry still hovered on the pike below, and the Union cavalry coming up, the regiment had a chance to watch from its position a brief but sharp engagement before the rebel horsemen fled.

During the day the army captured from the enemy forty-eight cannon, including twenty-four taken from us in the morning, ten battle flags, thousands of small arms, and a large number of prisoners, and Early's army was virtually annihilated. The Eighth Vermont entered the fight nearly two hours earlier than the other Vermont troops. It received the fiercest charge of the day. Its relative loss of numbers actually engaged in the morning fight was heavier than that of any other Union regiment. It led the charge back, and was a part of the "arrow-head" which had the honor to first pierce the enemy's line of

battle in the afternoon; — maintaining that advance, it was at midnight farther to the front in pursuit of the enemy than any of Sheridan's infantry. Thus closed the battle.

While Col. Thomas was warning the Union commander on the very eve of battle, the Confederate general Gordon was at that moment selecting a pathway through which his divisions, including Stonewall Jackson's old brigade, should, under cover of darkness, creep on their way to the world-renowned charge that fell with such awful fury on the Second Brigade.

Notwithstanding the earnest warning of the corps officer of the day, the Union army was lulled into a feeling of security by other reports; and the world knows that the first reconnoissance in the morning was made by the enemy, and Crook's corps, the first attacked, was not standing at arms, or out in the morning until driven out at the point of the enemy's bayonet; and many a poor fellow awoke only to meet the blinding flash and cruel bullet from the musket of the charging foe.

When Thomas left Wright's headquarters he went to the front for the night, and did not dismount again until his horse was shot from under him. At three o'clock in the morning, the moon shining dimly, Thomas, accompanied by Lieut. Howe, rode out to the picket line. His suspicions were not allayed, but with no fear that our army would be surprised after his repeated warnings, he rode up across the pike, ordered the fires put out, and every available man on picket. At this time he heard the light crackle of Rosser's signal shots on our right, and Gordon's answer on our left, soon followed by crashes of musketry and wild yells of Kershaw's charging brigades.

"They 'll be fearfully punished before they get into Crook's works," said Lieut. Howe, as both wheeled for the pike, only to ride into a company of rebel cavalry, probably belonging to Wharton; and at the same moment a volley of musketry rang out above them from Wharton's infantry. At this moment one of the nearest horsemen shouted to Thomas, "Surrender, you d—d Yankee!" "No, sir!" said Thomas; "it is too early in the morning; besides, your language is not re-

spectful." And striking spurs into his horse he dashed away toward the creek. A wild, savage yell broke from the throats of the rebel horsemen, as they followed at a mad gallop, and a shower of bullets cut the air about Thomas's head as they raced toward the Union lines. In the darkness and gloom, down the steep banks of the creek, Thomas and his aid marvellously escaped, and, lying flat on his horse, he climbed the steep bank opposite. He was soon in the presence of Gens. Emory and McMillan, and just at daybreak received the order to take his brigade across the pike, and check the advance of the enemy.

There 's a strange love for the old flag burning in our hearts. It is inconceivable, indescribable, absolutely unknown to one never in battle or active service — a "strange something, born of war"; perhaps born on the long, weary march, when hunger stares in the face and thirsty lips cry for water. It is strengthened on the lonely picket line, as the soldier walks his beat at midnight, or crouches in the gloom as he hears the cry of pain from his next comrade, who perhaps falls with the bright flash and the rebel bullet from a concealed foe. It is welded as a band of hot iron in the fire and wild tumult of battle, and sealed by the blood of hero martyrs, as they pour out their lives amid horrible carnage, that liberty may live.

And lastly, it is made perfect by long suffering, either of hunger, thirst, weariness of body, the ugly wounds and the agony that follows on the battlefield or in the hospital, or the horrid prison pens with their exposure and starvation. I repeat it, love for the old flag is —

"That strange something, born of war;"

and as we meet, and the flag is brought again into our midst, and we live over and over again the battles of the war, with memories that in times past would crowd and distinguish centuries,— but in our lives compressed within the compass of a single day,— do we not find the long roll of wounded and dead cut as with a knife in our quivering hearts ? You may call it only sentiment, but it is true to life.

The war and all its precious memories — soul-lifting or sad — seems now like some strange dream. The mighty host of armed men, whose tramp caused the nations to tremble, has gone from our sight. Their wild battle cry will be heard no more forever; their battle flag will come forth no more to war. Our flag is furled,— a precious relic for future generations, and a proud fact to us that only men brave, daring, heroic, and, better still, loyal to the core, ever bore aloft the colors and flag of that grand old regiment, the Eighth Vermont Volunteers.

INCIDENTS OF THE FIGHT.

The loss in killed and wounded at Cedar Creek was greater than the regiment had suffered in any one previous engagement. Those killed were: Lieut. Aaron K. Cooper and Lucius Estes, Company A; Corp. George F. Blanchard, James S. Bigelow, Wm. J. Fadden, Company B; John H. Day, Company D; George E. Austin, Company G; Sergt. Jonathan V. Allen and George E. Ormsby, Company H; Sergt. Lewis H. Lamb, Alonzo Mills, Charles F. Phillips, Company I; Corp. John Petrie, Corp. Lyman F. Perham, Paschal P. Shores, Franklin Russell, Company K.

Among the wounded were: Maj. John B. Mead, Capt. A. B. Franklin, Capt. Edward Hall (died from wounds), Capt. Wm. H. Smith, Capt. George O. Ford, Capt. S. E. Howard, Adj. S. W. Shattuck, Lieut. Andrew J. Sargent, Lieut James Welch, Lieut. Martin L. Bruce, Lieut. Wm. H. Spencer, Lieut. F. R. Carpenter, Lieut. Nathan C. Cheney (died from wounds); Lieut. Lewis Childs, of Gen. McMillan's staff, was injured by the falling of his horse, which was shot from under him; Lieut. Henry H. Newton, of Company A, had his horse shot while riding on detached service, and his leg was broken by the fall; Sergt. Seth C. Hill, Aliston E. Shepard, Oliver P. Dunham, Company A; Sergt. Henry H. Holt, Corp. Myron P. Warren (died from wounds), Silas Baker, Company B; John M. Waldron, Charles Collins, John V. Goodell (died from wounds); William Leith (died from wounds), Oscar Page, Company C;

Joseph S. Rollins, Wm. C. Bliss, Asa Thompson (died from wounds), Joseph Mansur, Samuel W. Scott, Jeremiah D. Styles, George N. M. Bean, Henry C. Richardson, F. G. Thomas (died from wounds), George H. Austin, Company D; Edwin Phelps, George R. Grant, Julius L. Poor, James Robinson, Company E; Abraham Douglass, George G. Smith, Company F; Fabien Dupuis, Antonius Depuys, Wm. D. Plumley, James H. Bement, Company G; Sergt. Henry B. Brown, Wm. H. Reed (died from wounds), Samuel S. Childs (died from wounds), Albert O. Evans (died from wounds), Frankford H. Bates, Simeon Canedy, Obediah N. Russell, George W. Skinner, George A. Williams, Cyrus M. White, George A. White, George R. Harrington, Company H; Corp. A. S. Worden, Corp. Leonard C. Bemis, Sidney L. May, Elmer Fitts, Warren W. Kerr, Daniel B. Mills, Company I; Sergt. Solon L. Simons, Ransom Coolbeth, George Page, Albert D. Grant, Sewall Simpson, Ethan P. Shores, John D. Lewis (died from wounds), Company K.

Among those taken prisoners on the picket line at Cedar Creek, for the list cannot be made complete, were: Lieut. F. R. Carpenter, Company F; Edward Swords, John R. Dawson, Company B; Rollin E. Larned, Oscar Maxham, Edwin Phelps, George Tracy, Company E; Abraham Douglass, George G. Smith, John Duling, Thomas H. Henchey, Company F; Corp. S. N. Coles, B. F. Arnold, Company G; Geo. E. Mudgett, Zeb. Mitchell, Oliver P. Dunham, Stephen C. Albee, Company A.

Sergt. Bowman, of Company E, with two companions, was captured twice, and finally escaped to the Union lines.

Lieut. Carpenter was taken to Richmond and confined in Libby prison, where he suffered a long time, but notified his family where he was in the following singular manner: Having subscribed for the Richmond *Daily Inquirer*, he paid six dollars to have a "personal" inserted in its columns. This notice was copied into a New York paper, which happened to fall into the hands of his family in Vermont, who were thus informed of his whereabouts.

Capt. McFarland relates that when he found his regiment

likely to be swept back after taking their position beyond the pike, during the morning fight, he sent Geo. E. Mudgett, of Company A, back to the camp with orders to gather up and save whatever valuables he could. Having done so, instead of staying in the rear, as he might very properly have done, Mudgett rejoined his company, when he and three companions were surrounded and captured by the enemy. He was taken to Andersonville, where he suffered terribly. During his stay there the officers in charge tried to induce him to enlist in the Confederate army, and finally offered him fifty dollars in their money and a pound of meat if he would do so. This to a starving man was a tempting bribe, but Mudgett was "true blue" to the last, and emphatically refused the offer.

After the brigade under Col. Thomas had been driven back, and while they were almost cut off and nearly surrounded by the enemy, Robert Sturgeon, of Company C, was set upon by a Confederate private, who ordered him to halt, to which he paid no attention. The Johnny pursued and emphasized his order by a thrust with his bayonet, which pierced Sturgeon's clothing, going between his shirt and skin, and coming out through the clothing in front under his arm. Thus admonished by the cold steel, Sturgeon, who had lost his bayonet and whose gun was unloaded, halted; but one of his comrades who was near at hand, and had observed the whole, came up and discharged his gun point blank at the head of the rebel, and both Union soldiers escaped, the whole transaction having occupied only a few seconds of time.

When old Pete, the horse ridden by Col. Thomas, and which he valued highly, was shot, the colonel said as he sprang away from him: "It better be you than I, poor fellow!" and the wounded beast was left behind to die. But he recovered sufficiently to follow the troops and seek out his master's headquarters that night, where the colonel caused his hurt to be dressed, and when he was well, sent him to Vermont, where old Pete lived to a good old age, and was treated with marked consideration as one of the noted equine heroes of the war.

The Twenty-sixth Massachusetts had completed their term

of service just before the Cedar Creek fight; but on hearing that there was to be a battle, about a hundred and fifty of them who were awaiting transportation North, decided to remain and take part in the engagement. They did so, and Lieut. Tilden was killed and several others wounded. This magnanimity on their part was deeply touching to the Eighth Vermont, whose members became pleasantly acquainted with them at Ship Island, and served with them for years.

After the battle Captains Geo. O. Ford, S. E. Howard, and Wm. H. Smith were granted furloughs on account of their severe wounds, and on their way home stopped at Baltimore to get their pay and procure clothing and other necessaries for their journey. They lost all their changes of clothing when the camp was captured in the morning fight, and were obliged to start northward dressed as they had been on the field, in the dilapidated uniforms in which they had campaigned through the summer. To say, then, that they were ragged, bloody, and unkempt, but faintly expresses the poverty of their apparel. Each officer was very lame. Ford had been shot through both legs and could scarcely hobble; Howard carried his arm in a sling and had one leg nearly disabled; Smith was crippled by a ball in the thigh.

In such a plight the trio reached the city, booked at the Eutaw House, and, dinner being ready, proceeded at once to the dining-room, where their appearance created quite a sensation among the ladies and gentlemen at the tables. While waiting for their orders to be filled, a champagne cork popped near by, and though they did not mistake the report for one of Early's signal guns, their attention was drawn to the movements of a waiter who began to fill their glasses. Could it be another Cedar Creek surprise? or had there been a mistake?

"What are you about?" asked one of the officers. "We ordered no wine."

"Massa Gen. Lew Wallace's compliments, sah," said the sable waiter with unction.

They ascertained later that the general was at one of the tables, and, observing their entrance, had guessed they came

from the bloody field which was the sole topic of conversation. He not only showed them this courtesy, but afterwards took them under his special charge, assisted them in getting their pay, and exerted himself in every way to make their stay in the city pleasant.

Maj. Mead, after having his wounds dressed, mounted his horse and followed up his regiment unattended, overtook them at Fisher's Hill that night, and resumed his duties.

It would seem almost needless to multiply testimony to the bravery of the Second Brigade, exhibited in facing singly and unsupported the furious onslaught of Early's most powerful army corps; but just at this moment there appears in the fresh pages of Hon. G. G. Benedict's "Vermont in the Civil War" this reference to the deed:

"Among the troops brought forward for this purpose [to face Kershaw and Gordon] was a brigade of brave Connecticut, Maine, Pennsylvania, New York, and Vermont troops, under command of Col. Stephen Thomas of the Eighth Vermont. Thomas had been among the first to get his brigade into line, and he was at once ordered forward to the left, across the pike, to stem the rout. He moved promptly forward to the west of a ravine and copse of woods, a crowd of fugitives pouring through his lines as he took position. Gen. Wright made an earnest effort to rally the men of the Eighth Corps on the turnpike under this cover; but it could not be done, and Thomas was thus without support in his desperate task of checking Gordon's victorious assault. He made several successive stands, holding the crest till his brigade was flanked on the right and left by overwhelming numbers, then falling back to the pike, where the same operation was repeated, and finally rejoining the division, with his brigade diminished by a third,— the heaviest loss suffered by any brigade during the day."

Instances of men re-entering the service after being honorably discharged are not so frequent but that one may be singled out for special mention. Lieut. James Welch, of Company G, entered the service as a private, and rose to be sergeant, then second lieutenant, then first lieutenant of his company. At the morning battle at Cedar Creek, he commanded Company G as skirmishers, and his line first met the Confederates as they came rushing through the woods. In this engagement he was

severely wounded, and as the forces fell back, barely escaped being captured by the enemy. On account of consequent disability he was honorably discharged from the regiment. But as soon as he recovered sufficiently to sit on a horse, he wished to return to the field, and the governor of Vermont appointed him quartermaster of the Eighth Regiment, March 27th, 1865; and in that capacity he did good service until the close of the war.

Capt. S. E. Howard was a mere boy when he enlisted as a private in Company H. He was afterwards promoted to second lieutenant, then to first lieutenant. During the campaign up the Teche to Alexandria, and the siege of Port Hudson, he was acting quartermaster of the regiment. He was then promoted to the captaincy of Company C, which he commanded in the battles of Opequon and Fisher's Hill. In the battle of Cedar Creek he was disabled by severe wounds, and on that account received an honorable discharge in the following December. As a soldier and officer, Capt. Howard was made of the best stuff, and earned each honor he received by duties well performed.

Captain Edward Hall, of Company E, who died a few days after the battle from wounds received at Cedar Creek, was one of the oldest officers in the regiment. He served through the Louisiana campaign, and re-enlisted as a veteran. In one of the first encounters at an outpost of his command, that of Bayou des Allemands, he was taken prisoner with his entire detachment, being overcome by superior numbers. His conspicuous services at the siege of Port Hudson and in the Virginia campaigns, won for him an honorable name among his associate and superior officers.

Lieut. Aaron K. Cooper, who fell in the terrible fight made by his regiment on the 19th instant, enlisted in Company A as a private, became a non-commissioned officer, and then second lieutenant of his company. He also joined the veteran regi-

ment after the term of his first enlistment had expired. He was greatly beloved by his men and brother officers; and his body was recovered after the battle, and buried in the national cemetery at Winchester.

Lieut. Nathan C. Cheney, of Company K, whose wounds received at Cedar Creek soon proved fatal, rose from the ranks by faithful and efficient service, and was a brave and capable officer.

XI.

NEWTOWN.

AFTER their defeat at Cedar Creek, the southern army continued to menace the Shenandoah Valley, as the sea lashes the shore after the fury of a storm is spent. But the tide of Confederate success had turned, never again to touch the high-water mark. During the night that followed the scenes related in the last chapter, Early halted his flying troops behind the entrenchments on Fisher's Hill; but before the dawn of another day he withdrew up the valley to New Market, where he remained on the defensive for three weeks.

On the 9th of November, Gen. Sheridan returned toward Kernstown, where he could find better quarters and a shorter line of supplies. Being in doubt whether his antagonist would attempt another aggressive movement, for the Confederate strength had been augmented since their last engagement, he disposed his forces so as to be prepared for attack at any moment, and held his line.

On the day after the Union army withdrew to the north, Early followed with his entire force as far as Middletown, and a sharp cavalry encounter ensued at Newtown, where the front of the Union line rested. After that there was frequent skirmishing with mounted troops, which resulted in the capture of many Confederate guns and prisoners. But on the 14th instant, the enemy again moved back to New Market, and before the end of the month a large portion of Early's troops had been transferred to other commands, so that the presence of the

entire Union army in the valley was no longer required. Accordingly, the Sixth and Eighth Corps were ordered away in December, and at the close of the year 1864, Sheridan had left only the Nineteenth Corps to go into winter quarters.

When Early's cavalry charged upon the Union lines on the 12th, they found the Eighth Vermont on picket near the turnpike; and before they came near enough to use their weapons, the reserve was ordered up and a formidable body of infantry was ready to receive them. In front of the picket line was an apple orchard, beyond which the ground descended abruptly into a deep ravine. Into this the skirmishers deployed by the troopers soon disappeared, and a detachment from the regiment was sent forward to watch their movements. But they had scarcely reached the brink of the gorge when they were met by the mounted Johnnies, and came back on the run under a scattering fire from the enemy, which was returned with much spirit by the infantry. A brisk engagement might have ensued, had not the Union *vedettes* been between the pickets and the cavalry, thus preventing them from being fired upon; therefore an order was given to cease firing instantly, lest they as well as the saucy skirmishers should be endangered. Then the enemy tried to capture the *vedettes*, but failing to do so, and finding the situation uncomfortable, they dashed into the ravine again, and the entire brigade of Confederate horse showed heel and rapidly galloped away.

While the brigade remained at Newtown, supposing they were to pass the winter there, Gen. Sherman was prosecuting his famous march to the sea, and about ten o'clock one night Col. Thomas received information that he had reached the suburbs of Savannah. Knowing that his men were much interested in the progress of that unique campaign, the colonel did not communicate the news to any one, but issued an order for his command to be in line at a certain point at seven o'clock next morning, which in those short days was a very early hour. He then told his acting adjutant general, Capt. Shattuck, to meet them and read them a notice of Sherman's success. It was a cold, windy morning, and "as his

voice was not very heavy," said Col. Thomas, "I knew that but a small part of the brigade really understood what the adjutant was saying. When he got through I thought I would repeat the notice, and I was quite sure they heard it all along the line. I finished by shouting at the top of my voice: 'Satan's kingdom 's coming down, glory hallelujah!' Then turning to Shattuck, I added: 'I thought they did n't quite understand you, but I believe they heard me.' 'Yes,' said he, 'anybody could have heard you two miles away.'"

During the latter part of November and the early part of December quite a number of promotions were made in the regiment. Under date of November 24th, Maj. J. B. Mead was made lieutenant colonel; Capt. A. B. Franklin, Company H, major; First Lieut. Henry Carpenter, Company F, adjutant; First Lieut. L. M. Hutchinson, captain Company E; Adj. S. W. Shattuck, captain Company H; M. L. Hodgkins, first lieutenant Company F; James Welch, Company G, first lieutenant; Sec. Lieut. Joseph N. Dunton, Company H, first lieutenant; Sec. Lieut. Ezra H. Brown, Company A, first lieutenant; Henry H. Newton, Company A, second lieutenant.

Capt. S. E. Howard, Company C, was honorably discharged Dec. 9th; and Sec. Lieut. Nathaniel Robie, Company D, died of disease, Dec. 6th.

SUMMIT POINT.

On the 20th day of December, orders were received at Newtown to break camp, and at three o'clock in the afternoon the Eighth Vermont, with other troops in the command, began to move northward, and passing through Winchester that evening, the march was continued until midnight, when a halt was made. The men dropped down on the frozen ground, rolled themselves in their blankets, and went to sleep under a starless sky, with plenty of fresh air circulating through their spacious bed chambers. But Mother Nature, probably fearful that her tired boys would not be warm enough, stepped in and tucked

them all up under one of her immaculate white winter coverlets of downy crystals; and when they were aroused at daybreak, her thoughtfulness caused them no little surprise, as they brushed some of the loose snowy feathers from their faces, and shivered a little to find the new day showing such a northern New England aspect.

A tramp of two hours through the snow brought the troops to Summit Point, where the regimental camp was established for the winter. Although no more Opequon bayonet charges or Cedar Creek surprises awaited the veterans from old Vermont, their quarters were by no means a lodge of comfortable indolence. The adjacent railroad line had to be guarded, in order to protect its transportation business; block houses were required to be built as a defence against guerilla raids; and guard and picket duty was very exacting. Small forces of the enemy hovered about the camp at frequent intervals, with which the skirmishers would have a brush; and occasionally a Union soldier would be wounded.

The danger of attack did not arise from the close proximity of the formidable army with which they had so bravely coped in the autumn; but the wily Mosby, with his band of prowling guerillas, menaced them with the utmost persistence, making their life not unlike that of white settlers in colonial times, who were constantly in danger of being murdered by savages. The block houses built to protect the veterans from surprises were a revival of the old stockades, within which the Puritan secreted his family when a warwhoop announced the approach of the cruel red men.

Mosby's method of attack was to make a sudden dash upon a train or a detail of unprotected soldiers, fire a few shots, gather up valuable booty and capture prisoners, then disappear as suddenly. In this kind of worrying his men were expert and bold, and there was no time, day or night, when their raids might not be expected. On one occasion a hundred horsemen swooped down upon a squad of ten or a dozen men, within a stone's throw of the regimental headquarters, and ran them off at the side of their horses, without firing a shot. They were beyond rifle

range before the camp was alarmed, and the captured Yankees were hurried off to starve in Libby prison.

In February a party of about twenty men were sent to the forest about half a mile away to chop wood for the camp. They stacked their arms, took their axes, and went to work; but without a moment's warning, a band of guerillas dashed in between them and their muskets, drew revolvers upon them, and marched them off as prisoners. For two days and a night they tramped through the country without stopping; then a short halt was made, and they were given a scanty ration of "corn dodgers" for breakfast. Then resuming the march they soon arrived at Libby prison, where the luckless wood choppers passed several weeks before they were exchanged. In that place of torment, the horrors of which have probably never been exaggerated, those poor fellows were subjected to all the atrocious barbarities that inhumanity could suggest. By long days of fasting they were made willing to appease their hunger on the only articles provided for them which bore the least semblance to food,— a little decaying meat and sour, mouldy bread,— and to slake their consuming thirst with water too filthy to wash in.

Only part of these prisoners survived the terrible ordeal, and the misery of those who lived was heightened by the spectacle of the bodies of their deceased comrades lying unburied for days, or thrown outside to be torn and devoured by half-starved dogs.

In this connection might be related the sad experience of six prisoners captured in the morning at Cedar Creek, who were sent to Andersonville. Their captors had plundered them of nearly all their clothing, so that they were exposed to an inclement atmosphere with no adequate protection, and during the chilly nights they nearly perished with cold. To better their miserable plight as far as possible, the poor fellows dug a hole in the ground, into which they crept to sleep at night, in lieu of a bed. They had only two blankets, but they huddled together as closely as possible, and once in an hour or two the outside man, who was most exposed, exchanged

places with one in the middle, and in that way contrived to drown his sufferings in sleep. One unusually cold night Thomas Henchey occupied the outside place during the first hour after midnight, but when the others tried to rouse him to get up and take the warmer berth, he made no response; he was dead. A horror fell on his five companions, nor did they dare go to sleep again that night, lest they too share the fate of poor Tom.

The following names of prisoners taken on the 20th instant are all that have been obtained, although there were probably about twenty others captured: Orville R. Brooks, Company B; Geo. H. Dow and Chas. H. Emerson, Company D; Mason P. Burke, Company E.

On the 21st of February, two members of Company F, Jonathan L. Squires and John B. Thomas, were taken prisoners while guarding a wagon train.

But in spite of frequent skirmishes along the line of the Winchester and Harper's Ferry Railroad, an expedition up the Valley to Newtown under Maj. Gen. W. S. Hancock, and continuous exposure to storms and cold, the winter was a rather uneventful one for old campaigners, and the spring found them in good condition.

During the first months of the year, that memorable year which closed the war, several important promotions were made. On the 21st of January, Col. Thomas was mustered out of the service, his time of original muster having expired. He returned to Vermont and secured recruits enough for the regiment to enable Lieut. Col. John B. Mead to be promoted to the colonelcy on the 4th of March. Maj. A. B. Franklin was made lieutenant colonel on the same day, and Capt. H. M. Pollard was made major April 6th.

A few days before his three years of service expired, Col. Thomas addressed to the assistant adjutant general a request to be mustered out and receive transportation to Vermont. As this document passed through the regular channels, the following indorsements of officers who examined it were made upon it:

Respectfully forwarded with great regret, as Col. Thomas is a most valuable officer to the service, and his place cannot be easily filled.

J. W. McMILLAN, B. G. C.

The term of service of this officer will expire Jan. 21, 1865, according to his statement. He has served three years in one grade, under his original muster, and therefore *can not* continue in service except he be recommissioned and remustered. He can not remuster on his present commission, as his regiment has not the proper veteran organization. He should be mustered out in the field Jan. 21, 1865, on account of expiration of term of service.

JAMES F. FITTS,
Captain and C. M. 19th A. C.

. . . The general commanding regrets exceedingly to lose the services of Col. Thomas, whom he has twice recommended to be brevetted for gallantry and meritorious services; and he yet entertains the hope that Col. Thomas will receive the promotion that he merits, and return to the corps.

By order of
BREV. MAJ. GEN. EMORY,
DUNCAN S. WALKER, A. A. G.

The following promotions in the regiment were made early in the year 1865: Feb. 23d, Sec. Lieut. Geo. G. Hutchins, Company E, first lieutenant; Sergt. Francis E. Warren, Company I, first lieutenant, and April 18th to captain; Sergt. Newell H. Hibbard, Company E, second lieutenant; Sergt. George W. Hill, Company K, second lieutenant; March 3d, First Lieut. Joseph N. Dunton, Company H, captain of Company C; Hospital Steward Wm. H. Haskins, captain Company D, *vice* Capt. A. E. Getchell, whose term had expired; Lieut. James W. Smith, Company K, captain; Lieut. Waitstill R. Pettie, Company H, first lieutenant; Sergt. Martin L. Bruce, Company G, first lieutenant; Sergt. Horace P. Emerson, Company D, second lieutenant; Sergt. Hymenius A. Davis, Company H, second lieutenant; Abner W. Flint, Company G, mustered as second lieutenant. April 6th, Sergt. Curtis W. Lynn, Company B, second lieutenant. April 18th, Sergt. Henry W. Downs, Company I, second lieutenant.

Rev. Thomas Bayne, of Irasburg, Vt., was commissioned chaplain, Feb. 23d.

When President Lincoln was shot, on the evening of April 14th, a line of infantry was posted around the city of Washington to prevent the escape of the assassin, and the Eighth Vermont were hurried thither and stationed near Seventh street, the men being placed about five feet apart. They remained there throughout that exciting night, and returned to camp when it was found that Booth had escaped beyond the city limits, and had been captured.

Seven days later, the regiment bade adieu to their camp at Summit Point, and proceeded to Fort Stevens in the northern suburbs of Washington, where they did picket duty. Later they formed part of the reserve stationed near the city arsenal, and then were in camp at Monson Hill, until they were transferred to the Sixth Corps. On reaching Washington the regiment was received by Gov. J. Gregory Smith, who was waiting for them and reviewed the lines.

Soon the first division of the Nineteenth Corps, which included the Eighth Vermont, was ordered to Savannah. Their number had just been augmented by the arrival of about four hundred fresh recruits from Vermont, who had enlisted through the influence of Gen. Thomas, in order that the regiment might contain men enough to ensure the commission of Officer Mead to the colonelcy. Considering the condition of the men it seemed to Gov. Smith, Col. Holbrook, the state commissioner, and the officers of the regiment, unwise at that season to send them to a sickly southern climate, when there did not appear to be any pressing need of their services there. Accordingly, their case was laid before the secretary of war, who was asked to transfer them to the Sixth Corps, which was to remain in the vicinity of Washington. But no answer came from Mr. Stanton, and on the first day of June the men were ordered on board a steamer at Alexandria, which was to sail early the next morning. The poor fellows felt heart-sick as they crept into their berths late that night, while Col. Mead with several of his staff remained on deck talking about the matter until after midnight. They had abandoned all hope of getting a countermanding order in season, when Col. Holbrook came aboard

bearing an official paper which read: "Col. Mead will take his regiment and report as soon as convenient to Gen. Wright, of the Sixth Corps."

Rejoiced at their changed destination, the Vermont boys went ashore at two o'clock in the morning, and encamped in a clover field near by, where they passed one of the pleasantest weeks of the entire campaign. They drew a supply of new clothing and other things necessary to their comfort and respectable appearance, and engaged in careful daily drills, preparatory to the reviews in which they expected soon to take part. At the end of the week they reported to Gen. Wright as ordered.

The grand review of the Sixth Corps in Washington was ordered for the 8th instant, and Col. Mead's command made so fine a display on parade, that the *National Intelligencer*, in its report of the affair, paid them the following compliment: "Next came the Eighth Vermont, a veteran regiment four years in service, commanded by Col. John B. Mead. This regiment was especially noticed for its excellent marching, and the perfect alignment of its bayonets; and every soldier bore in his cap a sprig of cedar, the emblem of his state."

On this and other similar public occasions the regimental band was brought into prominence, and was often complimented as being one of the best in the Nineteenth Corps. The leader was Auguste Heanel, a native German, who enlisted in New Orleans, and was an accomplished musician. His assistant was Anselm Martin, who was also enlisted in that city. When a serenade was desired at headquarters, the Eighth Vermont band was always in demand.

At this point, the story may properly pause to pay a tribute to Col. John B. Mead, who entered the service as second lieutenant of Company G. In early life he labored on a farm, and enjoyed such educational advantages only as were afforded by the common schools of Vermont. But having a liking for study, he pursued the higher branches after leaving school, and for several years was employed in teaching. He had a command-



Forbes Co.

COL. JOHN B. MEAD.

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

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CALIFORNIA

ing presence and was a ready speaker, and at the public meetings held to encourage enlistments, he gave effective addresses, and exerted a strong influence in raising his own company.

Col. Mead received a greater number of promotions than any other member of the regiment, being commissioned successively as second lieutenant, first lieutenant, captain, major, and lieutenant colonel. Finally Col. Thomas retired from the regiment, and he was made colonel in his stead, March 4th, 1865, holding the position until the regiment was mustered out of service. He was taken prisoner at Bayou des Allemands, and at Cedar Creek he led the regiment in the famous advance across the pike in the morning, but was wounded and obliged to retire from the field. He took great pride in the good appearance of his troops, and enforced rigid discipline, believing it the cardinal virtue of a soldier to render strict obedience to military law.

MUSTERED OUT.

THERE is no need to recall to the minds of veterans the signal victories and other marked events that combined to bring to a close, in the spring of 1865, the great conflict of arms between the North and the South. The power of the Confederacy permanently crushed, the presence of the great Union armies was no longer needed in the seceded states, and, by order of the commander in chief, all the troops that could be brought together for the purpose were to parade in one grand review before the assembled dignitaries at the capital, preparatory to returning home. The day set for this display was the 23d of May, and the Eighth Vermont participated with credit to themselves and their officers in command.

On the 28th day of June, the regiment was mustered out of service with veteran honors, and ordered to Burlington, Vt., where, after receiving pay, the members quietly disbanded and returned to their homes on the 10th of July, 1865. Who returned? The Eighth Regiment, we say. But do we mean that thousand men who left Camp Holbrook on the 4th of March, 1862, for the front?

"Ah me! not all! some come not with the rest,
Who went forth brave and bright as any here!
* * * *
In these brave ranks I only see the gaps,
Thinking of dear ones whom the dumb turf wraps,
Dark to the triumph which they died to gain."

Ah, sad in the hour of victory and national rejoicing is the dirge for those who went but come not! Of the hundreds who started from that winter camp for the southern battlefields, hardly as many scores came back to answer to their names at roll-call. After the fever of the fight, the pain of fatal wounds, the wasting course of disease, or the slow torture of the enemy's prisons, they sleep well, let us hope, in the land they died to redeem. The brave companies returned mere fragments and broken lines, bringing precious memories of the comrades fallen and left behind.

Or shall we rather say they all came back and the ranks were full when the regiment disbanded? Is it too much to affirm that those who had fallen on the field filled that occasion with a presence even more real than that of the few men who returned unhurt? How could they linger behind in that hour of martial triumph? Forth from the impalpable air they marched with quick, glad step, in shining raiment neither blue nor gray, joy in their faces, and songs of victory upon their lips. Did you not see them, O toil-worn comrade, as they moved to your side, aligned, and filled the wide gaps in your ranks? Did not their presence inspire you in that hour of rushing memories? If in your thought that morning the heroes in your ranks were still alive, then could you go home rejoicing, and singing:

"Lift the heart and lift the head!
Lofty be its mood and grave;
Not without a martial ring,
Not without a prouder tread,
And a peal of exultation."

It is a pleasure to add to this record a testimonial to the deeds and merit of several officers who did not leave the ranks until the regiment disbanded.

The Eighth Vermont had no braver officer than Capt. Moses McFarland, of Company A, who, with his plucky command, led the gallant charge of the rifle-pits in the battle of the Cotton. When the company organized he was elected first lieutenant, and upon the promotion of Capt. Grout succeeded him. He was an officer who always did his duty. After Maj. Mead was wounded in the morning fight at Cedar Creek, McFarland took command of the regiment, and for his services on that bloody field was especially complimented by the brigade commander, Col. Thomas. He remained in the army until the close of the war, and carried into private life a worthy soldier's record.

Maj. H. M. Pollard went South as a war correspondent, accompanied Weitzel's brigade on its early campaigns, and was well known in the regiment. A vacancy occurring in Company I, he was commissioned as first lieutenant. He afterwards was promoted to be captain and major. He served for a time as provost marshal on the brigade staff in the Shenandoah Valley. Major Pollard was a brave and efficient officer, whose promotion was well deserved.

Quartermaster Edward Dewey entered the Eighth Vermont January, 1864. He was appointed from civil life, but quickly adapted himself to the requirements of his position. Joining the regiment in Louisiana he accompanied it to Virginia, and participated in the battles of Opequon and Cedar Creek. On February 11th, 1865, he was promoted to be captain and assistant quartermaster in the staff department of United States volunteers.

Lieut. Col. Alvin B. Franklin entered the service as first lieutenant of Company H, and was promoted to the rank of captain, then major, and the lieutenant colonelcy. He was a brave and capable officer, and took part in every battle in which his regiment engaged. He was severely wounded at Raceland, and again at Cedar Creek; and for gallant conduct at the latter

place Col. Thomas recommended that he be made brevet major.

Capt. Wm. H. Smith, of Company F, entered the service as a private, was appointed sergeant of Company H, afterwards orderly sergeant, second lieutenant, then promoted to be first lieutenant of Company F, and later captain. He ably commanded the skirmish line at Winchester, and was severely wounded at Cedar Creek.

Surgeon H. H. Gillett entered the service with the regiment and continued till it was mustered out. Col. Thomas, who had known him long in civil life, asked him to accept a professional position upon his staff. The governor therefore commisioned him as assistant surgeon December 10th, 1861. He reported promptly at Brattleboro, and his skill was early called into requisition to attend the numerous sick in that winter camp. His first duty as a surgeon was performed when he cared for the wounded from the fight at Raceland, where he was ably assisted by Hospital Steward Samuel H. Currier. In June, 1862, upon the resignation of Dr. Gale, he was promoted to be surgeon of the regiment. He was with the Eighth on all the campaigns up the Teche, and was in charge of the brigade hospital during the siege of Port Hudson. He became a veteran surgeon with his regiment, and served in the campaign of 1864, in the Shenandoah Valley. At different times he served on the brigade and division staff.

Assistant Surgeon O. E. Ross was commissioned September 17th, 1863. He brought into the service an excellent reputation as a physician, and quickly won the confidence and regard of the regiment. Full of a genuine humor, he dispensed it liberally to all. While in the Shenandoah Valley, he was for a time medical director of the brigade. He remained with the regiment until the close of the war, and was mustered out June 28th, 1865.



LIEUT. H. W. DOWNS, Co. I.



Quartermaster-Sergt. W. H. GILMORE.



CAPT. WM. H. SMITH Co. E.



LIEUT. JAMES WELCH, Co. G.



LIEUT. A. K. COOPER, Co. A.

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

CAUTION
TO VIEW

IN RETROSPECT.

THE duty of a historian strictly ends where the thread of his narrative breaks off. But it is not easy to drop the comrades of a four-years' service as soon as the ink on their muster-out rolls is dry. A single backward look may be pardoned ere the veterans reach the "parting stone" that forks their different roads in civil life. The unthinking world, and even waiting families, can forgive the delay, while the toil-worn campaigners gather around their beloved officers, and through tears and smiles survey the eventful years since they donned the soldier's garb and went to war.

The struggle in which the regiment took an active part marked a national epoch not less important than that which secured its independence, a period of trial and development unprecedented in any country under the sun. To every soldier who entered the conflict in a spirit of true loyalty it was a training school of the broadest type. While bearing arms in vindication of the terrible authority of national law, what vast themes of liberty and slavery, love and hate, intelligence and ignorance, must have occupied his thoughts. How grandly the gigantic problem worked itself out, under the guidance of a power that used the wisdom of statesmen and generals as they manœuvred the troops in their commands. Little as the soldier or any one else was able to realize at the time what a mighty social and political revolution was in progress, the retrospect must have convinced him that the close of the war was the dawn of a new life, when he could say:

> "I awake to the higher aims
> Of a land that has lost for a little her lust of gold,
> And love of a peace that was full of wrongs and shames,
> Horrible, hateful, monstrous, not to be told.
> * * * * *
> Though many a light shall darken, and many shall weep
> For those that are crushed in the clash of jarring claims,
> Yet God's just wrath shall be wreak'd on great liar,
> And many a darkness into the light shall leap,

And shine in the sudden making of splendid names;
And noble thought be freer under the sun,
And the heart of a people beat with one desire.

* * * * *

Let it flame or fade, and the war roll down like a wind,
We have proved we have hearts in a cause, we are noble still;
And myself have awakened, as it seems, to the better mind;
It is better to fight for the good, then to rail at the ill.
I have felt with my native land, I am one with my kind,
I embrace the purpose of God, and the doom assign'd."

Or, full of deep and fervid patriotism, heated and welded at the forge of carnage, he might adopt the noble sentiment of Lowell, and say of his country:

"What were our lives without thee?
What all our lives to save thee?
We reck not what we gave thee,
We will not dare to doubt thee;
But ask whatever else, and we will dare."

The particular school of military experience in which the members of the Eighth Vermont learned the great lesson of loyalty was peculiar. It flourished in different climes, it abode in tents, was peripatetic like that of Aristotle, rough and exacting in discipline. It began in the special legislation of a state; the classes were formed by enlistment; it was a school of theories, but the instruction given was chiefly in practical experiments. There was no end of the drill under commissioned tutors; but the grand exhibitions were held in Louisiana and the Shenandoah Valley. Were not May 12th, June 22d, and September 4th, 1862; January 14th and 15th, April 12th and 13th, May 27th, June 14th, and July 9th, 1863; September 19th and 22d, and October 19th, 1864, public days long to be remembered? And what of those great lessons learned at New Orleans, Algiers, and in the Teche country, during forty-four days before Port Hudson, and the fall term in the Valley? Could men serve month after month under such masters as Butler, Banks, Grover, Weitzel, Emory, Sheridan, Dwight, Thomas, and leave the school uneducated?

Nor could it have escaped the notice of the veterans how nicely their study and drill had been graded, beginning with the simplest steps and rising to grander and more difficult achievements. They were scarcely fit to make an Opequon bayonet charge when they first started up the Opelousas Railroad, though their courage was equal to it; nor would they have checked Early's great army long enough to give their comrades "one golden hour," the day after their entry into New Orleans. Their deeds of heroism were in an ascending scale.

Another noteworthy fact in the career of the Eighth Vermont was the length of its term of service in the field. The veterans enlisted for the war. Brig. Gen. van Patten accented this merit of the regiment when he said: "The history of the Eighth Vermont begins with the war and terminates at its conclusion. Early in the struggle it went to the field and remained at the front with its face to the foe until the bloody drama was over. The Gulf of Mexico, the Atchafalaya, the Mississippi, and the Shenandoah, witnessed its struggles and its triumphs. It went home with a dozen battles on its banner. It was reputed one of the best regiments in the Ninteenth Corps. The state of Vermont and the whole country should be proud of its history. Its officers should be numbered with the famous and renowned. Its whole muster roll should be written indelibly upon marble and brass."

The regiment had for contemplation on returning to the state of Vermont, a positive record of deeds and endurance that did not need the help of comparison to heighten its lustre. They could safely rest on their laurels without being envious of the achievements of any other troops. Cowards seek to mend their own shortcomings by contrast with some that are worse. Gen. Thomas and his brave command could afford to challenge the verdict of the world on their accomplishment of the work they were sent into the field to do. They could claim the right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," because they had done something to defend that right for others, and earn it for themselves.

XII.

THE EIGHTH VERMONT IN CIVIL LIFE.

It was the glory of our country that, when its vast army of volunteer soldiers was disbanded, in 1865, they quietly returned to private life and assumed the duties of peaceful citizenship. Had the same thing happened in one of the older civilizations of Europe, that country would have been overrun by a lawless element, dangerous to society and difficult to control. Broadly speaking, the more fortunate experience of the United States was due to the greater measure of intelligence among its soldiers. Their patriotism was thoughtful, their loyalty reasonable, and camp life did not debauch them.

Nations and commanders well understand that the best soldier is not the ignorant, hairbrained man, boastful of his prowess, and glorying in brute force and petty broils; but rather the educated man, who makes a real sacrifice to enter the army, and, knowing its peril, braves the dangers of war impelled by a sense of patriotic duty. The most effective guns have a thought behind them. He serves his country who takes up arms to save her, not he who enlists to gratify ambition or get a tempting bounty.

At the ballot box one voter counts as much as another, but in the army the quality of the man tells. It was proved over and over again during the war of the Rebellion, that the best regiments were those that represented the most brains and moral strength. The educated man may not excel in natural fearlessness or bravery; but he feels what the ignorant man

often lacks — a sense of moral responsibility which holds him to his duty and his post, even when he knows the chances are he will be killed.

The Eighth Vermont Regiment was largely composed of intelligent, thoughtful, responsible men, who knew what they were doing when they enlisted, and were actuated by a sense of duty to enter a service of hardship and peril. This was the secret of their prominence on every battlefield where they fought, this the quality in them that called forth the tributes of commendation from superior officers that brighten the pages of this book. But the sterling qualities that go to the making of a good soldier are the same that win confidence and success for the citizen. It is no matter of surprise, therefore, that when those men resumed the occupations of peace, after their military service was ended, they marched easily and naturally to the front, and won distinction in their chosen fields of activity in civil life. Knowing that a large number of his veteran comrades in arms have been eminently successful in the learned professions, in business, and in political life, it is with peculiar pleasure that the writer closes these simple annals with a chapter of personal sketches. And he féels confident that it will be as acceptable as it is appropriate, to head the list with a brief biography of their beloved and honored leader,

GENERAL THOMAS.

STEPHEN THOMAS needs no introduction to those who served with him in the army, or have read the preceding pages of this history. But since to know him is to respect and admire him, and because it is natural to wish to learn the personal history of one whom we admire, he has consented to the publication of those important facts which connect boyhood with manhood, the civilian with the soldier, the private citizen with the man of public affairs.

It helps to account for the sterling bravery and rugged integrity of Gen. Thomas's character to know that he was

descended from good Welsh stock, on the paternal side. These qualities were a heritage from the mailed knights of that glorious Arthurian age, who were

> "sworn to vows
> Of utter hardihood, utter gentleness,
> And, loving, utter faithfulness in love,
> And uttermost obedience to the king."

His grandfather, Joseph Thomas, was born in New Hampshire, and was a lieutenant in the Revolutionary army. His father, John Thomas, was born in Amherst, N. H., and died on the field of battle in the war of 1812. His mother, Rebecca Batchellor, a native of Brookfield, Mass., belonged to a good old family of that town, whose ancestors immigrated to this country in 1630. Stephen, their third child, was born in Bethel, Vt., Dec. 6th, 1809. He had three brothers and two sisters, neither of whom is living.

The general's early life was what the English would call "very American." The schoolmaster had little to do with his corporal or his intellectual development. He attended for a while such a common school as the town of Thetford afforded in those days, but at eighteen years of age was apprenticed to a woollen manufacturer, learned the trade, and followed it for several years in the towns of Thetford, Stafford, and Fairlee. Then he went to Hartland and started a factory of his own, which was soon destroyed by fire, and he resumed work in Thetford, and finally in West Fairlee.

In 1830 Gen. Thomas married Miss Ann Peabody, of Reading, and a son and a daughter were born to them, both of whom are grown up. The former has settled in Wisconsin, and the latter, having lost her husband and her mother, lives with her father.

Very early in life Gen. Thomas evinced a decided capacity and taste for public affairs, and soon became a recognized leader in local politics. He cast in his lot with the Democratic party, and worked conscientiously for its interests in whatever honorable avenue was open to him. At the age of twenty-six,

while living in West Fairlee, he was appointed sheriff of Orange county. That office gave him an opportunity to become familiar with the business of the courts, and for several years he gave attention to the prosecution of Revolutionary pension and other claims. For eight years he was connected with the probate court of his county, first as register of probate, then as judge.

The ability for leadership displayed by Gen. Thomas soon gave him a wide reputation in political circles, and, finding him both judicious and trustworthy, the people put him forward to advocate their interests. He represented them in the General Assembly in 1838, 1839, 1845, 1846, 1860, and 1861, and was a state senator in 1848 and 1849. In 1860 and 1861 he was the Democratic nominee for lieutenant governor, and secured a large vote, but his party failed to elect. He was also chosen to fill the responsible position of delegate from his state to the National Democratic Convention, during several presidential years. In 1848 he was an alternate, and in 1852, 1856, and 1860, a delegate.

It was in those national conventions that Thomas became intimately acquainted with the southern prejudice and animus, and acquired that seer's vision which enabled him to read the horoscope of the country's future in advance of most of his contemporaries. Convinced early in 1860 that a great sectional struggle over the radical differences between North and South was inevitable, the prospect so troubled him that for months he could not banish it from his thoughts, and scarcely from his dreams. So deeply had the gravity of the national situation impressed itself on his mind, that it brought to him a sense of relief when the firing of the first gun at Fort Sumter precipitated the war and decided the course of the government. Then the deep convictions which had been long repressed, found room for action, and became the motive power which invested all that he did and said with superlative power.

Having honestly and earnestly taken his stand on the burning questions of the hour, Gen. Thomas could no longer remain a universal favorite. His radical, progressive policy would

not ally itself with Democratic conservatism, and a faction of those who had been his firm political supporters came to repudiate and hate him. The attitude of his party and the education of the army were the means of conversion in his case, as in that of many other officers who entered the struggle as stanch Democrats and came out Republicans. In 1864 he voted the Republican ticket, but made up his mind to do so silently, and take no active part in political affairs. But the leaders who had so long counted on him could not overlook the desertion of their platform, and, after remonstrating with him in vain, ended in persecuting him, until he was compelled to take up the issue publicly in defence of his course. "Thomas," they said, when he returned from the war, "Thomas, you've changed; we haven't." "Fools never do," was his witty reply.

But in changing party affiliations Gen. Thomas did not forsake his political principles, or his rugged honesty of purpose. He carried into the Republican ranks the same inflexible purpose to do what was for the common good that had actuated his conduct in earlier years, and the party recognized and honored him for it. In 1867 and 1868 he served them and the state most acceptably as lieutenant governor, and might have been re-elected for the third term had he not positively refused the use of his name. He would not be a candidate for governor when urged thereto by his friends; but in other ways he performed a vast amount of useful public service. For eight years, beginning with 1870, he was United States pension agent, and in that capacity helped to reform many abuses and impositions in the modes of collecting such claims, by which petty lawyers extorted unreasonable fees at the expense of poor widows and orphans. He was state delegate to the soldiers' convention that nominated Gen. Grant to the presidency; he has been commander of the Grand Army of his state, president of the Officers' Reunion Society, and president of the State Soldiers' Reunion.

For several years Gen. Thomas has resided at Montpelier, and has found time to interest himself in agriculture, and meanwhile has not refused the demands of public service whenever

the voice of duty called, or there was good to be accomplished. At the age of seventy-six he enjoys excellent health, and is remarkably vigorous. He takes an active interest in the affairs of his town and the country, and makes his influence widely felt in the political movements that engage the attention of the state.

The same elements of character which won the respect and confidence of the Eighth Regiment in their colonel, and endeared him to them as a father,—the sturdy rectitude that bound him to the right, and kept him safe from the seductions of evil policy,—have given Gen. Thomas an assured place in the hearts of his fellow-citizens, who delight to show their gratitude for his distinguished services by acts of public honor and personal kindness.

It would be hollow eulogy of the subject of this sketch to insist on making him a symmetrical character; the sphere of human activity seldom demands a perfectly balanced man. But it is safe to say that his great strength and capacity for usefulness lay in a clear apprehension of the right thing to do, and the proper time to do it; blindness to the suggestions of wrong; courage to stand by his convictions, and postpone the less to the greater good; a deep moral sense of equity and personal responsibility; and a heart loyal to duty, his country, and his God.

Patriotic Vermont has had a long list of civil officers who served in the Union army. Among those who have filled the executive chair with honor, were Washburn, Proctor, Farnham, Barstow, and Pingree.

Since his retirement from the army, Major John L. Barstow has filled many positions, and always to his credit. He had hardly reached his home after leaving Louisiana, before he was called into the state service by the offer of a responsible position in the recruiting service by Adj. Gen. Washburn, which he was obliged to decline on account of shattered health. In the following September, he was elected a member of the legislature, and it was during the session in which he served that St. Albans was attacked by Confederate raiders from Can-

ada. At the request of Gen. Washburn, he went to the scene of action by the first train, and the next day was sent into Canada on a special mission, by Major Austine, United States military commandant of the state. This famous raid created such an excitement that a law was soon passed, establishing three brigades of militia, of four regiments each, and Major Barstow was elected by the legislature as one of the brigade commanders.

Under this commission, he was ordered by Gov. Smith to take command of the provincial forces on the northwestern frontier, where he remained on duty until relieved by Gen. Stannard, in January, 1865. In September of that year he was again elected to the legislature by the unanimous vote of his town, and in the years 1866 and 1867 he was state senator from Chittenden county. In 1870 he was appointed U. S. pension agent at Burlington, which office he held for nearly eight years, discharging its duties in such a manner as to call from Hon. Carl Schurz, then secretary of the interior, an autograph letter of thanks. In 1879 Gov. Proctor appointed him state commissioner for the centennial celebration of the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, and he rendered effective service in securing government aid for the undertaking, and for the monument, and in arranging plans for the celebration.

In 1880 he was elected lieutenant governor of the state, for the biennial term, and was chosen by the legislature one of the trustees of the University of Vermont and State Agricultural College, which position he held in 1882 and 1883, by virtue of his office as governor, to which he had been elected in 1882. The Ely riots occurred during his term of office, and his course in requiring that justice should precede force, and that the riotous miners should be paid their honest dues, attracted much favorable comment throughout the country.

Pending the nomination of his successor, in 1884, a majority of the Republican newspapers in the state advocated his renomination, but he declined to become a candidate. The quality of his service as governor, judged by the press, is shown by an extract from the Rutland *Herald* of October,

1884, then edited by the well-known critic, Lucius Bigelow. In commenting upon Gov. Barstow's final message, he said:

"He has more than fulfilled the flattering promises made for him by his friends when he was nominated. He has been as careful, independent, able, and efficient a governor as we have had in Vermont during the last twenty years, a period which includes executives of the quality of Dillingham, Peck, and Proctor."

The Brattleboro *Reformer*, of same date, one of the leading opposition papers, said:

"This message, like Gov. Barstow's inaugural, also will take rank among the best and most sensible state papers ever presented in Vermont."

Col. John B. Mead is well known in Vermont. He has been an active advocate of the temperance movement, and widely interested in agriculture and in public schools. He has been representative to the legislature, senator from Orange county, state superintendent of agriculture, and at the International Exhibition at New Orleans, in 1885, he was commissioner for Vermont, and at the Exposition of 1886 did the same service for New England. Col. Mead is a fluent public speaker, and urges his opinions with enthusiasm and eloquence.

Lieut. Col. A. B. Franklin has been a member of both branches of the legislature of Vermont, and served for several years as master of the state grange, and president of Windham County Agricultural Society.

Lieut. Col. Charles Dillingham has resided in the South since he left the army. For several years he was engaged in mercantile business. He served a term as United States naval officer at New Orleans. He is at present receiver of the Houston and Texas Railroad Company.

Capt. W. W. Lynde served with distinction in the legislature of Vermont for a number of years, and was prominent both in the House and the Senate. He was elected by the General Assembly quartermaster general of the state, and held the position for several years.

Major H. M. Pollard settled in Missouri after he retired from the army, and very soon became a leading lawyer in the courts. He represented Missouri one term in congress, and then took up his residence in St. Louis.

Capt. Henry E. Foster and Capt. F. D. Butterfield were custom house officers at Derby Line for several years.

Commissary Sergeant William H. Gilmore has served as representative to the legislature of Vermont, and was two years a state senator. For several years he was president of the Orange County Agricultural Society.

Quartermaster Fred E. Smith has been very successful as a business man. He is prominent in the Grand Army of the Republic of Vermont, and was a delegate to the convention in Chicago when Gen. Grant was first nominated for president. For a number of years he has been secretary of the Reunion Society of Vermont Officers. He is vice-president of the Vermont Mutual Fire Insurance Company, and a director of the First National Bank of Montpelier. He is also concerned officially in several manufacturing interests. He has been active in the promotion of education, is a trustee of Norwich University, and is president of the Public Library Association of Montpelier.

Lieut. J. Elliott Smith has been for years superintendent of the fire alarm telegraph of New York City. He is recognized as one of the most prominent electricians in the country.

Cyrus U. Lathrop has been a successful farmer, and has served as assistant judge of the Orange county court.

Capt. L. M. Hutchinson was a member of the Vermont legislature in 1884 and 1885, and at present is railroad commissioner for Edmonds county, Dakota Territory.

Rufus E. Smith was deputy sheriff of Santa Barbara county, California, for five years.

Drum Major G. H. Flagg, after being mustered out of the

regiment, remained in New Orleans, and was a member of the Louisiana legislature during the reconstruction period.

Capt. Geo. O. Ford, Lieut. Wheaton Livingston, and Major Grout, have been largely interested in agriculture.

Capt. H. E. Perkins was a resident of New York state for some years, and on his return to Vermont was elected captain of the Barlow Greys at St. Albans, a position he now holds. It is one of the best of the Vermont militia companies.

Lieut. Col. Henry F. Dutton controls large interests in Florida, and is at the head of a flourishing banking house.

Lieut. James Welch has been a successful farmer and manufacturer.

Quartermaster Edward Dewey has long been connected with the National Life Insurance Company, and is at present vice-president of the company.

Capt. S. E. Howard is secretary of a cattle company in Wyoming Territory.

Surgeon Geo. F. Gale is eminent in his profession in Vermont, and a prominent citizen of the state.

Chas. A. Dean is the manager of the largest Manila paper and paper bag manufacturing company in the United States.

Herbert E. Hill has been successful in the cotton business and cotton manufacturing, which has brought with it a large and pleasant acquaintance through the South. He has been vice commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic. While secretary of the Middlesex Club, of Boston, he secured a visit of one week from Gen. Grant, as guest of the club. He was selected by the electoral college as special messenger to carry to Washington the Massachusetts vote for Garfield and Arthur.

Lieut. H. W. Downs has been successful as a silk manufacturer.

Capt. W. H. Smith has a well-established law practice in Chicago.

Lieut. W. H. H. Holton served in the legislature of Vermont, and for several years has been inspector of customs in New York.

B. F. Parkhurst, after remaining a few years in Vermont, removed to Worcester, Mass., and entered the service of the state. In his private affairs he has been very prosperous.

Surgeon H. H. Gillett, and Assistant Surgeon S. H. Currier, have both served in the legislature of Vermont. Both are successful practitioners.

Lieut. Lewis Childs has held the position of president of the Gold Room, in Boston.

Capt. S. H. Shattuck has been largely interested in educational matters, and was professor in Norwich University for several years.

D. D. Fairbanks, Levi H. Parker, Ethan P. Shores, William H. Silsby, Martin J. Pond, and Oranger C. Spencer, of Company K, have been members of the legislature of Vermont.

There were four brothers in the regiment by the name of Shontell, all six-footers, and brave soldiers. One of them died of disease while in the service; William is chief of police in the city of Brainard, Minn., and Xenophon Udall is a clergyman in Loyalton, Dak.

Lieut. M. L. Hodgkins is in the United States Land Office in Florida.

B. F. Bowman was the projector of the Vermont colony at Loyalton, Dak.

Lieut. Geo. E. Selleck is one of the most prominent and active citizens of Brattleboro, Vt.

Wm. B. Stickney is well known in educational circles, and served as superintendent of colored schools in the city of New Orleans.

Sergt. O. H. Sprague is a partner in a leading wholesale house in Chicago.

Capt. Moses McFarland has been prominent in the local affairs of his town.

Asst. Surgeon O. E. Ross has made a fine reputation at his home in Maine.

Hospital Steward C. M. Ferrin controls a large practice as physician, and is held in high esteem by all the old comrades as secretary of the Eighth Vermont Society.

Fred E. Smith served on Gov. Fairbanks's staff as colonel and A. D. C.; George N. Carpenter served on Gov. Dillingham's staff as colonel and A. D. C., and is a trustee of Norwich University; William H. Gilmore served on Gov. Barstow's staff as colonel and A. D. C.; Herbert E. Hill served on Gov. Talbot's staff, in Massachusetts, as colonel and A. A. G.

GOVERNOR HOLBROOK.

ALTHOUGH he did not belong to the Eighth regiment, Hon. Frederick Holbrook, the war governor of the state, had much to do with the camp at Brattleboro, which was called after his name, and deserves fitting mention in this book. All the commissions of the original officers of the regiment bore his signature, and, being a resident of Brattleboro, he took a deep personal interest in its welfare.

Governor Holbrook's name was familiar to the people of Vermont long before he was elected to fill the executive chair.

He had been active in developing the agricultural resources of the state, and for many years was president of the State Agricultural Society. Being so well and favorably known, he had the confidence and sympathy of the people when he became governor during the trying days of 1862. A great responsibility at once devolved upon him, but he entered upon the work with enthusiasm, and was prompt to co-operate with President Lincoln by raising and sending troops to the front.

MILITARY HISTORY

OF

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

The date of each commission immediately follows the name and rank.

Stephen Thomas. Colonel, Nov. 12, 1861; brigadier general, United States volunteers, Feb. 1, 1865; brevet major general, United States volunteers; commanded a brigade most of the time while colonel; acted as military commander at Algiers, La., on the west bank of the Mississippi; served with distinction in the Shenandoah Valley under Sheridan; ordered a successful charge on his own responsibility at the battle of Opequon; in the morning fight at Cedar Creek, with a single brigade he checked the advance of Early's army on the pike.

John B. Mead. Second lieutenant Company G, Jan. 7, 1862; 1st lieutenant Company G, April 2, 1863; captain Company G, May 5, 1863; major, July 26, 1864; lieutenant colonel, Nov. 24, 1864; colonel, March 4, 1865; taken prisoner at Bayou des Allemands, Sept. 4, 1862; wounded Oct. 19, 1864, at the battle of Cedar Creek; mustered out June 28, 1865.

Edward M. Brown. Adjutant 5th Vermont Volunteers, Aug. 24, 1861; lieutenant colonel 8th Vermont, Jan. 9, 1862; resigned Dec. 23, 1862; by order of Gen. Butler was detailed as editor of the *Delta*, at New Orleans.

Charles Dillingham. Captain Company D, 2d Vermont Volunteers, May 22, 1861; major 8th Vermont Volunteers, Jan. 19, 1862; lieutenant colonel, Dec. 24, 1862; resigned Dec. 12, 1863; commanded his regiment during the siege of Port Hudson; served on military commission for several months in New Orleans.

Henry F. Dutton. Captain Company H, Jan. 17, 1862; major, June 12, 1863; lieutenant colonel, Dec. 28, 1863; honorably discharged Nov. 16, 1864, for wounds received in action at Winchester, Virginia, Sept. 19, 1864; commanded special detail of sharpshooters at the battle of the Cotton; honorably mentioned by Col. Thomas in his report of the engagement; commanded skirmishers at the battle of Bisland; in transmitting his commission as major, the governor stated that Capt. Dutton was promoted for "distinguished services at the battle of the Cotton."

Alvin B. Franklin. First lieutenant Company H, Jan. 17, 1862; wounded June 22, 1862; captain Company H, June 12, 1863; major, Nov. 24, 1864; lieutenant colonel, March 4, 1865; mustered out June 28, 1865; complimented in Colonel Thomas's report to the adjutant general of Vermont, for brave action at Cedar Creek, and recommended to be brevetted major; inspector general on brigade staff.

Luman M. Grout. Captain Company A, Nov. 13, 1861; major, Dec. 24, 1862; resigned June 11, 1863.

John L. Barstow. Quartermaster sergeant; adjutant, Feb. 19, 1862; captain Company K, Mar. 21, 1863; major, Dec. 28, 1863; mustered out June 22, 1864; honorably mentioned for his personal services in the engagement of the Cotton; served as assistant adjutant general on the brigade staff during the siege of Port Hudson; complimented in report of brigade commander for gallantry in the assault on Port Hudson, June 14; in command of the recruits and those who did not re-enlist, while the veterans were on furlough; for a time post commander at Thibodeaux, La.

Henry M. Pollard. First lieutenant Company I, July 12, 1863; captain, Nov. 7, 1863; major, April 6, 1865; mustered out June 28, 1865; served as provost marshal on brigade staff.

Henry Carpenter. Private Company A, Oct. 23, 1861; corporal,

Feb. 18, 1862; sergeant; 1st sergeant; sergeant major, Sept. 17, 1863; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; 1st lieutenant Company F, Aug. 23, 1864; adjutant, Nov. 24, 1864; mustered out June 28, 1865.

Fred E. Smith. Quartermaster, Nov. 23, 1861; honorably discharged Nov. 30, 1863; served as acting commissary of subsistence, on the staff of Gen. Godfrey Weitzel, while he commanded brigade and division in Louisiana.

Edward Dewey. Quartermaster, Jan. 12, 1864; captain and assistant quartermaster U. S. volunteers, Feb. 11, 1865.

James Welch. Private Company G, Nov. 20, 1861; sergeant Feb. 18, 1862; 2d lieutenant May 5, 1863; honorably discharged as 2d lieutenant Feb. 17, 1865, for wounds received in action Oct. 19, 1864, at Cedar Creek; quartermaster, March 27, 1865; mustered out June 28, 1865; commanded the skirmish line of second brigade, first division, 19th A. C., at battle of Cedar Creek.

Geo. F. Gale. Surgeon, Dec. 10, 1861; resigned June 24, 1862.

Herman H. Gillett. Assistant surgeon, Dec. 10, 1861; surgeon June 25, 1862; mustered out June 28, 1865; was detailed at different times for staff duties, and for duty as director of General Hospital.

Samuel H. Currier. Hospital steward, Feb. 18, 1862; assistant surgeon, June 25, 1862; resigned Oct. 20, 1862.

Cyrus H. Allen. Assistant surgeon, Oct. 1, 1862; surgeon 5th Vermont Volunteers, Oct. 1, 1864.

Oliver E. Ross. Assistant surgeon, Sept. 17, 1863; mustered out June 28, 1865; served for a time on brigade staff.

J. Elliott Smith. Quartermaster sergeant; lieutenant on Gen. Butler's staff; military superintendent of telegraph, department of the Gulf.

Francis C. Williams. Chaplain, Dec. 20, 1861; mustered out June 22, 1864.

Thomas Bayne. Chaplain, Feb. 23, 1865; mustered out June 28, 1865.

CAPTAINS.

Moses McFarland. First lieutenant Company A, Nov. 13, 1861; captain Dec. 24, 1862; mustered out, June 28, 1865; was honorably mentioned for his services at the battle of the Cotton, and also for his gallantry at Cedar Creek; part of the day commanded the regiment at Cedar Creek.

Charles B. Child. Captain Company B, Dec. 19, 1861; resigned Oct. 21, 1863; was provost marshal at Algiers, La., for several months.

Frederick D. Butterfield. Second lieutenant Company B, Dec. 19, 1861; 1st lieutenant, June 15, 1863; captain, Nov. 7, 1863; resigned July 22, 1864; was detailed as signal officer in May, 1862, and served through the war in that branch of the service.

John Bisbee. Private Company B, Nov. 22, 1861; 1st sergeant, Feb. 18, 1862; wounded June 14, 1863; 2d lieutenant Company B, July 15, 1863; 1st lieutenant, Nov. 7, 1863; captain, Aug. 21, 1864; mustered out June 28, 1865.

Henry E. Foster. Captain Company C, Dec. 23, 1861; wounded May 27, 1863; resigned Aug. 15, 1863; when the Opelousas Railroad was opened, Capt. Foster became military superintendent.

George N. Carpenter. Private; sergeant major, Feb. 18, 1862; 1st lieutenant Company C, June 1, 1862; captain Company C, August 15, 1863; served as acting adjutant of the regiment, and *aid-de-camp* on brigade staff; discharged July 2, 1864, to accept appointment as captain and commissary of subsistence U. S. volunteers; the last year of the war he served on the staff of Gen. R. A. Cameron, U. S. volunteers.

S. E. Howard. Private Company H, Nov. 19, 1861; 1st sergeant, Feb. 18, 1862; 2d lieutenant Company H, Jan. 12, 1863; captain Company C, July 26, 1864; honorably discharged, Dec. 9, 1864, for wounds received in action at Cedar Creek, Va., Oct. 19, 1864; served as acting quartermaster of the regiment, Jan. to Dec., 1863; in charge of recruiting party sent to Vermont, Dec., 1863, to March, 1864; acting adjutant during veteran furlough of regiment;

A. A. D. C. on brigade staff, and acting quartermaster of brigade; judge advocate of court martial held on steamer Cahawba, between New York and New Orleans.

Joseph N. Dunton. Private Company H, Nov. 23, 1861; corporal, Feb. 18, 1862; sergeant; 1st sergeant, Nov. 26, 1863; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; 2d lieutenant Company H, Feb. 20, 1864; 1st lieutenant Company H, Nov. 24, 1864; captain Company C, March 3, 1865; mustered out June 28, 1865.

Cyrus B. Leach. Capt. Company D, Dec. 28, 1861; mustered out June 22, 1864.

Alfred E. Getchell. 1st lieutenant Company D, Dec. 28, 1861; captain, July 26, 1864; mustered out Feb. 26, 1865.

William H. Haskins. Private Company D, Nov. 21, 1861; hospital steward, June 25, 1862; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; captain Company D, March 3, 1865; mustered out Feb. 26, 1865.

Edward Hall. Capt. Company E, Jan. 1, 1862; wounded June 14, 1863; died Oct. 28, 1864, of wounds received in action at Cedar Creek, Va., Oct. 19, 1864; taken prisoner at Des Allemands, La., Sept. 4, 1862.

Lemuel M. Hutchinson. Private Company A, Oct. 1, 1861; 1st sergeant, Feb. 18, 1862; 2d lieutenant Company A, July 23, 1862; 1st lieutenant Company A, Dec. 24, 1862; captain Company E, Nov. 24, 1864; mustered out June 28, 1865; served as acting adjutant of the regiment for a few months.

Hiram E. Perkins. Captain Company F, Jan. 3, 1862; discharged for promotion as major in U. S. colored troops, May 31, 1863.

Daniel S. Foster. 1st lieutenant Company F, Jan. 3, 1862; captain, April 9, 1863; mustered out June 22, 1864.

William H. Smith. Private Company H, Nov. 19, 1861; sergeant, Feb. 18, 1862; 1st sergeant, Jan. 13, 1863; 1st lieutenant Company F, October 1, 1863; captain Company F, July 26, 1864; wounded, June 22, 1862, and Oct. 19, 1864; mustered out

June 28, 1865; commanded the skirmish line for his brigade at Winchester, Sept. 19, 1864; on duty as acting post commissary at New Haven, Conn.

Samuel G. P. Craig. Captain Company G, Jan. 7, 1862. Died May 4, 1863, at Opelousas, La., of disease.

John M. Pike. Private, Company G, Dec. 6, 1861; sergeant, Feb. 18, 1862; 1st sergeant; 2d lieutenant Company G, April 2, 1863; wounded, June 14, 1863; 1st lieutenant Company G, May 5, 1863; captain, July 26, 1864; mustered out June 28, 1865.

Samuel W. Shattuck. Drafted July 15, 1863; appointed adjutant Oct. 20, 1863; wounded Oct. 19, 1864; captain Company H, Nov. 24, 1864; mustered out June 28, 1865. For a time served as acting assistant adjutant general of second brigade, first division, 19th Army Corps.

William W. Lynde. Captain Company I, Jan. 17, 1862; resigned Oct. 18, 1863, on account of ill health.

Francis E. Warren. Private Company I, Dec. 23, 1861; corporal, Feb. 18, 1862; sergeant; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; 1st sergeant, June 8, 1864; wounded Sept. 19, 1864; 1st lieutenant Company I, Feb. 23, 1865; captain, April 18, 1865; mustered out June 28, 1865.

John S. Clark. Captain Company K, Jan. 22, 1862; died March 20, 1863, of disease, at Hospital Hotel Dieu, New Orleans, La.

Geo. O. Ford. Private Company K, Dec. 16, 1861; sergeant, Feb. 18, 1862; 2d lieutenant Company K, Feb. 19, 1863; 1st lieutenant Company K, July 1, 1863; wounded Sept. 19, 1864, and Oct. 19, 1864; mustered out Feb. 26, 1865.

James W. Smith. Private Company K, Feb. 3, 1862; corporal; sergeant; 1st sergeant, Feb. 17, 1864; re-enlisted Feb. 18, 1864; 2d lieutenant Company K, Feb. 20, 1864; captain Company K, Feb. 23, 1865; mustered out June 28, 1865.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

Ezra H. Brown. Private Company A, Oct. 1, 1861; corporal, Feb. 18, 1862; sergeant; 1st sergeant, Dec. 14, 1863; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; 1st lieutenant Company A, Dec. 13, 1864; mustered out June 28, 1865.

Stephen F. Spalding. 1st lieutenant Company B, Dec. 19, 1861; killed in action at Port Hudson, La., June 14, 1863; was acting adjutant of the regiment when he was killed in the charge of 14th of June.

Wheaton Livingston, Jr. Private Company B, Dec. 2, 1861; corporal; sergeant; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; 1st sergeant, June 9, 1864; wounded Sept. 19, 1864; 1st lieutenant Company B, Aug. 21, 1864; mustered out June 28, 1865.

Edward B. Wright. 1st lieutenant Company C, Dec. 23, 1861; resigned June 6, 1862.

Lewis Child. Private Company D, Dec. 7, 1861; regimental commissary sergeant, March 1, 1862; 1st lieutenant Company C, Dec. 6, 1863; mustered out June 30, 1865; served as acting commissary of subsistence on staffs of second brigade and first division of Nineteenth Army Corps; received honorable mention for gallant service at the battle of Cedar Creek.

Edward F. Gould. Private Company D, Jan. 3, 1862; sergeant Feb. 18, 1862; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; 1st sergeant, April 22, 1864; 1st lieutenant Company D, July 26, 1864; mustered out June 28, 1865.

Kilburn Day. 1st lieutenant Company E, Jan. 1, 1862; resigned Dec. 11, 1862.

Andrew J. Sargent. Private Company K, Feb. 13, 1862; 1st sergeant, Feb. 18, 1862; 2d lieutenant Company E, July 24, 1862; 1st lieutenant Company E, Dec. 12, 1863; wounded Oct. 19, 1864; mustered out Feb. 26, 1865; taken prisoner at Bayou des Allemands, La., Sept. 4, 1862.

Geo. G. Hutchins. Private Company E, Jan. 10, 1862; sergeant; 1st sergeant, Aug. 1, 1863; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; 2d lieutenant

Company F, Feb. 20, 1864; 1st lieutenant Company E, Feb. 23, 1865; mustered out June 28, 1865.

Merrill L. Hodgkins. Private Company H, Dec. 6, 1861; corporal, Feb. 18, 1861; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; regimental commissary sergeant, June 9, 1864; 1st lieutenant Company F, Nov. 24, 1864; mustered out June 28, 1865.

Job W. Green. 1st lieutenant Company G, Jan. 7, 1862; resigned April 1, 1863; taken prisoner at Bayou des Allemands, Sept. 4, 1862.

Martin L. Bruce. Private Company G, Nov. 27, 1861; corporal Jan. 1, 1864; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; sergeant July 1, 1864; wounded Oct. 19, 1864; 1st lieutenant Company G, March 3, 1865; mustered out June 28, 1865.

Waitstill R. Pettee. Private Company H, Dec. 10, 1861; corporal; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; sergeant, April 12, 1864; regimental quartermaster sergeant, July 1, 1864; 2d lieutenant Company H, Nov. 24, 1864; 1st lieutenant Company H, March 3, 1865; mustered out June 28, 1865.

Geo. N. Holland. 1st lieutenant Company I, Jan. 17, 1862; resigned Oct. 25, 1862.

Joshua C. Morse. 2d lieutenant Company I, Jan. 17, 1862; 1st lieutenant, Oct. 25, 1862; resigned July 10, 1863.

George E. Selleck. Private Company I, Dec. 7, 1861; 1st sergeant, Feb. 18, 1862; 2d lieutenant Company I, Oct. 25, 1862; 1st lieutenant Company I, Nov. 7, 1863; mustered out Feb. 26, 1865.

Frank R. Warner. Private Company I, Jan. 13, 1862; corporal; sergeant; re-enlisted Feb. 18, 1864; 1st sergeant; 2d lieutenant Company I, Feb. 20, 1864; 1st lieutenant, April 18, 1865; mustered out June 28, 1865; detailed as aid on General McMillan's staff.

Adoniram J. Howard. 1st lieutenant Company K, Jan. 22, 1862; died Nov. 18, 1862, of disease; served for a time as acting quartermaster of the regiment.

Geo. F. French. 2d lieutenant Company K, Jan. 22, 1862; 1st lieutenant Jan. 3, 1863; resigned June 21, 1863; was detailed for

the signal service May, 1862, and served in that corps until he retired from the army.

Nathan C. Cheney. Private Company K, Dec. 9, 1861; musician, Feb. 18, 1862; sergeant; 1st sergeant; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; 1st lieutenant Company K, Dec. 28, 1863; died Oct. 21, 1864, of wounds received in action at Cedar Creek, Va., Oct. 19, 1864.

Perry Porter, Jr. Private Company K, Jan. 1, 1862; sergeant Feb. 18, 1862; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; 1st sergeant April 12, 1864; wounded June 14, 1863, and Sept. 19, 1864; 1st lieutenant Company K, Nov. 24, 1864; mustered out June 28, 1865.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

Gilman S. Rand. 2d lieutenant Company A, Nov. 13, 1861; died July 22, 1862, of disease at Algiers, La.

Aaron K. Cooper. Private Company A, Sept. 26, 1861; corporal, Feb. 18, 1862; sergeant; 2d lieutenant Company A, Dec. 24, 1862; killed in action at Cedar Creek, Virginia, Oct. 19, 1864.

Henry H. Newton. Private Company A, Oct. 19, 1861; corporal; sergeant; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; 2d lieutenant Company A, Dec. 13, 1864; mustered out June 28, 1865; served on brigade staff.

William H. Spencer. Private Company B, Nov. 30, 1861; sergeant, Feb. 18, 1862; wounded June 14, 1863; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; 1st sergeant; 2d lieutenant Company B, Feb. 20, 1864; honorably discharged March 9, 1865, for wounds received in action at Cedar Creek, Virginia, Oct. 19, 1864.

Curtiss W. Lynn. Private Company B, Nov. 25, 1861; corporal; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; sergeant, March 24, 1864; 1st sergeant, March 2, 1865; 2d lieutenant Company B, April 6, 1865; mustered out June 28, 1865.

Frederick J. Fuller. 2d lieutenant Company C, Dec. 23, 1861; dismissed the service June 2, 1863.

John A. Ripley. Private Company C, Nov. 30, 1861; corporal, Feb. 18, 1862; sergeant; 1st sergeant; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; 2d lieutenant Company C, Feb. 20, 1864; mustered out June 28, 1865.

Darius G. Child. 2d lieutenant Company D, Dec. 28, 1861; died of disease July 20, 1862, at Algiers, La.

Dennis Buckley. Private Company D, Nov. 2, 1861; 1st sergeant, Feb. 18, 1862; 2d lieutenant Company D, July 22, 1862; cashiered and dismissed the service Dec. 7, 1863.

Nathaniel Robie. Private Company D, Nov. 22, 1861; sergeant, Feb. 18, 1862; 1st sergeant; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; wounded May 27, 1863, and Sept. 19, 1864; 2d lieutenant Company D, Feb. 20, 1864; died at St. Johnsbury, Vt., Dec. 6, 1864, of disease.

Horace P. Emerson. Private Company D, Dec. 9, 1861; corporal, July 1, 1863; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; sergeant, April 22, 1864; 2d lieutenant Company D, March 3, 1865; mustered out June 28, 1865.

Truman P. Kellogg. 2d lieutenant Company E, Jan. 1, 1862; died July 23, 1862, of disease, at Algiers, La.

Newell H. Hibbard. Private Company E, Sept. 30, 1861; corporal, Feb. 18, 1862; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; sergeant, Feb. 23, 1864; 1st sergeant, June 8, 1864; 2d lieutenant Company E, Feb. 23, 1865; resigned June 12, 1865.

Carter H. Nason. 2d lieutenant Company F, Jan. 3, 1862; dismissed the service June 2, 1863.

Franklin R. Carpenter. Private Company F, Nov. 25, 1861; corporal, Feb. 18, 1862; 2d lieutenant Company F, Dec. 8, 1863; wounded Oct. 19, 1864; mustered out June 28, 1865; taken prisoner at Cedar Creek.

Abner N. Flint. Private Company G, Dec. 18, 1861; corporal; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; 1st sergeant, July 1, 1864; 2d lieutenant Company G, Nov. 24, 1864; mustered out June 28, 1865.

William H. H. Holton. 2d lieutenant Company H, Jan. 17, 1862; wounded at Raceland, La., June 22, 1862; resigned Jan. 13, 1863, and entered the service again in Invalid Corps.

Hymenius A. Davis. Private Company H, Dec. 23, 1861; corporal, Feb. 18, 1862; sergeant; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; 1st sergeant, April 12, 1864; 2d lieutenant Company H, March 3, 1865; mustered out June 28, 1865.

Henry W. Downs. Private Company I, Nov. 28, 1861; corporal; sergeant, Dec. 13, 1863; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; 1st sergeant; March 21, 1865; 2d lieutenant Company I, April 18, 1865; mustered out June 28, 1865.

George W. Hill. Private Company K, Dec. 9, 1861; corporal, Feb. 18, 1862; wounded Sept. 4, 1862; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; sergeant, Feb. 11, 1864; 1st sergeant, Feb. 6, 1865; 2d lieutenant Company K, Feb. 23, 1865; mustered out June 28, 1865.

Officers discharged from regiment as field and staff, 20; as captains, 24; as 1st lieutenants, 21; as 2d lieutenants, 20; total officers, 85.

Promotions of Enlisted Men.

COMPANY A.

SERGEANTS.

Kiser, Harvey O., promoted in colored regiment, Sept. 14, 1863.

CORPORALS.

Holbrook, Cornelius D., sergeant.
Woods, Horace, musician; sergeant.

PRIVATES.

Albee, Stephen C., corporal.
Beard, Charles W., corporal, April 4, 1865.
Brown, Kirk F., corporal; sergeant, Dec. 14, 1863.
Blood, Gilman W., corporal, May 9, 1865.
Brackett, Aurick S., hospital steward, April 12, 1865.
Blake, Chas. W., captain U. S. C. T.
Carpenter, Jephaniah, corporal; sergeant, March 4, 1865.
Clark, Rufus H., captain U. S. C. T.
Downey, Henry D., corporal; sergeant, May 9, 1865.
Fullington, Chas. B., lieutenant U. S. C. T.
Goodridge, Oscar W., captain U. S. C. T.
Hill, Seth C., sergeant, Dec. 14, 1863; 1st sergeant, Feb. 25, 1865.
Hovey, Rodger, corporal.
Kent, Melvin P., corporal.
Mudgett, Geo. E., corporal, Dec. 3, 1863.
Page, Albert W., corporal.
Page, Wm. B., corporal, March 15, 1865.
Smith, Harvey P., lieutenant.
Tobin, Michael B., promoted in colored regiment, Sept. 14, 1863.
Tobin, Alfred L., corporal; sergeant, Feb. 23, 1865.
Wells, Marshall W., corporal.
Westover, Wm. G., lieutenant.
Wood, Chas. G., lieutenant.
Willey, Martin C., corporal, May 9, 1865.

COMPANY B.

CORPORALS.

Holt, Henry H., sergeant; 1st sergeant, May 2, 1865.
Harney, Hiram P., 2d lieutenant National Guards, August 1862.
Moran, Asa B., sergeant, June 9, 1864.

MUSICIANS.

Blake, Isaac, chaplain colored regiment.

PRIVATES.

Atherton, John, corporal, Nov. 1, 1864.
Barrett, Chas. S., corporal, March 2, 1864; sergeant, May 2, 1865.
Blanchard, Geo. F., corporal, June 9, 1864.
Baraby, Joseph, corporal, May 2, 1865.
Bowen, John, musician.
Cunningham, Wm., musician.
Dawson, John R., corporal, July 1, 1864.
Foss, Henry M., corporal.

Griffin, Geo. E., corporal, November 1, 1864.
Halladay, Wilbert E., corporal; sergeant, July 1, 1864.
Henry, Wm. H., corporal; sergeant, March 2, 1865.
McAuliffe, John, corporal, May 2, 1865.
Mooney, Edward, lieutenant U. S. C. T.
Murphy, Patrick, corporal, May 2, 1865.
Parsons, Walter W., corporal.
Smith, John C., corporal, Nov. 1, 1864.
Reed, Winslow T., corporal, March 2, 1865.
Warren, Myron P., corporal.

COMPANY C.

SERGEANTS.

Abbott, Henry C., promoted in Second Louisiana Volunteers, Sept. 1, 1862.
Hawley, A. P., captain U. S. C. T.

CORPORALS.

Gilman, John, sergeant.
Lynn, Orange S., sergeant.
Crosby, William K., promoted in Second Louisiana Volunteers, Aug., 1862.
Prouty, Elijah K., promoted in Second Louisiana Volunteers, Oct. 1, 1862.

PRIVATES.

Adams, John, corporal, July 1, 1864.
Cushman, Francis C., musician.
Chamberlin, Lawrence K., promoted in Second Louisiana Volunteers, Aug., 1862.
Cobban, Simon C. F., corporal, June 1, 1864.
Goodell, Geo. C., corporal.
Herriman, Turrill E., corporal; sergeant, July 1, 1864; 1st sergeant, Dec. 30, 1864.
Jay, Nathan P., corporal, Jan. 5, 1864.
Kennedy, Horace W., promoted second lieutenant Louisiana volunteers, Feb. 28, 1863.
Lathrop, Cyrus W., corporal, March 30, 1865.
Leavitt, Nehemiah, sergeant.
Lewis, Sumner W, lieutenant U. S. C. T.
Martin, Carlos, corporal, Jan. 1, 1865.
McNab, Carlos, wagoner.
Montret, Adolphe, corporal, Jan. 1, 1865.
Noyes, James, promoted in Louisiana National Guards, Dec. 31, 1862.
Noyes, Parker J. 2d lieutenant Louisiana volunteers.
Noyes, William, captain.
Potwin, Napoleon, corporal; sergeant, Jan. 5, 1864.
Pinard, Jovite, corporal, June 1, 1864; sergeant, Jan. 1, 1865.
Putnam, Cornelius H., corporal, July 1, 1864; sergeant, March 30, 1865.
Severance, Henry V., corporal; sergeant; sergeant major, Oct. 16, 1864.
Smith, Henry L., corporal; sergeant, April 12, 1864.
Spencer, Loren H., corporal; sergeant, July 1, 1864.
Swinger, Lawrence, corporal, July 1, 1864.
Simons, Orin, corporal, June 1, 1864.
Titus, Lewis R., lieutenant U. S. C. T.
Whipple, Hiram L., promoted second lieutenant Louisiana volunteers, Feb. 28, 1863.
Woods, Samuel N., corporal, July 1, 1864.

COMPANY D.

CORPORALS.

Peabody, William S., lieutenant U.S.C.T.
Gilmore, Wm. H., promoted quartermaster sergeant, July 1, 1862.

PRIVATES.

Austin, Geo. H., corporal; sergeant.
Bacon, Hiram, Jr., corporal; sergeant, Feb. 23, 1865.
Baldwin, Absalom, corporal.
Daniels, Oscar B., corporal, Feb. 23, 1865.
Haynes, Edward W., corporal, May 5, 1865.
Hayward, Putnam, corporal.
Lake, Edwin, corporal.
Mann, Stephen H., corporal; sergeant; commissary sergeant, Feb. 6, 1865.

Mills, Jacob, Jr., sergeant; 1st sergeant, Sept. 1, 1864.
Richardson, Henry C., corporal; sergeant, Sept. 11, 1864.
Rowe, Rufus H., sergeant.
Sprague, Lyman W., corporal, May 5, 1865.
Taplin, Horace E., corporal; sergeant, Sept. 11, 1864.
Tuttle, Elias J, corporal.
Tuttle, Geo. L., corporal, May 5, 1865.
Wild, Azariah T., quartermaster 3d colored regiment.

COMPANY E.

CORPORALS.

Phelps, John F., sergeant.
Bowman, Benjamin F., sergeant, June 8, 1864; 1st sergeant, March 20, 1865.

PRIVATES.

Abbott, Calvin B., musician.
Brandt, Aleck, corporal.
Corliss, Albert A., corporal, June 8, 1864; sergeant, March 20, 1865.
Hills, William P., corporal, Feb. 15, 1864.
Holmes, Ira, corporal, Jan. 1, 1864.
Hull, Horace A., corporal, March 1, 1865.
Jones, John P., corporal, July 1, 1864.
Labarron, Robinson, corporal, July 1, 1864.
Larned, Rollin E., musician, transferred from Company G.
Maxham, George, corporal, July 1, 1864.
Morse, Andrew J., corporal, Jan. 1, 1864.
Mason, Hezekiah W., corporal, March 1, 1865.
Putman, Hiram M., corporal; sergeant, July 1, 1864.
Phelps, Benijah, corporal, July 1, 1864; sergeant, March 20, 1865.
Pike, Geo. T., corporal, Nov. 1, 1864.
Reynolds, Henry A., musician.
Staples, Francis H., corporal; sergeant, July 1, 1864.
Staples, Charles, corporal, Nov. 1, 1864.
Tirrell, Eri W., corporal, March 1, 1865.

COMPANY F.

SERGEANTS.

Nichols, Henry C., discharged for promotion, Oct. 8, 1863.

CORPORALS.

Wood, Xenophon W., sergeant.

PRIVATES.

Burnham, Benjamin F., discharged Dec. 13, 1864, for promotion in colored troops.
Bartron, Napoleon, Jr., corporal.
Bordo, Julius, corporal, May 18, 1865.
Clapper, Jacob, corporal, May 18, 1865.
Davis, John E., corporal.
Davis, Lewis A., corporal.
Dicker, William A., corporal, March 18, 1865.
Duling, John, corporal, July 1, 1864.
Ellsworth, Hebron, corporal; sergeant, July 1, 1864.
Faueuf, Geo. N., corporal, July 1, 1864; sergeant, May 18, 1865.
Gardner, Michael, corporal; sergeant, March 1, 1865.
Lampher, Edgar R., corporal; sergeant, July 1, 1864; 1st sergeant, April 1, 1865.
Mitchell, Diamond B., corporal, April 27, 1865.
Phelps, Henry W., corporal.
Payne, Dighton L., corporal, May 1, 1865.
Saltus, Edward, corporal; sergeant.
Sanderson, Hiram L., corporal, May 1, 1865.
St. Louis, Jesse, wagoner, July 1, 1864.
Wheeler, Henry B., corporal, July 1, 1864.
Wood, Ephraim, corporal, July 1, 1864; sergeant, May 18, 1865.
Wright, Edward B., 1st sergeant, July 1, 1864.
Whitney, Henry D., corporal, May 1, 1865.

COMPANY G.

CORPORALS.

Sargent, Johnson B., sergeant.
Lewis, Leonard R., sergeant, Nov. 2, 1863.
Loomis, Charles A.. sergeant.

PRIVATES.

Battles, Charles W., corporal.
Battles, Ira, corporal, Jan. 1, 1864.
Bissell, Lucius W, commander in Third Louisiana National Guards, Jan. 24, 1863.
Bement, James H, corporal, Nov. 1, 1864.
Coles, Seymour N., corporal, July 1, 1864.
Culver, Seymour, corporal, March 1, 1865.
Eaton, Daniel W., corporal, Nov. 1, 1863; sergeant, July 1, 1864; 1st sergeant, March 1, 1865.
Flanders, Thomas N., corporal, July 1, 1864; sergeant, April 12, 1865.
Hatch, John, corporal, July 1, 1864; sergeant, March 1, 1865.
Lewis, David W., corporal, Nov. 1, 1863;
Lyman, Joel F., corporal, Nov. 1, 1864.
Ordway, Charles H., corporal, Nov. 1, 1864.
Plumley, Wm. D., corporal, May 23, 1864.
Pierce, Chas. A., corporal, Nov. 1, 1864.
Richards, George, corporal, May 1, 1865.
Sprague, Tyler E., corporal, Jan. 1, 1864; sergeant, July 1, 1864.
Sumner, Samuel W., corporal; sergeant, May 23, 1864.
Titus, Henry H., corporal, March 1, 1864; sergeant, Nov. 1, 1864.

COMPANY H.

SERGEANTS.

Winslow, L. I., sergeant; captain.

PRIVATES.

Allen, Jonathan V., corporal; sergeant, Feb. 28, 1864.
Aldrich, Milo D., corporal, Dec, 8, 1864.
Barker, Augustus, corporal, Nov. 26, 1863.
Brimhall, Fred F., corporal, June 2, 1865.
Brown, Henry B., corporal; sergeant, Nov. 22, 1863.
Brown, Marion M., corporal, July 1, 1864.
Childs, Samuel S., corporal, April 12, 1864.
Crowley, Noah S., corporal, July 1, 1864.
Davis, Otis A., corporal, April 12. 1865.
Frasa, Joseph, corporal, July 1, 1864.
Holt, Lovell S., fifer, Jan. 1, 1863.
Howard, Horace W., corporal, July 1, 1864.
Lee, Edwin P., corporal, April 12, 1864; sergeant, April 12, 1865.
Lee, Alfred A., corporal, June 2, 1865.
Merrifield, Albert H., corporal; sergeant, July 1, 1864.
Martin, Anselm, principal musician, Feb. 2, 1865.
Morgan, Andrew B., corporal, Feb. 23, 1865.
Peck, Joseph H., corporal, July 1, 1864; sergeant, April 12, 1865.
Parsons, William H., corporal, June 2, 1865.
Perry, Wm. W., Jr., corporal.
Prouty, Fred M., musician.
Puffer, Henry, corporal, June 9, 1864; sergeant, Dec. 8, 1864; 1st sergeant, April 12, 1865.
Smith, Stillman, lieutenant 2d Louisiana volunteers.
Steinburg, John G., corporal, Feb. 28, 1864; sergeant, July 1, 1864.
White, Ira M., corporal.

COMPANY I.

CORPORALS.

Gregory, Edward P., sergeant.
Thorn, Rufus C., sergeant, June 8, 1864.
Lamb, Lewis H., sergeant.

PRIVATES.

Bartlett, Clarence A., corporal; sergeant.
Brown, Charles F., corporal, Oct. 11, 1864.
Bemis, Leonard C., corporal.

Burrows, George P., corporal, March 21, 1865.
Black, James F., corporal.
Brown, George D., corporal, March 3, 1865.
Eddy, George P., corporal.
Hill, Herbert E., corporal, May 2, 1865.
Mills, Daniel B., corporal, May 2, 1865.
Kerr, Alonzo D., corporal, sergeant; March 21, 1865.
Sawyer, Willard W., corporal; sergeant, Oct. 19, 1864; quartermaster sergeant, March 2, 1865.
Smith, Charles S., corporal; sergeant, July 1, 1864; 1st sergeant, May 2, 1865.
Worden, Alfred S., corporal.
Woodman, John P., corporal, July 1, 1864.
Ward, Austin H., corporal, Sept. 19, 1864; sergeant, May 2, 1865.

COMPANY K.

CORPORALS.

Gilman, Geo. D., sergeant.
Snow, Chauncey M., sergeant.

PRIVATES.

Barron, Harry V., corporal, Nov. 1, 1864.
Douglas, Franklin B., corporal, July 1, 1864.
Drown, Aaron, corporal, Nov. 1, 1864.
Hart, William A., corporal, Nov. 1, 1864.
Leonard, Willis R., corporal, Feb. 6, 1865.
Parker, Levi H., corporal; sergeant, July 1, 1864.
Perham, Lyman F., corporal.
Pierce, Ezra S., corporal.
Price, Edward, corporal, Feb. 17, 1864.
Petrie, William, musician.
Roberts, Perley P., corporal, April 12, 1864; sergeant, May 28, 1865.
Shores, Ethan P., corporal, Nov. 26, 1863; sergeant, July 1, 1864.
Silsby, Wm. H., corporal, Dec. 23, 1863; sergeant, Feb. 6, 1865.
Simons, Solon L., corporal; sergeant, April 12, 1864; 1st sergeant, March 20, 1865.
Thomas, Oscar, corporal, March 20, 1865.
Turbush, George, corporal, March 20, 1865.

Officers of the Eighth Vermont Regiment.

During the period of its military service the Eighth Vermont Regiment had one hundred and thirty-four different commissioned officers, including two colonels, five lieutenant colonels, seven majors, three adjutants, three quartermasters, two surgeons, four assistant surgeons, two chaplains, thirty captains, thirty-nine first lieutenants, and thirty-seven second lieutenants.

It had sixteen non-commissioned staff officers, including four sergeant majors, four quartermaster sergeants, four commissary sergeants, three hospital stewards, and one drum major.

The number of commissioned officers belonging to each company was as follows: Company A, nine; Company B, eleven; Company C, nine; Company D, nine; Company E, nine; Company F, nine; Company G, twelve; Company H, twelve; Company I, thirteen; Company K, thirteen.

Battles and Skirmishes in which the Eighth Vermont Regiment was engaged.

The Eighth Vermont Regiment took part in the following engagements:

Raceland		June 22, 1862
Boutee Station		Sept. 4, 1862
Bayou des Allemands		Sept. 4, 1862
Battle of the Cotton		Jan. 14, 1863
Bisland		April 12, 1863
Bisland		April 13, 1863
Port Hudson*	Assault	May 27, 1863
	Night engagement	June 10, 1863
	Assault	June 14, 1863
Donaldsonville		July 10, 1863
Opequon (Winchester)		Sept. 19, 1864
Fisher's Hill		Sept. 22, 1864
Night engagement near Woodstock		Sept. 22, 1864
Cedar Creek		Oct. 19, 1864
Newtown		Nov. 12, 1864

To these should be added skirmishes of more or less importance, at New Market, Harrisonburg, Mount Jackson, Summit Point, and many others.

The regiment, or some portion of it, was under fire on sixty-two different days, including battles and skirmishes, when some of the men were either killed or wounded.

*The siege lasted forty-four days, during which the regiment was constantly under fire and suffered daily casualties.

Non-Commissioned Officers and Privates

Who Died from Disease and Other Causes, except Casualties in Battle.

COMPANY A.

Martin, Sergt. Chas. C, July 18, 1862.
Whitcomb, Musician Lewis, May 20, 1864.

PRIVATES.

Albee, Stephen C., May 4, 1865, from bad treatment while prisoner.
Benson, Lucius M., July 31, 1862.
Bickford, Dennis, N. Oct. 6, 1862.
Buckley, Chas. H., June 23, 1862.
Carpenter, Josiah D., Dec. 2, 1862.
Chamberlin, Joseph W., Jan. 11, 1864.
Clement, James H., Jan. 10, 1863.
Eaton, Ransom, May 26, 1863.
Geer, Thomas L., Dec. 15, 1864.
Gale, Justus F., Sept. 19, 1863.
Kidder, Aaron B., June 10, 1864.
Lathrop, Julius M., Dec. 31, 1864.
Marston, Ira L., Jan. 10, 1863.
Merriam, John W., Sept. 24, 1863.
Morse, Orson, March 5, 1865.
Norton, William, March 21, 1864.
Robinson, Ransom E., July 20, 1862.

COMPANY B.

Lunt, Corp. Benjamin P., July 23, 1862.
Piper, Corp. Nathaniel A., Aug. 9, 1863.
Hill, Wagoner James H., shot by Private O'Mere, May 14, 1863.

PRIVATES.

Allyn, Paschal W., Dec. 24, 1864.
Bacon, Elias, Oct. 28, 1863.
Barnard, Francis B., May 22, 1863.
Bodett, Peter, Aug. 7, 1862.
Berry, Richard, May 23, 1864.
Bombard, Alonzo H., May 24, 1865.
Fairbanks, Freeman A, March 30, 1864.
Gray, Orin, June 6, 1864.
Hill, Titus, Aug. 17, 1862.
Horn, Joseph, July 9, 1862.
Lee, William S., July 3, 1863.
McCabe, Hiram, Sept. 19, 1862.
McKenzie, Andrew, drowned, June 27, 1862.
Parlin, Abel A., June 13, 1863.
Stafford, Isaac B., March 26, 1864.
Turner, Chas. W., July 25, 1862.

COMPANY C.

Waldron, Sergeant Benjamin, March 29, 1865.
Lynn, Sergeant Orange S., June 18, 1863.
Brill, Corporal David N., Aug. 28, 1863.
Jay, Corporal Nathan P., at Salisbury, N. C. Nov., 1864.

PRIVATES.

Bailey, George W., July 22, 1862.

Bebard, Ezra, May, 1863.
Chamberlin, Benjamin, Aug. 12, 1864.
Clark, Lewis A., Nov 1, 1863.
Clough, Joel, July 23, 1862.
Derby, Henry N., March 31, 1864.
Evans, Walter D., June 25, 1863.
Farnham, Horace S., Sept. 16, 1864.
George, Joseph, July 16, 1864.
Haskins, Leonard, July 21, 1862.
Hayward, Oscar F., Nov. 11, 1862.
Hill, William, Aug. 17, 1862.
Kiser, Hiram S., date not known.
McGaffey, Alonzo, June 3, 1862.
McColley, James, April 15, 1865.
Noyes, John W., June 28, 1863.
Page, Albert E., May 20, 1864.
Pettee, Jacob L., July 6, 1863.
Prisby, Hollis W., Aug. 23, 1863.
Rosebush, Martin, July 5, 1863.

COMPANY D.

Woodbury, Corp. Chas. W., March 22, 1863.
Garland, Corp. Edwin P., March 4, 1864

PRIVATES.

Avery, Geo. W., June 28, 1862.
Allen, John, April 14, 1865.
Avery, Sylvester H., June 3, 1863.
Bugbee, Charles P., Nov. 28, 1862.
Barber, Chas. S., Feb. 26, 1865.
Carpenter, Edmond, Nov. 3, 1864.
Eastman, Harmon W., April 16, 1863.
Fay, James T., Aug. 30, 1864.
Foot, Dennis W., Nov. 27, 1862.
Foster, Ezekiel, Dec. 20, 1862.
Harradan, Geo. W., died, 1864.
Johnson, Eben E., Dec., 1863.
Lamb, Chas. S., April 21, 1862.
Liscom, John E., Nov. 24, 1862.
Meder, Horace E., March 25, 1863.
Magaghan, John, drowned May 31, 1864.
Peabody, Luther, killed by explosion of ammunition team, Nov. 7, 1862.
Shumway, Monroe, Dec. 15, 1862.
Stevens, Elbridge E., June 11, 1864.
Thomas, Freeling G., Oct. 22, 1864.

COMPANY E.

Maxham, Corp. Orrin, Feb., 1863.
Wilson, Corp. Francis, Dec. 5, 1862.
Maxham, Wagoner Oscar, at Salisbury, N. C., Jan. 25, 1865.

PRIVATES.

Becker, Gustavus C., prisoner Sept. 4, 1862; shot by rebels Oct. 23, 1862.
Bailey, Amos, June 22, 1862.
Bellows, Franklin, July 20, 1864.
Bailey, Samuel A., Sept 23, 1862,
Bowen, Dustin, Jr., Dec. 9, 1864.
Barrett, Levi, Oct. 4, 1863.
Bahne, Deidrich, prisoner Sept. 4, 1862; shot by rebels Oct. 23, 1862.
Corliss, Stephen, April 22, 1863.
Davis, John, July 31, 1864.
Emery, Ezra H., July 10. 1863.
French, David E., Nov. 10, 1862.
Grant, Geo. R., killed on Vermont Valley Railroad, June 27, 1865, while *en route* to Brattleboro to be mustered out.
Harding, John W., March 6, 1865.
Hills, Charles E. L., July 3, 1863.
Hurst, Bernard, prisoner Sept 4, 1862; shot by rebels Oct. 23, 1862.
Kinson, Benjamin H., June 18, 1862.
Keeler, Frederick L., June 13, 1864.
Kempton, Oliver W., April 20, 1864.
McMurphy, Julius, Nov. 16, 1863.
Morey, Robert, Jan., 1863.
Mosman, Michael, prisoner Sept. 4, 1862. shot by rebels Oct. 23, 1862.
Morse, Luther W., June 19, 1863.
Newell, William, April 4, 1864,
Larned, Rollin E., at Salisbury, N. C., Nov. 2, 1864.
Leichleider, John, prisoner Sept. 4, 1862; shot by rebels Oct. 23, 1862.
Leichleider, Michael, prisoner Sept. 4, 1862; shot by rebels Oct. 23, 1862.
Olden, Daniel, Nov. 7, 1864.
Olden, George E., May 16, 1864.
Paul, Frank, prisoner Sept. 4, 1862; shot by rebels Oct. 23, 1862.
Poor, George H., Sept. 29, 1862.

Reed, Alfred M., Aug. 15, 1862.
Reed, Andrew J., Aug. 29, 1863.
Sabin, David P., Sept. 26, 1863.
Shontell, Frederick, May 16, 1862.
Slayton, Theodore, April 22, 1863.
Warren, Alonzo S., March 19, 1863.
Webster, Ephraim, Nov. 11, 1862.
Wheat, Geo. F., March 14, 1862.
Wood, Henry M., Sept. 3, 1862.
Wood, William W., July 14, 1863.
Woodbury, Asa, April 27, 1863.
Walker, Erastus A., August 29, 1864.

COMPANY F.

Chase, Sergt. Bonaparte J., June 30, 1863.

PRIVATES.

Barnes, Chester W., July 12, 1863.
Davis, John E., Sept. 20, 1864.
Duling, John, March 24, 1865.
Goddard, Elisha A., June 26, 1862.
Goodchild, John M., June 19, 1863.
Henchey, Thomas H., died at Salisbury, N. C., Jan., 1865.
Moshier, Lewis, July 28, 1863.
Meyers, George, March 8, 1864.
Mathews, Geo. W., May 31, 1864.
Parker, Geo. E., May 24, 1864.
Saul, Edmond, June 23, 1862.
Scribner, Geo. W., May 2, 1863.
Taylor, Henry W., Aug. 27, 1863.

COMPANY G.

Sumner, Sergt. Samuel W., August 6, 1864.
Lewis, Sergt. Leonard R., May 22, 1864.
Woodbury, Corp. Dudley C., Sept. 10, 1863.
Walker, Corp. George, April 27, 1862.
Lewis, Corp. David W., July 8, 1864.

PRIVATES.

Arnold, Benjamin F., at Salisbury, N. C., Dec. 29, 1864.
Atwood, Irving H., Aug. 12, 1864.
Blanchard, Adolphus, April 12, 1863.
Brown, Wm. H., prisoner, and shot by enemy, March 7, 1863.
Coy, Charles C., Aug. 22, 1864, on board U. S. steamer, Mississippi.
Carmody, Con., July 23, 1863.
Darling, Joseph, June 10, 1864.
Depathy, John F., Sept. 4, 1863.
Depuys, Antoine, Oct. 16, 1864.
Evans, Lyman B., Sept. 13, 1863.
George, Jethro S., April 14, 1864.
Horton, Prescott, died on way to hospital in Vermont.
Howard, Chester J., July 19, 1862.
Harlow, Wm. W., April 29, 1864.
Hoezle, Louis, June 28, 1863.
Honey, Aman S., March 28, 1864.
Hull, Felix F., May 15, 1863.
Kemp, Langdon, July 16, 1863.
Kinney, Andrew J., July 22, 1863.
Kean, Dennis, shot by rebels, March 7, 1863, while prisoner.
Montgomery, Judson M., June 12, 1862.
Morrill, John F., Feb. 22, 1865.
Putnam, George P. Nov. 27, 1864.
Quimby, Henry S., Feb. 24, 1863.
Rotary, Victory, June 2, 1862.
Stevens, Nathaniel L., April 21, 1864.
Spear, Edwin, June 2, 1862.
Smith, George W., May 30, 1864, at Andersonville, Ga.
Slack, Charles D., March 15, 1865.
Titus, Graham N., August 21, 1862.
Twilight, Charles B. P., July 12, 1863.
Trask, Reuben L., April 24, 1864.
Whitcher, Alfred, April 20, 1865.

COMPANY H.

Higgins, Corp. Alvin G., Dec. 9, 1863.
Hilliard, Corp. Gilbert G., Sept. 14, 1863.
Gale, Wagoner Burnell B., Aug. 16, 1862.

PRIVATES.

Bush, Alonzo P., Aug. 26, 1862.
Butler, Herbert J., July 13, 1864.
Brown, Lansford H., May 24, 1865.

Fish, Walter W., April 25, 1864.
Hale, Albert T., July 19, 1862.
Henry, James M., Oct. 15, 1862.
Jackson, Wills, June 10, 1864.
Kilburn, Nathaniel A., March 11, 1865.
Lincoln, Matthias, April 6, 1864.
Miller, Ransom B., Jan. 10, 1863.
Oaks, Ebenezer, Jr., Oct. 15, 1862.
Prouty, John, date unknown.
Twombly, Albert J., Jan. 17, 1863.
Way, Oscar H., April 8, 1865.
Wood, Andrew J., July 27, 1862.

COMPANY I.

Hudson, Corp. Bonaparte, May 24, 1862.

PRIVATES.

Arling, Solomon S., July 23, 1863.
Bryant, Joseph C., Sept. 3, 1864.
Carroll, Henry W., June 19, 1865.
Davis, Eros L., March 18, 1862, on ship Wallace.
Dunklee, Willard S., March 17, 1865.
Fairbanks, Wayland E., Jan. 25, 1865.
Gregory, Stephen, June 24, 1863.
Hill, Elbridge G., June 13, 1863.
Lamson, Daniel, March 10, 1863.
Phillips, Hiram O., June 28, 1864.
Rice, Orrin L., Aug. 21. 1862.
Robinson, Moses W., March 11, 1865.
Smith, William, died at New Orleans, date unknown.
Tooley, David A., Aug. 30, 1863.
Wood, Lewis A., Aug. 17, 1863.
Worden, Francis N., June 23, 1862.

COMPANY K.

Ford, Corp. Alonzo L., Sept. 3, 1863.
Day, Wagoner Wesley H., July 12, 1863, of accidental gunshot wound.

PRIVATES.

Aldrich, John H., March 18, 1863.
Ball, Frederick, July 25, 1864.
Bartlett, Chas. W., Nov. 29, 1862.
Bates, George D., Nov. 9, 1862.
Boyce, John W., March 1, 1862.
Buzzell, Solon D., April 29, 1862.
Chase, William E., at Algiers, La., date unknown.
Cole, Daniel, July 6, 1863.
Croteau, Joseph, June 18. 1862.
Dunton, Geo. W., Nov. 1, 1863.
Farnham, Charles H., Sept. 4, 1862.
French, Geo. W., died, date unknown.
Gordon, John G., July 8, 1863.
Griffin, Otis E., Aug. 14, 1863.
Grow, Charles H., Aug. 5, 1862.
Hartwell, James S., Nov. 5, 1862.
Hudson, William C., May 7, 1863.
Jenkins, Willis, July 23, 1862.
Nutter, Henry B., April 18, 1865.
Parker, Oramel H., Nov. 6, 1862.
Silsby, Charles, March 27, 1864.
Thomas, Lewis, Oct. 16, 1864.
Woodruff, Henry, July 4, 1863.

ORIGINAL ROSTER.

FIELD, STAFF, AND NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

Name.	Residence.	Age.	Date of Commission.	Date of Discharge.
Colonel, Stephen Thomas	West Fairlee	51	Nov. 12, 1861.	Jan. 21, 1865.
Lt. Col., Edward M. Brown	Montpelier	40	Jan. 9, 1862.	Dec. 23, 1862.
Maj., Chas. Dillingham	Waterbury	25	Dec. 24, 1862.	Dec. 12, 1863.
Surgeon, Geo. F. Gale	Brattleboro	34	Dec. 10, 1861.	June 24, 1862.
Asst. Surg., H. H. Gillett	Corinth	36	Dec. 10, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Adjt., John L. Barstow	Shelburne	29	Feb. 19, 1862.	June 22, 1864.
Q. M., Fred E. Smith	Montpelier	31	Nov. 23, 1861.	Nov. 30, 1863.
Chaplain, Francis C. Williams	Brattleboro	37	Dec. 20, 1861.	June 22, 1864.

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

Name.	Residence.	Age.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Discharge.
Sergt. Maj., Geo. N. Carpenter	Northfield	22	Feb. 1, 1862.	July 2, 1864.
Drum Maj., Gershom H. Flagg	Richmond	33	Dec. 1, 1861.	Jan. 5, 1864.
Q. M. Sergt., J. Elliott Smith	Montpelier	26	Dec. 1, 1861.	May 17, 1862.
Com. Sergt., Lewis Child	Fairlee	23	Dec. 7, 1861.	Jan. 30, 1865.
Hospital Steward, S. H. Currier	West Fairlee	26	Dec. 10, 1861.	Oct. 20, 1862.

COMPANY A, HYDE PARK.

Name.	Residence.	Age.	Date of Commission.	Date of Discharge.
Capt., Luman M. Grout	Elmore	38	Nov. 13, 1861.	June 11, 1863.
1st Lieut., Moses McFarland	Waterville	40	Nov. 13, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
2d Lieut., Gilman S. Rand	Morrisville	20	Nov. 13, 1861.	*July 22, 1862.

Name.	Residence.	Age.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Discharge.
SERGEANTS.				
1st, Lemuel M. Hutchinson	Worcester	24	Oct. 1, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Chas. C. Martin	Stowe	21	Oct. 23, 1861.	*July 18, 1862.
Chas. W. Blake	Eden	22	Oct. 28, 1861.	Nov. 25, 1862.
Harvey O'Kiser	Plainfield	29	Oct. 3, 1861.	Sept. 14, 1863.
Oscar W. Goodridge	Lowell	22	Oct. 19, 1861.	Nov. 25, 1863.
CORPORALS.				
Aaron K. Cooper	Worcester	20	Sept. 26, 1861.	†Oct. 19, 1864.
Henry Carpenter	Belvidere	19	Oct. 23, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Jairus D. Clark	Johnson	23	Sept. 24, 1861.	July 15, 1862.
Harvey L. Smith	Morristown	19	Sept. 26, 1861.	Nov. 25, 1862.
Cornelius D. Holbrook	Hyde Park	23	Sept. 23, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Ezra H. Brown	Waterville	23	Oct. 1, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Horace Woods	Wolcott	20	Sept. 26, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Joseph Farnum	Johnson	24	Sept. 23, 1861.	June 28, 1865.

*Died of disease. †Killed in battle.

COMPANY A.—*Continued.*

Name.	Residence.	Age.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Discharge.
MUSICIANS.				
Lewis Whitcomb	Hyde Park	36	Sept. 26, 1861.	*May 20, 1864.
Walter W. Barnes	Hyde Park	26	Sept. 23, 1861.	March 22, 1864.
WAGONER.				
Norman Smith	Wolcott	24	Sept. 26, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
PRIVATES.				
Ailes, Sylvanus F	Cambridge	35	Oct. 3, 1861.	†Sept. 4, 1862.
Albee, Stephen C	Elmore	24	Sept. 24, 1861.	*May 4, 1865.
Beard, Chas. W	Johnson	18	Oct. 2, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Beard, Curtis A	Waterville	42	Sept. 30, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Benson, Jefferson T	Worcester	18	Nov. 6, 1861.	June 11, 1864.
Benson, Lucius M	Worcester	20	Nov. 5, 1861.	*July 31, 1862.
Bickford, Dennis N	Waterbury	18	Oct. 30, 1861.	*Oct. 6, 1862.
Blake, Orwell	Eden	25	Oct. 16, 1861.	Nov. 25, 1862.
Blood, Gilman W	Lowell	19	Oct. 28, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Boynton, Chas. W	Hyde Park	18	Dec. 24, 1861.	March 19, 1864.
Boynton, Noah	Hyde Park	41	Dec. 24, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Brown, Fitch C	Wolcott	18	Nov. 14, 1861.	June 11, 1864.
Brown, Kirk F	Waterville	19	Sept. 23, 1861.	May 5, 1865.
Buckley, Chas. H	Eden	22	Sept. 28, 1861.	*June 23, 1862.
Carpenter, Jephaniah	Waterville	18	Dec. 9, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Carpenter, Josiah D	Waterville	44	Dec. 9, 1861.	*Dec. 2, 1862.
Carpenter, Phineas	Belvidere	44	Sept. 24, 1861.	Feb. 28, 1863.
Chamberlin, Joseph W	Eden	29	Sept. 24, 1861.	*Jan. 11, 1864.
Chayer, John B	Cambridge	27	Nov. 12, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Clark, Carlos S	Stowe	23	Nov. 6, 1861.	June 1, 1865.
Clark, Jehial P	Johnson	18	Sept. 24, 1861.	March 12, 1862.
Clark, Rufus H	Elmore	19	Nov. 5, 1861.	Nov. 25, 1862.
Clement, James H	Morrisville	19	Sept. 24, 1861.	*Jan. 10, 1863.
Cooper, Chas. S	Elmore	18	Sept. 30, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Cross, Madison	Johnson	18	Dec. 3, 1861.	Sept. 20, 1863.
Downey, Henry D	Belvidere	22	Dec. 6, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Dunham, Oliver P	Lowell	21	Oct. 25, 1861.	June 12, 1865.
Eaton, Ransom	Morristown	28	Nov. 14, 1861.	*May 26, 1863.
Farnam, Barachias	Craftsbury	44	Oct. 20, 1861.	July 20, 1863.
Fullington, Chas. B	Morrisville	22	Oct. 2, 1861.	Nov. 25, 1862.
Gale, Justus F	Elmore	24	Sept. 23, 1861.	*Sept. 19, 1863.
George, John	Worcester	44	Sept. 30, 1861.	May 4, 1863.
Hall, John	Stowe	43	Oct. 11, 1861.	July 17, 1865.
Hays, Oran Philander	Waterville	23	Nov. 21, 1861.	Aug. 6, 1863.
Hays, Oran Philetus	Waterville	26	Oct. 9, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Hill, Seth C	Eden	21	Nov. 4, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Hovey, Rodger	Worcester	22	Oct. 1, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Kent, Melvin P	Worcester	26	Sept. 26, 1861.	July 20, 1865.
Kimball, James	Eden	44	Sept. 23, 1861.	Aug. 18, 1862.
Kimball, Joseph O	Morristown	32	Dec. 9, 1861.	†May 27, 1863.
Kinsley, William W	Fletcher	22	Nov. 19, 1861.	Tr. Vt. R. corps.
Kusic, Richard	Morristown	40	Dec. 10, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Lambert, Peter	Waterville	22	Dec. 11, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Larue, Moses	Troy	22	Nov. 13, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Longa, Chas. H	Lowell	21	Nov. 4, 1861.	July 15, 1862.
Marston, Ira L	Stowe	18	Oct. 15, 1861.	*Jan. 10, 1863.
McGookin, Rodney	Belvidere	36	Oct. 25, 1861.	July 15, 1862.
Mead, Royal	Johnson	35	Sept. 28, 1861.	Aug 1, 1863.
Merriam, John W	Elmore	24	Sept. 23, 1861.	*Sept. 24, 1863.
Morse, John O	Hyde Park	18	Oct. 21, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Mudgett, Geo. E	Johnson	18	Nov. 24, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Newton, Henry H	Lowell	21	Oct. 19, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Norton, William	Morristown	35	Dec. 10, 1861.	*Mar. 21, 1864.
Page, Albert W	Waterville	20	Sept. 26, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Page, William B	Montgomery	24	Nov. 6, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Remick, George	Warren	36	Sept. 27, 1861.	Feb. 21, 1865.
Robinson, Ransom E	Lowell	22	Dec. 21, 1861.	*July 20, 1862.
Rollins, William	Morristown	27	Nov 25, 1861.	March 22, 1862.

*Died of disease. †Killed in battle.

COMPANY A.—*Continued.*

Name.	Residence.	Age.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Discharge.
Russell, Chas. F	Stowe	27	Oct. 1, 1861.	Nov. 25, 1862.
Sanborn, Chas. B	Lowell	20	Oct. 25, 1861.	‡June 13, 1864.
Sargeant, Zolvey	Highgate	24	Nov. 16, 1861.	†May 27, 1863.
Shattuck, Chauncy	Waterville	30	Oct. 24, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Shattuck, Jerre	Belvidere	44	Oct. 21, 1861.	July 15, 1862.
Silver, Alonzo	Morristown	42	Oct. 29, 1861.	†Sept. 5, 1862.
Smith, Calvin W. H	Morristown	24	Nov. 14, 1861.	Feb. 21, 1863.
Smith, Wm. H	Morristown	23	Oct. 30, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Stratton, Hiram A	Johnson	18	Oct. 28, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Stowe, Albert A	Morristown	19	Nov. 13, 1861.	July 7, 1865.
Tillotson, Nathaniel	Lowell	44	Oct. 19, 1861.	March 29, 1864.
Tillotson, Nathaniel, 2d	Waterville	28	Oct. 1, 1861.	‡June 13, 1864.
Tobin, Alfred L	Waterville	18	Dec. 9, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Tobin, Michael B	Waterville	20	Oct. 2, 1861.	Sept 14, 1863.
Wells, Marshall W	Waterville	19	Sept. 30, 1861.	§Sept. 20, 1864.
Wescum, Henry	Montgomery	23	Oct. 25, 1861.	July 15, 1862.
Wescum, Mitchell	Eden	29	Nov. 2, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Wescomb, Charles	Eden	19	Oct. 30, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Wescomb, Joseph	Eden	21	Oct. 30, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Westover, Wm. G	Morristown	24	Nov. 14, 1861.	Nov. 25, 1862.
Whittemore, Carshena K	Eden	18	Nov. 6, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Whittemore, Lawson	Eden	19	Nov. 4, 1861.	†Sept. 19, 1864.
Willey, Martin C	Waterville	21	Sept. 23, 1864.	June 28, 1865.
Wood, Chas. G	Richford	21	Oct. 30, 1861.	Feb. 17, 1863.
	Total	101		
RECRUITS.				
Albee, William A		22	Aug. 11, 1864.	June 1, 1865.
Beckley, Geo. I		26	Dec. 3, 1863.	July 24, 1865.
Balch, Almon		21	Feb. 11, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Beedle, Chas. C		18	Feb. 18, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Bracket, Aurick S		18	Feb. 19, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Bucklin, Mason C		19	Feb. 11, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Bucklin, Milo		20	Feb. 14, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Buel, Lucas		28	Jan. 5, 1864.	May 6, 1865.
Bush, Napoleon B		27	Feb. 10, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Cass, James		18	Dec. 11, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Carty, Michael		19	Sept. 21, 1864.	July 1, 1865.
Clay, Henry		27	Nov. 1, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Chambers, Chas. H		18	Aug. 15, 1864.	June 12, 1865.
Conant, John W		23	Dec. 18, 1864.	June 1865.
Champaigne, Chas		20	Aug. 8, 1864.	June 28, 1865.
Dumas, Morris		27	Dec. 5, 1864.	June 28, 1865.
Elliot, Warner C		21	Feb. 10, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Estes, Geo. R		18	Dec. 19, 1864.	June 28, 1865.
Estes, Lucius		20	Dec. 19, 1863.	‖Oct. 19, 1864.
Farnham, Lucien C		28	Sept. 13, 1864.	June 1, 1865.
Fisher, Alfred B		32	Dec. 3, 1863.	June 29, 1865.
Gage, Alonzo		42	Jan. 1, 1864.	June 28, 1865.
Geer, Thomas L		36	Aug. 12, 1864.	*Dec. 15, 1864.
Gould, Edwin		22	Feb. 23, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Hayes, Edgar		18	Aug. 5, 1864.	June 1, 1865.
Hendee, Benj. F		26	Dec. 9, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Holden, Geo. H		18	Feb. 10, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Hooker, Edward T		26	Dec. 7, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Hurley, Michael			Dec. 26, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Kingsbury, Ezra		27	Dec. 11, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Kidder, Aaron B		40	Nov. 28, 1863.	*June 10, 1864.
King, Edward		23	Dec. 6, 1862.	‡Dec. 24, 1862.
Lathrop, Julius M		25	Jan. 5, 1864.	*Dec. 31, 1864.
Lawrence, Seth		23	Dec. 25, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Marshal, Hiram M		36	Feb. 13, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
McHugh, Constantine		41	Feb. 7, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Mitchell, Zeb		45	Dec. 10, 1863.	May 6, 1865.
Mix, DeEstaing S		19	Dec. 12, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Mix, Victor B		18	Dec. 22, 1863.	June 28, 1865.

*Died of disease. †Killed in battle. ‡Deserted. §Died of wounds. ‖Killed at Cedar Creek.

COMPANY A.—*Continued.*

Name.	Residence.	Age.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Discharge.
Morse, Orson		44	Jan. 5, 1864.	*March 5, 1865.
Pague, John		39	Dec. 21, 1863.	‡Apr. 23, 1865.
Palmer, William H		20	Dec. 28, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Prince, Daniel		34	Dec. 19, 1863.	May 6, 1865.
Randall, Elisha N		24	Aug. 19, 1864.	June 28, 1865.
Russell, Lorenzo		34	Feb. 13, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Shepard, Alston E		18	Aug. 15, 1864.	May 13, 1865.
Smith, Weston		20	March 17, 1865.	‡May 18, 1865.
Snelling, Geo. W		28	Nov. 24, 1863.	‡Aug. 8, 1864.
Snelling, Asa E		26	Dec. 31, 1863.	‡July 14, 1864.
Stuart, Luther		38	March 17, 1865.	‡May 18, 1865.
Van Guilder, Frederic		24	Feb. 10, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Waldron, Daniel G		33	Dec. 11, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Welch, Richard		19	Dec. 28, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Wells, John H		21	Jan. 5, 1864.	July 7, 1865.
Wenshualer, Vincent		34	May 27, 1862.	Jan. 2, 1866.
Whitcomb, Erwin T		18	Dec. 19, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
	Total	56		
	Aggregate	157		

COMPANY B, DERBY LINE.

Name.	Residence.	Age.	Date of Commission.	Date of Discharge.
Capt., Chas. B. Child	Derby	35	Dec. 19, 1861.	Oct. 21, 1863.
1st Lieut., Stephen F. Spalding	Derby	22	Dec. 19, 1861.	‖June 14, 1863.
2d Lieut., Fred D. Butterfield	Derby	23	Dec. 19, 1861.	July 22, 1864.

Name.	Residence.	Age.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Discharge.
SERGEANTS.				
1*st*, John Bisbee	Derby	25	Nov. 22, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Wm. H. Spencer	Derby	32	Nov. 30, 1861.	March 9, 1865.
Geo. Collier	Derby	25	Nov. 21, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
James A. Mathews	Derby	22	Nov. 25, 1861.	¶Feb. 17, 1863.
Hiram Moon, Jr	Derby	25	Nov. 22, 1861.	Aug. 12, 1862.
CORPORALS.				
Benjamin B. Lunt	Charleston	20	Dec. 2, 1861.	*July 23, 1862.
Moses W. Farr	Holland	22	Nov. 22, 1861.	Jan. 8, 1862.
Henry H. Holt	Derby	20	Nov. 25, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Hiram P. Harney	Derby	26	Dec. 2, 1861.	¶Aug. 1865.
Asa B. Moran	Derby	24	Nov. 25, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Chas. E. Musk	Derby	24	Nov. 25, 1861.	‡March 7, 1862.
Nathaniel A. Piper	Holland	20	Nov. 28, 1861.	*Aug. 9, 1863.
Chas. P. Church	Derby	23	Dec. 2, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
MUSICIANS.				
Isaac Blake	Derby	57	Nov. 26, 1861.	¶July 12, 1863.
Oramel H. Putnam	Albany	20	Dec. 2, 1861	June 22, 1864.
WAGONER.				
Jas. H. Hill	Derby	25	Dec. 14, 1861.	1May 14, 1863.
PRIVATES.				
Aldrich, Elisha	Derby	43	Nov. 26, 1861.	Sept. 29, 1863.
Bacon, Elias	Hatley, Ca	19	Dec. 2, 1861.	*Oct. 28, 1863.
Bancroft, Horace D	Calais	21	Dec. 31, 1861.	†June 14, 1863.
Baraby, Joseph	Burlington	19	Jan. 6, 1862.	§June 28, 1865.
Barnard, Francis B	Charleston	19	Dec. 3, 1861.	*May 22, 1863.
Barnes, Carlos J	Stanstead, Ca	18	Nov. 22, 1861.	‡May 18, 1864.
Barnes, Geo. W	Barnston, Ca	19	Dec. 12, 1861.	June 22, 1864.

*Died of disease. †Killed in battle. ‡Deserted. §Wounded in head at Port Hudson June 14, 1863. ‖Killed at Port Hudson. ¶Discharged for promotion. 1Shot by Private John O'Mere.

COMPANY B.—*Continued.*

Name.	Residence.	Age.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Discharge.
Barrett, Chas. S	Derby	20	Nov. 30, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Batley, Robert	Sherbrooke, Ca	25	Dec. 12, 1861.	Feb. 10, 1863.
Baveneau, Lucius	Derby	28	Nov. 25, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Belville, Edward	Derby	18	Jan. 10, 1862.	§Oct. 10, 1864.
Belville, Joseph	Derby	19	Jan. 1, 1862.	Tr. Inv. corps.
Blake, Lewis O	Derby	33	Nov. 25, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Bodett, Peter	Salem	18	Dec. 9, 1861.	*Aug. 7, 1862.
Brooks, Orville R	Holland	22	Nov. 22, 1861.	May 18, 1865.
Brown, Geo. W	Derby	25	Jan. 1, 1862.	†June 14, 1863.
Brown, Samuel B	Holland	23	Dec. 12, 1861.	Not known.
Carpenter, Edward L	Derby	24	Dec. 9, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Cass, Hollis H	Charleston	28	Dec. 2, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Clair, John	Derby	19	Nov. 29, 1861.	‡May 18, 1864.
Covey, Daniel J		20	Feb. 1, 1862.	‡May 18, 1864.
Cowing, Emerson D	Morgan	35	Dec. 5, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Cunningham, Wm	Charleston	18	Nov. 30, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Dawson, John R	Morgan	20	Dec. 14, 1861.	May 30, 1865.
Doran, Edward	Derby	23	Dec. 14, 1861.	1April 10, 1864.
Farewell, Jason C	Newport	19	Dec. 14, 1861.	‖June 14, 1863.
Ferrin, Chester M	Holland	24	Nov. 28, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Foss, Henry M	Derby	20	Nov. 25, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Foster, Lemuel R	Salem	20	Nov. 30, 1861.	Aug. 5, 1863.
Fox, John	Augusta, Maine	22	Dec. 21, 1861.	Dec. 28, 1863.
Golden, John	Coventry	20	Dec. 14, 1861.	‡May 18, 1864.
Gould, Ernest	Barnston, Ca	18	Dec. 2, 1861.	Aug. 12, 1862.
Gould, Henry	Barnston, Ca	25	Jan. 14, 1862.	Aug. 5, 1863.
Graves, Henry	New Orleans, La	27	Jan. 20, 1862.	‡Dec. 21, 1862.
Hadlock, James	Derby	44	Nov. 26, 1861.	Aug. 12, 1862.
Hagan, Francis	Charleston	19	Dec. 5, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Haley, John	Derby	26	Dec. 9, 1861.	‡March 1, 1862.
Halladay, Wilbert E	Derby	18	Nov. 23, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Harkness, Richard	Sherbrooke, Ca	22	Nov. 26, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Henry, Wm. H	Derby	19	Dec. 2, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Hill, Titus	Barnston, Ca	20	Dec. 2, 1861.	*Aug. 17, 1862.
Horn, Joseph	Holland	21	Dec. 16, 1861.	*July 9, 1862.
Horn, Samuel O	Holland	23	Dec. 16, 1861.	‖June 20, 1863.
Horn, William		25	Dec. 16, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
House, Chas D		19	Jan. 6, 1862.	June 22, 1864.
Howes, Jas. H	Orford, Ca	26	Jan. 27, 1862.	‡May 18, 1864.
Kenney, Alfred J	Barnston, Ca	19	Dec. 12, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
La Bonta, Alfred	Salem	21	Dec. 3, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Lee, Wm. S	Holland	38	Dec. 2, 1861.	‖June 14, 1863.
Livingston, Wheaton, Jr	Albany	28	Dec. 2, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Lunt, Aaron R	Derby	24	Dec. 2, 1861.	June 27, 1863.
Lunt, Asa B	Derby	20	Dec. 2, 1861.	1Mar. 15, 1864.
Lynn, Curtis W	Derby	23	Nov. 25, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
McCabe, Hiram	Stanstead, Ca	18	Jan. 27, 1862.	*Sept. 19, 1862.
McGee, Thomas	Derby	30	Dec. 2, 1861.	‡May 1864.
McKenzie, Andrew	Wickham, Ca	18	Dec. 18, 1861.	2June 27, 1864.
McKiver, Andrew	Derby	24	Dec. 12, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Mosher, Levi	Holland	24	Dec. 4, 1861.	No record.
Moon, Elish D	Holland	35	Nov. 22, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Mooney, Edward D	Derby	34	Nov. 25, 1861.	Feb. 17, 1863.
Moore, Jas. H	Derby	39	Dec. 30, 1861.	March 9, 1863.
O'Mere, John	Derby	27	Dec. 12, 1861.	‡May 14, 1863.
Page, Thomas W	Derby	26	Dec. 2, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Parlin, Abel A	Charleston	32	Dec. 4, 1861.	*June 13, 1863.
Parsons, Walter W	Stanstead, Ca	26	Dec. 27, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Patrick, Franklin	Charleston	25	Nov. 30, 1864.	June 28, 1865.
Pettengill, Hollis F	Troy	31	Dec. 7, 1861.	June 14, 1863.
Porter, William	Derby	19	Nov. 30, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Robinson, John R	Holland	24	Jan. 8, 1862.	‡May 18, 1864.
Sheldon, Minor L	Derby	27	Nov. 22, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Smith, James	Holland	44	Dec. 30, 1861.	1Feb. 27, 1864.
Smith, John C	Newport	18	Dec. 12, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Stephens, Francis W		21	Dec. 9, 1861.	‡March 7, 1862.

*Died of disease. †Killed in battle. ‡Deserted. §Died of wounds received Sept. 19, 1864. ‖Killed at Port Hudson. ¶Discharged for promotion. 1Transferred. 2Drowned.

COMPANY B.—*Continued.*

Name.	Residence.	Age.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Discharge.
Swords, Edward	Hatley, Ca	19	Dec. 2, 1861	June 28, 1865.
Tinker, William A		22	Nov. 21, 1861.	Aug. 17, 1863.
Tucker, John B	Whitingham	23	Dec. 30, 1861.	No date.
Turner, Abel D	Orford, Ca	44	Dec. 14, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Turner, Chas. W	Troy	19	Dec. 7, 1861.	*July 25, 1862.
Warren, Geo. J	Stanstead, Ca	18	Dec. 18, 1861.	‡May 17, 1865.
Warren, Myron P	Charleston	18	Dec. 16, 1861.	§Nov. 11, 1864.
Washburn, Harvey D	Hatley, Ca	18	Dec. 9, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Wells, Alfred	Derby	22	Dec. 2, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Wheeler, Chas	Holland	20	Jan. 20, 1862.	June 22, 1864.
Woodward, Wm. F	Holland	29	Dec. 12, 1861.	Oct. 19, 1862.
	Total	103		
RECRUITS.				
Allyn, Paschal W		18	Nov. 11, 1863.	*Dec. 24, 1864.
Atherton, John		31	Dec. 26, 1863.	May 24, 1865.
Aldrich, Chas. W		19	March 20, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Allen, James		21	Jan. 24, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Baker, Silas		29	Dec. 21, 1863.	‖Feb. 21, 1865.
Bartlett, John H		18	Feb. 10, 1865.	May 18, 1865.
Bates, Geo. C		23	March 1, 1862.	Sept. 19, 1863.
Berry, Richard		39	Dec. 9, 1863.	*May 23, 1864.
Bigelow, Jas. S		24	Jan. 2, 1864.	†Oct. 19, 1864.
Blanchard, Geo. F		38	Dec. 26, 1863.	†Oct. 19, 1864.
Bollyear, Eugene		25	Feb. 10, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Bombard, Alonzo H		26	March 18, 1865.	*May 24, 1865.
Bowen, John		16	Jan. 26, 1864.	July 7, 1865.
Briggs, Eli S		24	Dec. 29, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Burt, Marshall J		21	Feb. 11, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Burton, John C		18	Feb. 7, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Cady, Henry		22	Feb. 21, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Carpenter, Isaac		39	Feb. 17, 1865.	June 14, 1865.
Carpenter, Jedediah		18	Feb. 10, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Carr, John		23	Feb. 11, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Clark, Stephen E		23	March 21, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Clark, Thomas		43	Dec. 23, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Cook, Chas. P		19	Feb. 28, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Crossman, Lowell M		18	Feb. 14, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Derby, Geo. W		23	Dec. 23, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Derby, Wm. R		18	Aug. 23, 1864.	June 1, 1865.
Drew, Lucius W		21	March 21, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Duncan, Geo. H		21	Feb. 21, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Fadden, Wm. J		20	Dec. 23, 1863.	†Oct. 19, 1864.
Fairbanks, Freeman A		21	Jan. 5, 1864.	*Mar. 30, 1864.
Fesette, Frank		23	March 7, 1865.	July 15, 1865.
Fleming, John		21	Feb. 28, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Fleming, Thomas		18	Feb. 28, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Foster, Harvey		18	Feb. 15, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
French, Elisha		44	Dec. 29, 1863.	June 12, 1865.
Gladden, Willard S		27	Dec. 29, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Gouchchoe, Francis E		20	March 21, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Gray, Aaron H		26	Dec. 9, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Gray, Orin		36	Dec. 29, 1863.	*June 6, 1864.
Green, Tyler M		44	March 10, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Griffin, Geo. E		33	July 29, 1862.	June 11, 1865.
Guthrie, Samuel		20	Sept. 8, 1862.	June 24, 1865.
Hill, Stephen		18	Feb. 16, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Judd, Chas. A		31	Feb. 16, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Kenyon, Henry R		20	Feb. 14, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Kenyon, Orlin J		21	Feb. 14, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Kenyon, Orson		32	Feb. 11, 1865.	May 12, 1865.
Lambert, Michael		25	Dec. 7, 1863.	May 15, 1865.
Laraga, Peter		26	March 8, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Liberty, Thomas		27	Feb. 22, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Mack, John		26	Feb. 22, 1865.	June 28, 1865.

*Died of disease. †Killed in battle. ‡Sent to Clinton Prison. §Died of wounds received Oct. 19, 1864. ‖Transferred.

COMPANY B.—*Continued.*

Name.	Residence.	Age.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Discharge.
Martin, Nelson		18	Feb. 18, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
McAuliffe, John		22	March 1, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Miner, Joseph		19	May 11, 1864.	†Dec. 27, 1864.
Murphy, David		20	Dec. 30, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Murphy, Patrick		21	Dec. 7, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Paul, Jason B		21	April 11, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Pallady, John		18	Feb. 13, 1865	June 28, 1865.
Pettaint, Louis		27	March 7, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Pingrey, Henry C		25	March 18, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Place, Emerson R		19	Feb. 11, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Place, Rufus A		27	Feb. 11, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Porter, Henry		21	Jan. 24, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Rabitaw, Venice		18	Dec. 23, 1863.	July 15, 1865.
Reed, Winslow T		23	Dec. 26, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Rice, Daniel M		19	Dec. 14, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Sears, John		20	March 7, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Stafford, Isaac B		37	Jan. 1, 1864.	*Mar. 26, 1864.
Staples, Frank C		18	March 8, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Streeter, Joseph J		27	Dec. 19, 1863.	Aug. 2, 1864.
Thompson, Payson T		21	Feb. 15, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Tilley, David O		22	Feb. 17, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
West, Ezekiel		19	Feb. 8, 1865.	May 23, 1865.
Wheelock, Frank		19	Feb. 10, 1 65.	June 28, 1865.
Willard, Lucius H		19	Feb. 16, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Wrinkle, Thomas		41	Dec. 29, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Young, Edward		35	Dec. 15, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
	Total	77		
	Aggregate	180		

COMPANY C, ST. JOHNSBURY.

Name.	Residence.	Age.	Date of Commission.	Date of Discharge.
Capt., Henry E. Foster	Waitsfield		Dec. 23, 1861.	‡Aug. 15, 1863.
1st Lieut., Edward B. Wright	Bradford	20	Dec. 23, 1861.	‡June 6, 1862.
2d Lieut., Frederick J. Fuller	Troy	30	Dec. 23, 1861.	§June 2, 1863.

Name.	Residence.	Age.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Discharge.
SERGEANTS.				
1*st.*, Albert E. Page	Newbury	21	Dec. 4, 1861.	Aug. 11, 1863.
Benjamin Waldron	Newbury	44	Nov. 26, 1861.	*Mar. 29, 1865.
Henry C. Abbott	Montpelier	30	Nov. 19, 1861.	Sept. 1, 1862.
Sumner W. Lewis	West Concord	32	Dec. 4, 1861.	Sept. 16, 1863.
Augustine P. Hawley	Passumpsic	26	Nov. 27, 1861.	Sept. 27, 1863.
CORPORALS.				
John Gilman	St. Johnsbury	21	Nov. 30, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
John A. Ripley	St. Johnsbury	25	Nov. 30, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Eben C. Goodell	Barnett	22	Nov. 28, 1861.	July 16, 1862.
Lewis R. Titus	Jay	25	Nov. 28, 1861.	Feb. 28, 1863.
Orange S. Lynn	St. Johnsbury	19	Dec. 2, 1861.	*June 18, 1863.
William K. Crosby	Waterford	21	Dec. 2, 1861.	Aug. 1862.
Elijah K. Prouty	Newbury	26	Dec. 13, 1861.	Oct. 1, 1862.
David N. Brill	Troy	44	Dec. 4, 1861.	*Aug. 28, 1863.
MUSICIANS.				
Amos Belknap	St. Johnsbury	25	Dec. 4, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Parker J. Noyes	Newbury	20	Dec. 4, 1861.	Oct. 17, 1863.

*Died of disease. †Deserted. ‡Resigned. §Dismissed.

COMPANY C.—*Continued.*

Name.	Residence.	Age.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Discharge.
WAGONER.				
William D. Atwood	Newbury	41	Dec. 11, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
PRIVATES.				
Adams, John	Danville	18	Dec. 21, 1861.	*July 1, 1864.
Adams, Newell H. H	Newport	20	Dec. 8, 1861.	†
Annis, Nathaniel E	Passumpsic	19	Dec. 9, 1861.	July 16, 1862.
Bailey, Geo. E	Troy	18	Dec. 10, 1861.	Feb. 28, 1863.
Bailey, Geo. W	Troy	24	Dec. 14, 1861.	‡July 22, 1862.
Bailey, Joseph S	Troy	29	Dec. 4, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Barber, Denslow	Richmond	20	Nov. 20, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Bean, Joseph O	Waterford	30	Dec. 14, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Bedard, Ezra	Danville	20	Dec. 14, 1861.	‡May 1863.
Bonnett, Jas. K	Waterford	18	Dec. 16, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Boodry, Chas	Richmond	18	Nov. 26, 1861.	§May 18, 1864.
Boodry, Chas. D	Richmond	39	Nov. 22, 1861.	‖Oct. 1, 1864.
Boodry, Edward	Richmond	20	Dec. 1, 1861.	§May 18, 1864.
Chamberlin, Lawrence K	Passumpsic	21	Nov. 28, 1861.	Aug. 1862.
Clapper, Geo.	Troy	24	Dec. 4, 1861.	¶Sept. 4, 1862.
Clark, Lewis A	St. Johnsbury	18	Jan. 12, 1862.	‡Nov. 1, 1863.
Clough, Joel	Jay	20	Nov. 28, 1861.	‡July 23, 1862.
Clough, Judson	Williamstown	24	Nov. 19, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Colcott, Joseph	Troy	20	Dec. 7, 1861.	1June 22, 1864.
Crane, Henry A	Danville	22	Nov. 16, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Cushman, Francis C	St. Johnsbury	18	Dec. 5, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Danforth, Geo. L	Newbury	18	Dec. 16, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Dean, Asahel M. F	St. Johnsbury	22	Dec 4, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Dett, Moses	Troy	24	Nov. 28, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Dunton, Chas. E	St. Johnsbury	25	Dec. 4, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Eaton, Charles	Richmond	18	Nov. 20, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Elkins, Riley A	Troy	23	Dec. 18, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Evans, Walter D	Wells River	18	Nov. 22, 1861.	‡June 25, 1863.
Goodell, Geo. C	Barnet	26	Nov. 28, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
George, David N	Troy	28	Dec. 2, 1861.	2May 27, 1863.
Hadlock, Geo. W	Jay	18	Dec. 10, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Harren, Joel E	St. Johnsbury	24	Dec. 11, 1861.	July 16, 1862.
Hammond, Orange E	Troy	18	Dec. 2, 1861.	July 16, 1862.
Hannant, Geo	St. Johnsbury	22	Dec. 14, 1861.	July 16, 1862.
Hardy, Chas. E	Troy	18	Dec. 4, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Haselton, Geo. H		18	March 5, 1862.	June 28, 1865.
Haskins, Leonard	Richmond	21	Nov. 21, 1861.	‡July 21, 1862.
Hayward, Oscar F	St. Johnsbury	19	Dec. 5, 1861.	‡Nov. 11, 1862.
Herriman, Turrill E	St. Johnsbury	18	Dec. 31, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Hill, William	Troy	21	Dec. 18, 1861.	‡Aug. 17, 1862.
Houghton, Silas	Danville	18	Dec. 2, 1861.	July 16, 1862.
Hubbard, James	Burke	34	Jan. 1, 1862.	June 22, 1864.
Hyn, Walter J		44	Dec. 6, 1861.	§Mar. 11, 1862.
Jay, Nathan P	St. Johnsbury	23	Dec. 6, 1861.	3Nov. 1864.
Jones, Wm. H	Wheelock	25	Dec. 4, 1861	June 22, 1864.
Keith, Andrew J	Troy	31	Nov. 29, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Kelley, Loren F	Newbury	36	Nov. 27, 1861.	2June 14, 1863.
Kennedy, Horace W	Troy	19	Jan. 28, 1862.	*Feb. 28, 1863.
Kiser, Hiram S	Albany	34	Dec. 24, 1861.	‡Date not rec.
Knapp, Geo. L	St. Johnsbury	19	Dec. 31, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Lamarsh, Frank	Troy	20	Nov. 28, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Leavitt, Nehemiah	Warren	21	Nov. 21, 1861.	Sept. 4, 1863.
Marchand, Felix	Lyndon	26	Jan. 1, 1862.	2June 17, 1863.
McFarland, Wm. H		20	Feb. 14, 1862.	4June 22, 1864.
McGaffy, Alonzo	St. Johnsbury	35	Jan. 28, 1862.	‡June 3, 1862.
McNab, Carlos	McIndoe's Falls	18	Dec. 26, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Miller, John	Troy	19	Nov. 29, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Montret, Adolphe	Richmond	18	Dec. 6, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Morse, Robt. C	Barnet	18	Dec. 14, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Newman, Chas. A	Barnet	18	Dec. 14, 1861.	5Mar. 24, 1864.
Noyes, James	Newbury	26	Dec. 1, 1861.	5Dec. 31, 1862.
Noyes, John W	Columbia, N. H	23	Dec. 26, 1861.	‡June 28, 1863.

*Promoted; date of discharge not given. †Mustered out at Brattleboro, Vt. ‡Died of disease. §Deserted. ‖Sick in General Hospital. ¶Killed in battle. 1Sick in New Orleans. 2Killed at Port Hudson. 3Died at Salisbury, N. C. 4Sick in Canada. 5Transferred.

COMPANY C.—*Continued.*

Name.	Residence.	Age.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Discharge.
Page, Henry K	Troy	24	Dec. 16, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Potwin, Napoleon	Swanton	18	Nov. 20, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Perigo, Harvey G	St. Johnsbury	21	Dec. 5, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Pettee, Jacob L	Troy	37	Dec. 4, 1861.	*July 6, 1863.
Pettee, William T	Jay	30	Dec. 4, 1861.	†June 14, 1863.
Pinard, Jovite	St. Johnsbury	20	Dec. 9, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Prisby, Hollis W	Littleton, N. H	18	Dec. 27, 1861.	*Aug. 23, 1863
Putnam, Cornelius H	Huntington	23	Dec. 9, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Read, George R	Montpelier	29	Nov. 19, 1861.	July 16, 1862.
Root, Cyrus S	Sheffield	19	Jan. 27, 1862.	‡Nov. 14, 1864.
Rosebush, Martin	St Johnsbury	18	Dec. 10, 1861.	*July 5, 1863.
Scott, Nathan W	Newport	21	Dec. 6, 1861.	§May 18, 1864.
Severance, Henry V	St. Johnsbury	21	Dec. 9, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Skinner, Levi W	Troy	19	Dec. 26, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Smith, Henry L	Newport	23	Dec. 18, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Spencer, Loren H		19	Dec. 13, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Swinger, Lawrence	Huntington	26	Jan. 1, 1862.	‖Nov. 26, 1864.
Upton, John T		22	Dec. 6, 1861.	July 16, 1862.
Waldron, John M	Newbury	18	Dec. 3, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Whipple, Hiram L	Concord	19	Dec. 9, 1861.	¶Feb. 28, 1863.
Wilcox, Martin H	St. Johnsbury	22	Jan. 28, 1862.	June 28, 1865.
Williams, Ransom W	Troy	30	Dec. 4, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Winslow, Loren P	Waterford	32	Dec. 23, 1861.	July 16, 1862.
	Total	104		
RECRUITS.				
Allen, Wyman H		24	Feb. 7, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Bass, James		18	Dec. 26, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Benedict, Tabor		18	Aug. 23, 1864.	June 1, 1865.
Bonett, Dallas R		18	Sept. 2, 1864.	June 1, 1865.
Bonett, Sewall H		22	Jan. 18, 1864.	June 28, 1865.
Bruce, Geo. E		18	Aug. 18, 1864.	June 1, 1865.
Bullson, Geo. H		22	July 22, 1864.	§June 28, 1865.
Burns, David		20	Dec. 29, 1864.	§Mar. 18, 1865.
Brown, Josiah		18	July 2, 1862.	May 28, 1863.
Carrick, John		45	Sept. 12, 1864.	June 1, 1865.
Chamberlin, Benjamin F		39	Dec. 31, 1863.	*Aug. 12, 1864.
Chastany, Joseph		33	Sept. 10, 1864.	June 1, 1865.
Cobban, Simon C. F		23	Jan. 1, 1864.	June 28, 1865.
Collins, Charles		31	Sept. 3, 1862.	‖Feb. 11, 1865.
Craig, Thomas			Jan. 5, 1864.	1June 28, 1865.
Dalton, Flavius J		28	March 17, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Dow, Henry A		21	Dec 26, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Dow, Parker S		19	Aug. 6, 1864.	June 1, 1865.
Derby, Henry N		18	Dec. 8, 1864.	*Mar. 31, 1864.
Eaton, Henry		18	Oct. 21, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Emmons, Geo		23	March 1, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Erely, Thomas H		21	Jan. 12, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Evans, Edward		18	Dec. 21, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Farnham, Horace S		34	Dec. 22, 1863.	*Sept. 16, 1864.
Foster, Wm. J		22	Dec. 19, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Gammell, John A. P		21	Aug. 31, 1864.	June 1, 1865.
Goodell, John V		21	Aug. 31, 1864.	2Nov. 18, 1864.
Green, Chas. J		28	Dec. 23, 1863.	‖July 24, 1864.
George, Joseph		18	Nov. 30, 1862.	*July 16, 1864.
Harrington, Calvin E		18	Dec. 18, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Hayford, Salmon S		25	March 24, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Hemenway, Francis W		18	Dec. 8, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Henthon, Thomas		39	Jan. 6, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Heyer, Charles A		18	Feb. 15, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Judd, William		42	March 6, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Lathrop, Cyrus W		24	Dec. 19, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Leith, William		21	Dec. 28, 1863.	2Oct. 19, 1864.
Longevine, Isaac		39	March 13, 1865.	July 1, 1865.
Marston, Geo. D		24	Dec. 19, 1863.	June 28, 1865.

*Died of disease. †Killed at Port Hudson. ‡Died of wounds received in action. §Deserted. ‖Transferred. ¶Promoted. 1Colored cook mustered out. 2Died of wounds received at Cedar Creek, Oct. 19.

COMPANY C.—*Continued.*

Name.	Residence.	Age.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Discharge.
Martin, Carlos		19	Dec. 30, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
McColley, James		27	March 3, 1865.	*April 15, 1865.
McLeon, Wm. H		20	Feb. 15, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Meader, Chas. H		29	Dec. 28, 1863.	Jan. 29, 1865.
Mizer, Francis		19	Dec. 26, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Monaghon, Patrick		29	March 22, 1865.	June 28, 1865
Norton, John W		24	Nov. 11, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Page, Oscar		18	Jan. 4, 1864.	June 28, 1865.
Page, Albert E		32	Dec. 8, 1863.	*May 20, 1864.
Potwin, Abram		19	May 19, 1864.	†Nov. 4, 1864.
Prins, Lewis		19	March 25, 1864.	July 15, 1865.
Rich, James D		29	Dec. 24, 1863.	Nov. 20, 1864.
Scribner, Benj. F		41	Sept. 3, 1863.	June 1, 1865.
Shampany, John		19	Dec. 7, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Shampeau, Peter		23	Feb. 9, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Simons, Orin		22	Dec. 22, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Smith, Geo. W		27	Dec. 28, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Smith, John		22	Dec. 27, 1864.	June 28, 1865.
Smith, Willard G		26	Dec. 29, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Stamps, Geo. W		36	Jan. 30, 1863.	‡June 28, 1865.
Stebbins, Chas. H		18	Dec. 23, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Sternlin, John		22	Dec. 30, 1864.	June 28, 1865.
Stevens, Hiram		41	Feb. 13, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Sturgeon, Robert		18	Dec. 29, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Talbot, David		34	Jan. 13, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Thompson, Amasa F		19	Feb. 7, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Trainor, Peter		22	Feb. 18, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Webster, Daniel G		24	Aug. 15, 1864.	June 6, 1865.
Wells, Horace A		18	Jan. 4, 1864.	§July 22, 1864.
White, Chas. A		21	Aug. 30, 1864.	June 1, 1865.
White, John		22	July 22, 1864.	†Sept. 3, 1864.
Wiswell, John C		18	March 30, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Woods, Lemuel N		42	Dec. 10, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Woodward, Sylvester		43	Nov. 27, 1863.	May 18, 1865.
	Total	73		
	Aggregate	177		

COMPANY D, BRADFORD.

Name.	Residence.	Age.	Date of Commission.	Date of Discharge.
Capt., Cyrus B. Leach	Bradford	31	Dec. 28, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
1st Lieut., Alfred E. Getchell	Bradford	37	Dec. 28, 1861.	Feb. 26, 1865.
2d Lieut., Darius G. Child	Fairlee	26	Dec. 28, 1861.	‖July 20, 1862.

Name.	Residence.	Age.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Discharge.
SERGEANTS.				
1st, Dennis Buckley	Bradford	26	Nov. 2, 1861.	¶Dec. 7, 1863.
Phineas S. Palmer	Thetford	27	Dec. 17, 1861.	July 29, 1863.
Nathaniel Roble	Bradford	26	Nov. 22, 1861.	1Dec. 6, 1864.
Jacob B. Sawyer	Topsham	34	Dec. 7, 1861.	May 4, 1863.
Edward F. Gould		20	Jan. 3, 1862.	June 28, 1865.
CORPORALS.				
Albert D. Heath	Topsham	22	Dec. 2, 1861.	Feb. 19, 1862.
Andrew J. Young	Topsham	27	Dec. 4, 1861.	†Mar. 1, 1862.

*Died of disease. †Deserted. ‡Colored cook mustered out. §Transferred. ‖Died at Algiers, La. ¶Cashiered. 1Died at St. Johnsbury, Vt.

COMPANY D.—*Continued.*

Name.	Residence.	Age.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Discharge.
William S. Peabody	Topsham	22	Dec. 4, 1861.	*
Edwin R. Corliss	East Corinth	28	Dec. 16, 1861.	July 7, 1863.
Wm. H. H. Gilmore	Fairlee	22	Dec. 7, 1861.	*
Wm. F. Peters	Bradford	30	Dec. 24, 1861.	Sept. 10, 1863.
Chas. W. Woodbury	Bradford	28	Dec. 4, 1861.	†Mar. 22, 1863.
Edwin P. Garland	Topsham	21	Dec. 2, 1861.	†Mar. 4, 1864.
MUSICIAN.				
Ira I. Ingram	Topsham	18	Dec. 2, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
WAGONER.				
Freeman F. Fleming	Bradford	28	Dec. 4, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
PRIVATES.				
Andross, Noble	Bradford	45	Nov. 20, 1861.	‡June 22, 1864.
Austin, Geo. H	Bradford	18	Dec. 7, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Avery, Geo. W		20	Dec. 13, 1861.	†June 28, 1862.
Avery, Sylvester H	Topsham	29	Dec. 11, 1861.	†June 3, 1863.
Bacon, Hiram, Jr	Strafford	34	Dec. 17, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Baldwin, Absalom	Bradford	18	Nov. 25, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Barber, Alpheus P	West Fairlee	22	Dec. 6, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Barber, Chas. S	West Fairlee	21	Dec. 2, 1861.	†Feb. 26, 1865.
Barstow, Edgar	Vershire	23	Dec. 13, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Barstow, Russell A	Vershire	21	Dec. 30, 1861.	July 7, 1865.
Bliss, Wm. C	Bradford	30	Nov. 22, 1861.	§April 25, 1865.
Brown, Geo. L	Newbury	40	Jan. 9, 1862.	July 5, 1863.
Brown, Mills O	West Fairlee	25	Nov. 27, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Bugbee, Edmond	Washington	19	Dec. 13, 1861.	‖Aug. 1, 1862.
Butterfield, Henry, Jr	Topsham	18	Dec. 2, 1861.	¶May 27, 1863.
Child, Lewis		23	Dec. 7, 1861.	June 30, 1865.
Clark, John F	Strafford	19	Dec. 17, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Colby, Russell D	West Fairlee	18	Dec. 17, 1861.	Oct. 22, 1863.
Corliss, Wm. H	East Corinth	20	Dec. 6, 1861.	July 24, 1863.
Daniels, Oscar B	Peacham	25	Jan. 7, 1862.	June 28, 1865.
Dickey, Thomas W	Topsham	26	Dec. 13, 1861.	Oct. 15, 1862.
Dow, Francis R	Stafford	18	Dec. 23, 1861.	Oct. 17, 1862.
Dow, Geo. H	Bradford	19	Jan. 1, 1862.	May 22, 1865.
Eastman, Harmon W	Topsham	23	Dec. 4, 1861.	†April 10, 1863.
Emerson, Horace P	East Corinth	18	Dec. 9, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Emery, Asa S	Groton	21	Dec. 7, 1861	June 22, 1864.
Emery, Chas. G	Groton	18	Jan. 9, 1862.	June 28, 1865.
Foot, Dennis W	Thetford	19	Dec. 19, 1861.	†Nov. 27, 1862.
Foster, Ezekiel	Topsham	35	Jan. 7, 1862.	†Dec. 20, 1862.
Gelo, Moses	Bradford	24	Nov. 21, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Hammond, Gilman S	Fairlee	21	Dec. 17, 1861.	Sept. 4, 1862.
Haskins, Wm. H	Bradford	39	Nov. 21, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Haynes, Edward W	Brattleboro	18	Feb. 6, 1862.	June 28, 1865.
Hayward, Putnam	Topsham	21	Dec. 24, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Jenkins, Mason B	Fairlee	26	Dec. 26, 1861.	Oct. 5, 1863.
Jenkins, Thomas J	Fairlee	35	Dec. 16, 1861.	Sept. 27, 1863.
Johnson, Eben E	Topsham	21	Dec. 4, 1861.	†Dec. 1863.
Kenison, Asa S	Fairlee	37	Dec. 7, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Kennedy, Geo. E	Bradford	25	Dec. 17, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Lafkin, Jonathan C	Bradford	44	Dec. 7, 1861.	March 28, 1863.
Lahas, Norbit	Bradford	20	Dec. 6, 1861.	‖May 18, 1864.
Lake, Edwin	Bradford	32	Dec. 16, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Lamb, Chas. S	Ryegate	18	Dec. 17, 1861.	†April 21, 1862.
Landry, Dalphi	Bradford	28	Dec. 7, 1861.	Deserted.
Liscom, John E	Corinth	20	Dec. 6, 1861.	†Nov. 24, 1862.
Mann, Stephen H	Fairlee	25	Dec. 2, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Martin, Chester	Bradford	18	Nov. 27, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Meder, Horace E	Newbury	18	Jan. 9, 1862.	†Mar. 25, 1863.
Merchant, Frank	Bradford	41	Nov. 22, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Mills, Jacob, Jr	Topsham	19	Dec. 14, 1861.	1June 28, 1865.
Morrison, Geo. W	Newbury	20	Dec. 10, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Morrison, Hiram	Newbury	18	Dec. 12, 1861.	2June 28, 1865.

*Discharged for promotion. †Died of disease. ‡Absent sick. §Transferred. ‖Deserted. ¶Killed Port Hudson. 1Absent wounded. 2On detached service.

COMPANY D.—*Continued.*

Name.	Residence.	Age.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Discharge.
Ober, Edwin F	Topsham	21	Dec. 13, 1861.	Nov. 7, 1863.
O'Malley, Owen F	Newbury	27	Dec. 26, 1861.	*Nov. 25, 1864.
Peabody, Jesse W	Topsham	20	Dec. 4, 1861.	Oct. 23, 1863.
Peabody, Luther	Topsham	19	Dec. 6, 1861.	†Nov. 7, 1863.
Peters, Chas. E	Bradford	26	Jan. 29, 1862.	July 8, 1862.
Pierce, Horace A	Bradford	18	Jan. 17, 1862.	‡Sept. 4, 1863.
Putnam, Ephraim	Bradford	43	Jan. 13, 1862.	§June 22, 1864.
Repfrew, George	Topsham	19	Dec. 2, 1861.	‖June 3, 1863.
Richardson, Henry C	Topsham	23	Dec. 2, 1861.	July 17, 1865.
Ring, Henry E	Corinth	21	Jan. 31, 1862.	June 22, 1864.
Robbins, Lorenzo	Thetford	21	Dec. 26, 1861.	†July 3, 1863.
Robinson, Jonathan H	Bradford	44	Dec. 26, 1861.	Oct. 15, 1862.
Rowe, Jesse L	Bradford	38	Nov. 21, 1861.	‡May 19, 1864.
Rowe, Rufus H	Corinth	21	Jan. 24, 1862.	June 22, 1864.
Scott, David	Newgate	20	Dec. 12, 1861.	July 12, 1863.
Scott, Samuel W	Newgate	21	Dec. 13, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Shumway, Monroe	Bradford	32	Dec. 7, 1861.	†Dec. 15, 1862.
Smyth, Robert		22	Jan. 30, 1862.	Oct. 17, 1862.
Stevens, Elbridge E	Corinth	18	Dec. 14, 1861.	†June 11, 1864.
Taplin, Horace E	Corinth	25	Dec. 11, 1861.	¶June 28, 1865.
Thompson, Asa	Washington	22	Dec. 13, 1861.	1Oct. 21, 1864.
Thompson, Henry J	Sharon	21	Dec. 17, 1861.	‖June 14, 1863.
Tuttle, Elias J	Newbury	25	Dec. 26, 1861.	¶June 28, 1865.
Tuttle, Geo. L	Newbury	18	Dec. 26, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Webster, Josiah R	Bradford	27	Dec. 24, 1861.	Feb. 25, 1863.
Wheeler, Edmond L	Brattleboro	18	Jan. 28, 1862.	June 22, 1864.
Whitney, Geo. H	West Fairlee	18	Nov. 30, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Wild, Azariah T	West Fairlee	26	Nov. 27, 1861.	1862.
Willey, Horace L	Topsham	44	Jan. 25, 1862.	Date not given.
Wyman, Calvin	Newbury	30	Jan. 28, 1862.	Oct. 25, 1862.
	Total	100		
RECRUITS.				
Allen, John		33	Feb. 4, 1865.	†April 14, 1865.
Almane, Peter		27	July 2, 1862.	‡June 14, 1864.
Baptist, Jean		34	May 20, 1862.	Mar. 28, 1863.
Bean, Geo. N. M		20	May 16, 1864.	June 15, 1865.
Bean, Richard C		18	May 11, 1864.	June 28, 1865.
Brue, Joseph			May 5, 1864.	No record.
Bugbee, Chas. P		22	Feb. 28, 1862.	†Nov. 28, 1862.
Bullock, Prentice		29	Dec. 17, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Burke, Michael		38	Dec. 15, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Burlingame, Stephen		27	Dec. 19, 1863.	Transferred.
Buswell, Albert		42	Jan. 4, 1864.	June 28, 1865.
Carpenter, Edmond		21	Dec. 25, 1863.	†Nov. 3, 1864.
Carpenter, Wm. E		24	Jan. 4, 1864.	2June 28, 1865.
Casey, James		44	Dec. 28, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Child, Willard H		23	Aug. 29, 1864.	June 1, 1865.
Clancey, Michael		28	Feb. 4, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Clarey, Patrick		35	Dec. 29, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Clement, Freeman K		20	Aug. 23, 1864.	June 1, 1865.
Connolly, Michael		24	Jan. 6, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Cornell, Thomas		22	Dec. 30, 1864.	June 28, 1865.
Curran, Patrick		38	Oct. 12, 1862.	‡Oct. 16, 1862.
Davis, David H		18	Jan. 2, 1864.	June 28, 1865.
Davis, Milton H		18	Jan. 4, 1864.	June 28, 1865.
Davis, Merritt A		26	Jan. 26, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Day, John H		20	Dec. 10, 1863.	3Oct. 19, 1864.
Derby, Alfred B		21	Aug. 10, 1864.	July 19, 1865.
Dew, Francis		43	Jan. 5, 1864.	June 28, 1865.
Emerson, Chas. H		20	Feb. 29, 1864.	June 28, 1865.
Faulkner, Wm		38	Dec. 16, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Fay, James T		35	Dec. 10, 1863.	†Aug. 30, 1864.
Fisher, Samuel J		44	Dec. 8, 1863.	Transferred.
Forbes, Francis		18	Dec. 28, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Forbes, Robert		18	Dec. 28, 1863.	June 28, 1865.

*Transferred. †Died of disease. ‡Deserted. §Sick at New Orleans. ‖Killed at Port Hudson. ¶On furlough. 1Died from wounds received at Cedar Creek, Oct. 19, 1864. 2Absent sick. 3Supposed killed.

COMPANY D.—*Continued.*

Name.	Residence.	Age.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Discharge.
Fuller, Albert C		20	Jan. 1, 1864.	June 28, 1865.
Galt, Robert		30	Jan. 6, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Gaskill, Chas		20	March 7, 1865.	June 19, 1865.
Hall, John E		26	March 17, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Hall, Thomas J		24	Dec. 18, 1863.	Transferred.
Harradan, Geo. W		18	Nov. 28, 1863.	Died 1864.
Horton, Walter S		19	Aug. 25, 1864.	June 1, 1865.
Jacobs, Joseph		19	May 10, 1864.	June 28, 1865.
Jacobs, Richard		21	May 17, 1864.	June 28, 1865.
Kelley, Lawrence		28	Dec. 19, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Larama, John		32	Dec. 31, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Larkin, John		44	Dec. 16, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Larnl, David		37	Sept. 2, 1864.	June 28, 1865.
Lynds, Nathaniel G		39	Dec. 31, 1863.	Transferred.
Magaghan, John		24	Dec. 21, 1863.	*May 31, 1864.
Manahan, Samuel		27	Feb. 10, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Mansur, Joseph		21	May 5, 1864.	June 29, 1865.
Maponi, Antoine		22	May 20, 1862.	†Sept. 13, 1863.
Marrion, Chas		28	May 20, 1862.	May 18, 1865.
Merchant, James C		30	Dec. 30, 1863.	Transferred.
Miller, John		26	Dec. 23, 1864.	June 28, 1865.
Miller, Thomas		32	Jan. 18, 1865.	†Mar. 14, 1865.
Mills, Alonzo H		19	Jan. 2, 1864.	June 6, 1865.
Minor, Henry H		34	Dec. 22, 1863.	May 13, 1865.
Moore, Patrick		27	Feb. 8, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Moran, Newton T		22	Dec. 7, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Mullen, Francis		25	Dec. 23, 1864.	†Mar. 14, 1865.
Olds, William		36	Jan. 3, 1864.	‡June 28, 1865.
Palmer, John		21	Dec. 23, 1864.	June 28, 1865.
Perry, Milon F		28	Dec. 15, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Prue, Joseph		22	May 5, 1864.	‡June 28, 1865.
Rollins, Joseph S		44	Dec. 17, 1863.	June 12, 1865.
Sanford, William		21	Jan. 13, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Sister, Charles		18	Dec. 16, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Sprague, Lyman W		31	Dec. 10, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Styles, Jeremiah D		34	Dec. 21, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Sweeney, Joseph, Jr		44	Dec. 31, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Thomas, Freeling G		21	Dec. 23, 1863.	§Oct. 22, 1864.
Watson, Levi		45	Dec. 21, 1863.	June 26, 1865.
White, Edward		40	June 27, 1862.	§June 25, 1863.
White, Joseph H		34	March 7, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Wilder, Solomon D		45	Feb. 28, 1862.	§April 4, 1863.
Willis, Evander H		18	Dec. 5, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
	Total	76		
	Aggregate	176		

COMPANY E, WORCESTER.

Name.	Residence.	Age.	Date of Commission.	Date of Discharge.
Capt., Edward Hall	Worcester	43	Jan. 1, 1862.	‖Oct. 28, 1864.
1st. Lieut., Kilburn Day	Bethel	43	Jan. 1, 1862.	¶Dec. 11, 1862.
2d Lieut., Truman P. Kellogg	Worcester	38	Jan. 1, 1862.	1July 23, 1862.

*Drowned. †Deserted. ‡Sick in General Hospital. §Died of disease. ‖Died of wounds received at Cedar Creek, Oct. 19, 1864. ¶Resigned. 1Died at Algiers, La.

COMPANY E.—*Continued.*

Name.	Residence.	Age.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Discharge.
SERGEANTS.				
1*st.*, Edward S. Drown	Wolcott	27	Oct. 6, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Joseph H. Lane	Hardwick	24	Dec. 20, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
James E. Thayer	Montpelier	35	Oct. 1, 1861.	*Sept. 4, 1862.
Xenophon Udall	Craftsbury	33	Dec. 18, 1861.	†Mar. 11, 1864.
Benjamin F. Morse	Elmore	33	Dec. 9, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
CORPORALS.				
William Shontell	Middlesex	25	Oct. 1, 1861.	Feb. 12, 1863.
Franklin A. Sanford	Worcester	25	Dec. 2, 1861.	†Feb. 8, 1864.
Newell H. Hibbard	Bethel	18	Sept. 30, 1861.	June 12, 1865.
Orrin Maxham	Northfield	21	Oct. 7, 1861.	‡Feb. 1863.
John F. Phelps	Berlin	28	Dec. 17, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Ira Barrett	Woodbury	38	Dec. 7, 1861.	§June 14, 1863.
Francis Wilson	Middlesex	28	Oct. 3, 1861.	‡Dec. 5, 1862.
Benjamin F. Bowman	Royalton	18	Oct. 5, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
MUSICIANS.				
Roswell S. Nichols	Middlesex	41	Nov. 30, 1861.	June 30, 1862.
Martin Winchell	Eden	63	Dec. 19, 1861.	‖Aug. 18, 1862.
WAGONER.				
Oscar Maxham	Northfield	23	Nov. 27, 1861.	¶Jan. 25, 1865.
PRIVATES.				
Abbott, Calvin B	Bethel	35	Oct. 1, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Allen, Pardon W	Hardwick	18	Dec. 19, 1861.	June 30, 1862.
Amel, Lewis	Middlesex	38	Oct. 7, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Bailey, Amos	Wolcott	44	Dec. 1, 1861.	‡June 22, 1862.
Bailey, John W	Wolcott	18	Dec. 1, 1861.	July 14, 1862.
Bailey, Samuel A	Wolcott	44	Dec. 1, 1861.	‡Sept. 23, 1862.
Bailey, Simon E	Wolcott	18	Dec. 19, 1861.	*Sept. 4, 1862.
Barrett, Chas. A. J	Hardwick	22	Dec. 2, 1861.	Sept. 4, 1862.
Barrett, George	Woodbury	28	Dec. 16, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Barrett, Levi	Hardwick	27	Dec. 18, 1861.	‡Oct. 4, 1863.
Bates, Albert G	Barre	21	Jan. 13, 1862.	June 30, 1862.
Carley, William	East Montpelier	44	Nov. 28, 1861.	June 4, 1864.
Chase, Zolva W	Middlesex	19	Sept. 30, 1861.	1June 22, 1864.
Clogston, Chas. H	Worcester	21	Sept. 26, 1861.	July 14, 1862.
Colgrove, John S	Wolcott	27	Dec. 12, 1861.	*Sept. 4, 1862.
Corliss, Albert A	Tunbridge	18	Oct. 7, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Corliss, Stephen	Tunbridge	44	Oct. 7, 1861.	‡April 22, 1863.
Dana, Lyman	Orange	23	Dec. 17, 1861.	July 7, 1863.
Drury, Jason	Barre	22	Dec. 12, 1861.	2Sept 25, 1863.
Emery, Ezra H	Bethel	29	Oct. 3, 1861.	‡July 10, 1863.
Farnham, John	Middlesex	32	Dec. 25, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Ferrin, Thomas F	Walden	25	Dec. 14, 1861.	*Dec. 20, 1864.
Foster, Isaac G	Montpelier	43	Jan. 4, 1862.	Oct. 12, 1863.
French, David E	Barre	43	Jan. 18, 1862.	‡Nov. 10, 1862.
Getchell, John W	Montpelier	26	Dec. 10, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Gray, Wm. R	Greensboro	19	Dec. 21, 1861.	*Sept. 4, 1862.
Greenwood, Fred	Middlesex	21	Dec. 8, 1861.	*Sept. 4, 1862.
Hall, Charles	Worcester	18	Oct. 1, 1861.	June 30, 1862.
Hills, Chas. E. L	Barre	18	Dec. 22, 1861.	‡July 3, 1863.
Hills, Wm. P	Waterbury	18	Feb. 7, 1862.	June 22, 1864.
Holmes, Geo. P	Woodbury	22	Nov. 29, 1861.	3Mar. 5, 1863.
Holmes, Ira	Woodbury	24	Dec. 7, 1861.	3June 28, 1864.
Howard, James W	Brattleboro	18	Feb. 8, 1862.	4June 24, 1863.
Hutchins, Geo. G	Sherburne	29	Jan. 10, 1862.	June 28, 1865.
Jones, Alonzo	Montpelier	44	Jan. 6, 1862.	Oct. 16, 1862.
Jones, John P	Waterbury	18	Dec. 30, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Jones, William	Waterbury	25	Dec. 6, 1861.	5June 14, 1863.
King, David G	Woodbury	35	Dec. 7, 1861.	Aug 22, 1863.
Kinson, Benjamin H	Middlesex	26	Oct. 3, 1861.	‡June 18, 1872.
Labarron, Robinson	Woodbury	38	Dec. 1, 1861.	6July 14, 1865.
Larned, Rollin E		23	Dec. 14, 1861.	¶Nov. 2, 1864.

*Killed at Bayou des Allemands. †Transferred. ‡Died of disease. §Killed at Port Hudson. ‖Dropped. ¶Died at Salisbury, N. C. 1Sick at New Orleans. 2Died of wounds 3Deserted. 4Died of wounds received at Port Hudson. 5Missing in action at Port Hudson. 6Sick in General Hospital.

COMPANY E.—*Continued.*

Name.	Residence.	Age.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Discharge.
Maxham, Geo	East Montpelier	38	Dec. 8, 1861.	July 7, 1865.
McGookin, Henry	Belvidere	28	Dec. 15, 1861	*Sept. 4, 1862.
McMurphy, Julius	Duxbury	23	Dec. 10, 1861.	†Nov. 16, 1863.
Morey, Robert	Wolcott	43	Dec. 1, 1861.	†Jan. 1863.
Morse, Andrew J	Elmore	26	Oct. 3, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Morse, Benjamin F., 2d	Woodbury	18	Dec. 9, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Morse, Luther W	Elmore	41	Dec. 9, 1861.	†June 19, 1863.
Murphy, William	Hyde Park	34	Oct. 21, 1861.	‡
Nelson, Alonzo R	Orange	18	Dec. 17, 1861.	Apr. 28, 1863.
Nelson, Edwin H	Woodbury	25	Dec. 7, 1861.	Feb. 20, 1863.
Perrin, Geo. W	Barre	18	Dec. 11, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Poor, Geo. H	Worcester	29	Nov. 27, 1861.	†Sept. 29, 1862.
Powers, Harrison	Moretown	23	Dec. 14, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Putnam, Hiram M	Craftsbury	38	Dec. 16, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Reed, Alfred M	Berlin	18	Dec. 4, 1861.	†Aug. 15, 1862.
Reed, Andrew J	Berlin	20	Sept. 28, 1861.	†Aug. 29, 1863.
Reed, Edwin W	Greensboro	23	Dec. 18, 1861.	Feb. 9, 1863.
Rickard, Hymen C	Bethel	21	Dec. 7, 1861.	June 30, 1862.
Rogers, Eugene	Bethel	18	Sept. 30, 1861.	June 30, 1862.
Sabin, David P	Woodbury	30	Feb. 6, 1862.	†Sept. 26, 1863.
Shontell, Benjamin	Middlesex	24	Dec. 16, 1861.	Oct. 16, 1862.
Shontell, Frederick	Middlesex	22	Jan. 10, 1862.	†May 16, 1862.
Shontell, Leander	Middlesex	19	Dec. 16, 1861.	§Feb. 27, 1864.
Sinclair, Hiram D	Montpelier	44	Sept. 28, 1861.	June 14, 1862.
Slack, Wm. H	Washington	19	Dec. 13, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Slayton, Theodore	Worcester	30	Sept. 30, 1861.	†Apr. 22, 1863.
Smith, Charles	Worcester	25	Oct. 8, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Snow, Francis Y	Sharon	19	Oct. 1, 1861.	§
Staples, Chas	Williamstown	22	Dec. 4, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Staples, Milton	Williamstown	19	Jan. 6, 1862.	June 28, 1865.
Stevens, Collamer G	Bethel	22	Sept. 30, 1861.	Apr. 6, 1863.
Thompson, Leonard	Wolcott	44	Dec. 29, 1861.	May 13, 1863.
Warren, Alonzo S	Middlesex	20	Dec. 7, 1861.	†Mar. 19, 1863.
Warren, Lorenzo S	Middlesex	22	Dec. 7, 1861.	Apr. 6, 1863.
Webster, Ephraim	Orange	42	Dec. 18, 1861.	†Nov. 11, 1862.
Wedgewood, Geo. E	Bethel	21	Sept. 28, 1861.	‖May 27, 1863.
Wheat, Geo. F	Elmore	44	Dec. 5, 1861.	†Mar. 14, 1863.
Wood, Henry M	Waterbury	18	Dec. 16, 1861.	†Sept. 3, 1862.
Wood, Wm. W	Waterbury	19	Dec. 16, 1861.	†July 14, 1863.
Woodbury, Asa	Craftsbury	31	Dec. 1, 1861.	†Apr. 27, 1863.
Young, Gustavus S	Duxbury	31	Jan. 13, 1862.	June 22, 1864.
	Total	101		
RECRUITS.				
Andrews, Chas. L		21	Feb. 21, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Averill, James W		22	Dec. 3, 1863.	¶Oct. 21, 1864.
Averill, John W		22	Dec. 3, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Bacon, John W		26	Sept. 17, 1864.	June 1, 1865.
Bahne, Deidrich		26	July 23, 1862.	1
Bates, Lewis B		22	Dec. 23, 1863.	May 13, 1865.
Becker, Gustavus C			July 30, 1862.	1
Bellows, Franklin		42	Dec. 9, 1863.	†July 30, 1864.
Bement, Wm. B		20	Jan. 4, 1864.	June 28, 1865.
Bigelow, Rufus		20	March 6, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Blair, Samuel N		18	Dec. 26, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Blaisdell, Oliver T		29	Dec. 21, 1863.	July 15, 1865.
Blanchard, Geo. W		22	Dec. 3, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Bowen, Dustin, Jr		22	Aug. 5, 1864.	†Dec. 9, 1864.
Bowman, Albert H		36	Sept. 14, 1864.	June 1, 1865.
Bowman, Amos B		26	Sept. 14, 1864.	June 1, 1865.
Brandt, Aleck		26	July 22, 1862.	¶Aug. 3, 1864.
Brust, Loui		36	July 21, 1862.	*Sept. 4, 1862.
Burill, Albert J		21	Feb. 13, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Burke, Mason P		23	Dec. 28, 1863.	July 12, 1865.
Burke, Oscar F		18	Dec. 14, 1863.	July 26, 1865.

*Killed at Bayou des Allemands. †Died of disease. ‡Sent to Dry Tortugas 3 years for desertion. §Transferred. ‖Killed at Port Hudson. ¶Deserted. 1Taken prisoner Sept. 4, 1862; shot by rebels Oct. 23, 1862.

COMPANY E.—*Continued.*

Name.	Resident.	Age.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Discharge.
Cammell, Joseph		25	March 1, 1865.	*June 28, 1865.
Canedy, Thomas, 2d		19	Dec. 12, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Carlton, Noah, Jr		18	Feb. 15, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Carroll, John		23	Dec. 21, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Chittenden, Cassius C		18	Dec. 18, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Converse, Asa E		22	Dec. 8, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Davis, Geo. P		25	Dec. 14, 1863.	†June 28, 1865.
Davis, John		27	Dec. 20, 1863.	‡July 31, 1864.
Dike, Henry L		18	Dec. 19, 1863.	July 10, 1865.
Estus, Jared		31	Dec. 18, 1863.	§June 30, 1864.
Ferrin, Matthew		22	April 19, 1864.	June 28, 1865.
Gale, Frederick M		23	Dec. 3, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Gee, Lavyns		28	Dec. 5, 1864.	June 1, 1865.
Goodell, John A		23	Feb. 14, 1865.	May 23, 1865.
Grant, Geo. R		18	Sept. 8, 1864	‖June 27, 1865.
Grow, Henry H		23	Dec. 24, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Hamilton, Geo. W		25	Dec. 18, 1863.	May 13, 1865.
Hanman, Theron		18	Feb. 10, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Harding, John W		18	Feb. 9, 1865.	‡Mar. 6, 1865.
Holland, Thomas		20	July 11, 1862.	¶Aug. 3, 1864.
Horton, Franklin		35	Dec. 9, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Howieson, Jas		40	Feb. 13, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Huet, Wiley		45	Dec. 1, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Hull, Horace A		23	Dec. 18, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Hurst, Bernard		19	July 21, 1862.	1
Jacobs, Chas. M		15	Oct. 17, 1863.	July 14, 1865.
Keeler, Frederic L		19	Jan. 4, 1864.	‡June 13, 1864.
Kellogg, Julius P		18	Sept. 6, 1864.	June 15, 1865.
Kempton, Oliver W		23	Dec. 29, 1863.	‡April 20, 1864.
Labarron, Frank		19	April 22, 1864.	June 28, 1865.
Lahaize, Oliver		28	Dec. 22, 1863.	¶Aug. 3, 1864.
Lamphere, Theron T		18	Feb. 9, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Lampson, Geo		18	Jan. 4, 1864.	June 28, 1865.
Leichleider, John		24	July 21, 1862.	1
Leichleider, Michael		20	July 21, 1862.	1
Little, Isaiah C		39	Dec. 29, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Mason, Hezekiah W		30	Dec. 8, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Merrill, Marshall H		42	Dec. 25, 1863.	2July 24, 1864.
Mosman, Michael		22	July 4, 1862.	1
Nelson, John		36	Dec. 30, 1864.	June 18, 1865.
Newell, William		30	Dec. 18, 1863.	‡April 4, 1864.
Olden, Daniel		44	Dec. 31, 1863.	‡Nov. 7, 1864.
Olden, Geo. E		20	Dec. 9, 1863.	‡May 16, 1864.
Olden, Henry M		36	Dec. 5, 1863.	2July 24, 1864.
Parker, Shepard C		18	Dec. 30, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Paul, Frank		19	Aug. 16, 1862.	1
Phelps, Benijah		27	Jan. 4, 1864.	June 28, 1865.
Phelps, Edwin		20	Jan. 4, 1864.	May 13, 1865.
Phipps, Josephus		32	Feb. 18, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Pierce, Lyman J		18	Feb. 14, 1865.	July 7, 1865.
Pike, Geo. T		18	Dec. 12, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Poor, Julius L		41	Sept. 10, 1864.	June 1, 1865.
Potter, Robert		19	Feb. 20, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Reed, Marcena		44	Dec. 12, 1863.	Oct. 5, 1864.
Reynolds, Henry A		22	Sept. 7, 1863.	3June 28, 1865.
Robinson, James		19	Dec. 22, 1863.	†June 28, 1865.
Santee, Ely		18	Dec. 30, 1863.	June 29, 1865.
Sargent, Andrew J		31	March 24, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Silloox, George		25	Dec. 21, 1863.	2June 16, 1865.
Slayton, Andrew J		21	Feb. 10, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Stafford, Robert		27	Dec. 30, 1864.	June 28, 1865.
Staples, Francis H		20	Jan. 6, 1862.	June 28, 1865.
Tirrell, Eri W		26	Dec. 8, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Tracey, George		18	Jan. 4, 1864.	June 28, 1865.
Utton, Edmund		28	Feb. 13, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Walbridge, Lysander E		29	Feb. 9, 1865.	June 28, 1865.

—*Colored cook mustered out. †Sick in General Hospital. ‡Died of disease. §In arrest at N. Y. ‖Killed on Vt. Valley Railroad while *en route* to Brattleboro, to be mustered out. ¶Deserted. 1Taken prisoner Sept. 4, 1862; shot by rebels Oct. 23, 1862. 2Transferred. 3Fifer.

COMPANY E.—*Continued.*

Name.	Residence.	Age.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Discharge.
Waldo, Willard G		28	Sept. 13, 1864.	June 1, 1865.
Walker, Erastus A		18	Dec. 11, 1863.	*Aug. 29, 1864.
Walker, Henry H		32	Dec. 11, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Welch, Thomas		44	Nov. 16, 1863.	June 7, 1865.
Whitcomb, Frank S		21	Jan. 2, 1864.	May 13, 1865.
White, William O		23	Feb. 14, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Williams, Chas. R		18	Feb. 10, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
	Total	94		
	Aggregate	195		

COMPANY F, ST. ALBANS.

Name.	Residence.	Age.	Date of Commission.	Date of Discharge.
Capt., Hiram E. Perkins	St. Albans	24	Jan. 3, 1862.	†May 31, 1863.
1st Lieut., Daniel S. Foster	St. Albans	22	Jan. 3, 1862.	June 22, 1864.
2d Lieut., Carter H. Nason	St. Albans	27	Jan. 3, 1862.	‡June 2, 1863.

Name.	Residence.	Age.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Discharge.
SERGEANTS.				
1*st.*, Chas. A. Prentiss	Georgia	32	Jan. 1, 1862.	June 22, 1864.
Wm. T. Church	St. Albans	33	Nov. 22, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Henry C. Nichols	Burlington	29	Nov. 23, 1861.	Oct. 8, 1863.
Byron J. Hurlburt	Georgia	22	Nov. 25, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Bonaparte J. Chase	Fletcher	20	Dec. 16, 1861.	*June 30, 1863.
CORPORALS.				
Franklin R. Carpenter	St. Albans	37	Nov. 25, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Ezra E. Janes	Georgia	27	Dec. 22, 1861.	§Mar. 1, 1864.
Charles E. Colton		24	Jan. 13, 1862.	July 14, 1862.
Xenophon W. Wood	Franklin	25	Dec. 19, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Rufus Kingsley	Fletcher	30	Nov. 29, 1861.	Oct. 1, 1863.
DeWitt C. Hurlburt	Georgia	26	Nov. 25, 1861.	Aug. 15, 1862.
Stephen O. Tillotson		27	Jan. 6, 1862.	Oct. 18, 1862.
Chas. A. McCluskey	St. Albans	25	Nov. 25, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
MUSICIANS.				
Henry H. Garvin	St. Albans	54	Nov. 28, 1861.	May 20, 1863.
William H. Berkley	Milton	20	Dec. 18, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
WAGONER.				
John Chase		19	Feb. 5, 1862.	June 22, 1864.
PRIVATES.				
Allard, Peter	St. Albans	23	Jan. 22, 1862	June 30, 1864.
Barker, Levi	Fairfield	29	Dec. 4, 1861.	June 30, 1864.
Barnes, Chester W	Bakersfield	18	Dec. 12, 1861.	*July 12, 1863.
Bartrand, Napoleon, Jr		18	Feb. 4, 1862.	June 22, 1864.
Bellows, Osman F	Fairfax	31	Nov. 21, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Bertrand, Napoleon	St. Albans	45	Dec. 4, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Bordo, Julius	Bakersfield	22	Dec. 5, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Bourk, Clement		22	Jan. 31, 1862.	June 22, 1864.
Bouskey, Paul		20	Dec. 12, 1861.	July 17, 1865.

*Died of disease. †Promoted to Major U. S. C. T. ‡Dismissed the service. §Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.

COMPANY F.—*Continued.*

Name.	Residence.	Age.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Discharge.
Brusso, Lovell	St. Albans	38	Jan. 20, 1862.	*Feb. 8, 1864.
Cadret, Zevia	North Hero	18	Dec. 30, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Campbell, Zeri	East Swanton	21	Dec. 3, 1861.	June 4, 1863.
Carroll, Michael	St. Albans	18	Nov. 27, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Catury, Joseph	North Island	19	Dec. 2, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Clapper, Jacob	Franklin	19	Nov. 29, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Clemens, George	Bakersfield	21	Dec. 28, 1861.	†Feb. 28, 1863.
Dapotha, Erai		21	Jan. 17, 1862.	June 22, 1864.
Dapotha, Gasper	Milton	20	Dec. 18, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Davis, John E	Bakersfield	25	Dec. 27, 1861.	‡Sept. 20, 1864.
Davis, Lewis A	Bakersfield	26	Dec. 16, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Decker, Wm. A	Alburgh	18	Dec. 2, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Demour, Charles		28	Feb. 5, 1862.	*
Deo, Joseph Zed	Alburgh	19	Dec. 12, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Dewey, Sanford		21	Feb. 18, 1862.	§Sept. 12, 1862.
Ducharme, Edward	St. Albans	29	Dec. 19, 1861.	‖May 27, 1863.
Duling, John	St. Albans	25	Dec. 11, 1861.	‡Mar. 24, 1865.
Ellsworth, Hebron	Bakersfield	24	Dec. 14, 1861.	May 13, 1865.
Fairfield, Geo. W	St. Albans	28	Dec. 31, 1861.	Nov. 14, 1863.
Faneuf, Geo. N	St. Albans	18	Nov. 23, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Garron, Lewis	Milton	24	Dec. 20, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Gardner, Michael	Milton	27	Dec. 16, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Goddard, Elisha A	St. Albans	23	Nov. 29, 1861.	‡June 26, 1862.
Goff, James	St. Albans	38	Dec. 27, 1861.	July 10, 1865.
Goodchild, John M		21	Feb. 7, 1862.	‡June 19, 1863.
Gould, Allen	Bakersfield	42	Dec. 5, 1861.	Oct. 18, 1862.
Hazen, Joel T	North Island	19	Dec. 2, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Henchey, Peter		19	Dec. 12, 1861.	‖May 27, 1863.
Henchey, Thomas H	Bakersfield	21	Dec. 12, 1861.	¶Jan. 6, 1865.
Houl, Hurbain	St. Albans	21	Jan. 4, 1862.	June 22, 1864.
Hunter, William	Highgate	28	Dec. 6, 1861.	1Feb. 2C, 1862.
Jennings, Gustavus F	Fairfield	18	Dec. 14, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Kenney, James	Lowell, Mass	19	Dec. 18, 1861.	1Mar. 15, 1862.
Kinsley, Wm. L	Fletcher	18	Dec. 9, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Lanpher, Edgar R	Bakersfield	20	Feb. 5, 1862.	June 28, 1865.
Larock, David, Jr	Bakersfield	20	Dec. 12, 1861.	1May 18, 1864.
Mann, Edmond	Richford	20	Dec. 30, 1861.	Aug. 16, 1863.
McCauley, John W	Bakersfield	40	Dec. 9, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Merrick, Constant	Swanton	44	Dec. 13, 1861.	Aug. 22, 1863.
Merrick, Wm. A	St. Albans	43	Dec. 23, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Minor, Peter	Fairfax	26	Dec. 12, 1861.	Sept. 4, 1862.
Mitchell, Diamond B	St. Albans	44	Dec. 20, 1861.	*Apr. 27, 1865.
Moshier, Amos	Milton	19	Jan. 6, 1862.	June 22, 1864.
Moshier, Lewis	Milton	18	Dec. 24, 1861.	‡July 28, 1863.
Moss, John W		20	Dec. 9, 1861.	Nov. 4, 1863.
Myers, George	St. Albans	35	Jan. 2, 1862.	‡Mar. 8, 1864.
Newton, Wm. H	Hinsdale, N. H	21	Jan. 18, 1862.	*Apr. 14, 1864.
Niles, Abner	Bakersfield	22	Dec. 12, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Norris, Elijah E	Alburgh	36	Nov. 27, 1861.	2June 22, 1864.
Patnow, Peter	St. Albans	22	Jan. 6, 1862.	1Mar. 5, 1862.
Payne, Dighton L	North Hero	18	Dec. 12, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Phelps, Henry W	Fairfield	29	Nov. 27, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Pippin, Solomon	Milton	31	Dec. 16, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Reneaud, Noel		19	Feb. 4, 1862.	1May 18, 1864.
Robinson, Cephas		19	Feb. 7, 1862.	June 22, 1864.
Robinson, Jacob	Bakersfield	24	Jan. 3, 1862.	June 22, 1864.
Rowley, Wm. H	St. Albans	18	Nov. 25, 1861.	3
Saltus, Edward	Burlington	20	Dec. 24, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Saul, Edmond	Barton	44	Dec. 6, 1861.	‡June 23, 1862.
Scribner, Geo. W	Bakersfield	27	Dec. 20, 1861.	‡May 2, 1863.
Smith, Geo. G	St. Albans	18	Nov. 23, 1861.	June 12, 1865.
Stickney, Elvy J	St. Albans	39	Jan. 19, 1862.	June 22, 1864.
St. Louis, Jesse	Milton	27	Dec. 16, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Stone, Lawrence	St. Albans	21	Dec. 16, 1861.	Feb. 26, 1863.
Squires, Jonathan L	Bakersfield	22	Dec. 20, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Taylor, Henry W		39	Jan. 19, 1862.	‡Aug. 27, 1863.

*Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps. †Transferred to Barrett's Cavalry. ‡Died of disease. §Died of wounds received Sept. 4, 1662. ‖Killed at Port Hudson. ¶Died at Salisury, N. C. 1Deserted. 2Sick in General Hospital. 3Taken prisoner Oct. 19, 1864; joined the rebel service Jan., 1865.

COMPANY F.—*Continued.*

Name.	Residence.	Age.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Discharge.
Tracy, Geo. R	Montgomery	22	Jan. 3, 1862.	June 28, 1865.
Walsworth, Geo. W		21	Jan. 3, 1862.	Aug. 22, 1863.
Wells, Chas		32	Feb. 7, 1862.	June 22, 1864.
Wheeler, Henry B	North Hero	18	Dec. 12, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
White, Stephen M		29	Nov. 26, 1861.	*Aug. 31, 1864.
Whitney, Henry	Fletcher	18	Dec. 12, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Wood, Robert	Fletcher	29	Dec. 30, 1861.	June 12, 1865.
	Total	101		
RECRUITS.				
Ainsworth, Jefferson		41	Mar. 17, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Albert, Peter		19	Jan. 10, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Austin, Alonzo G		18	Mar. 25, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Blaudet, Hurbeine		22	Jan. 26, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Bliss, Henry N		21	Mar. 1, 1865.	†June 1, 1865.
Bordeau, Frank		18	Aug. 15, 1864.	‡
Borell, Oliver		24	Jan. 27, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Bullock, David O		19	Mar. 20, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Burnham, Benjamin F		33	Dec. 30, 1863.	§Dec. 13, 1864.
Coon, Oliver E		29	Mar. 15, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Cormea, Francis		18	Dec. 26, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Crown, Wm. E		18	Mar. 15, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Cull, John H		24	Mar. 13, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Daste, Sixte		20	May 20, 1862.	†May 18, 1864.
Dodge, Geo. F		33	Dec. 11, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Douglass, Abraham		25	Aug. 29, 1864.	April 3, 1865.
Dunham, Wm. A		18	Dec. 5, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Fox, Chas. F		32	Dec. 10, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
French, Henry W		32	Dec. 3, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Henshey, James		18	Jan. 4, 1864.	June 28, 1865.
Inglis, John		23	Aug. 15, 1864.	June 1, 1865.
King, John		28	Dec. 31, 1863.	‖June 1864.
Labelle, Joseph		24	Dec. 23, 1864.	June 28, 1865.
Ladieu, Enos		18	Sept. 5, 1864.	June 1, 1865.
Laduke, Joseph		35	April 3, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Mack, Orson M		18	Mar. 15, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Mack, Wm. H. H		19	Mar. 15, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Mansfield, Jerome M		23	Mar. 13, 1865.	July 20, 1865.
Mathews, Geo. W		29	Dec. 16, 1863.	¶May 31, 1864.
McDonald, Property		27	Mar. 15, 1865.	June 12, 1865.
Monty, Wilbur E		18	Aug. 29, 1864.	June 1, 1865.
Pareau, Andrew		21	Dec. 28, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Parker, Geo. E		20	Dec. 26, 1863.	¶May 24, 1864.
Peltier, George		34	Dec. 29, 1863.	‖Jan. 28, 1865.
Perry, Monroe		17	Mar. 14, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Ploof, Joseph		34	Jan. 10, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Prim, Seymour		44	Dec. 29, 1863.	‖Nov. 26, 1864.
Provo, Alfred		22	Mar. 18, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Provo, Columbus		21	Aug. 15, 1864.	June 1, 1865.
Robinson, Wm. W		20	Mar. 20, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Ruel, Chas		24	Jan. 9, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Saltus, Edward		23	Jan. 9, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Sanderson, Chas. E		18	Mar. 13, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Sanderson, Hiram L		18	Dec. 26, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Shehan, Cornelius		23	Mar. 20, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Shiner, Henry		23	April 3, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Smith, Wm. M		20	Feb. 10, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Swan, Lucius Y		23	Jan. 25, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Thomas, John B		45	May 20, 1862.	Sept. 22, 1864.
Wellman, Chandler F		37	Jan. 25, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Wheelock, John E		23	Mar. 15, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Whitney, Alvin J		21	May 25, 1864.	June 24, 1865.
Winslow, William		43	Dec. 18, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Wood, Ephraim		39	Dec. 7, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Wright, Edward B		23	Jan. 4, 1864.	June 28, 1865.
Wright, John E		18	Mar. 30, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Young, James L		45	Dec. 28, 1863.	⁋June 18, 1864.
	Total	56		
	Aggregate	157		

*Sick in General Hospital. †Deserted. ‡Transferred to Seventh Vermont. §Discharged for promotion. ‖Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps. ¶Died of disease. ⁋Transferred to Invalid Corps.

COMPANY G, RANDOLPH.

Name.	Residence.	Age.	Date of Commission.	Date of Discharge.
Capt., Sam'l G. P. Craig	Randolph	32	Jan. 7, 1862.	*May 4, 1863.
1st Lieut., Job W. Green	Randolph	36	Jan. 7, 1862.	†April 1, 1863.
2d Lieut., John B. Mead	Randolph	30	Jan. 7, 1862.	June 28, 1865.

Name.	Residence.	Age.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Discharge.
SERGEANTS.				
1st, Otho S. A. Sprague	Randolph	22	Nov. 20, 1861.	July 6, 1862.
John M. Pike	Shaftsbury	23	Dec. 6, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
James Welch	Randolph	33	Nov. 20, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Wm. F. Farnsworth	Braintree	25	Dec. 7, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Charles R. Wills	Randolph	32	Nov. 25, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
CORPORALS.				
Geo. W. Packard	Bethel	26	Dec. 1, 1861.	Sept. 8, 1863.
Johnson B. Sargent	Randolph	27	Dec. 14, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Henry Coles	Braintree	22	Dec. 7, 1861.	‡June 14, 1863.
Dudley C. Woodbury	Randolph	20	Dec. 2, 1861.	*Sept. 10, 1863.
Leonard R. Lewis	Chelsea	30	Dec. 9, 1861.	*May 22, 1864.
Charles A. Loomis	Mt. Holly	29	Dec. 7, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Joseph Becotte	Roxbury	21	Nov. 22, 1861.	‡June 14, 1863.
Geo. Walker	Randolph	25	Dec. 14, 1861.	*April 27, 1862.
MUSICIANS.				
Edwin Goodwin	Randolph	30	Nov. 27, 1861.	May 6, 1863.
Almond B. Hayward	Randolph	20	Nov. 27, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
WAGONER.				
Benjamin A. Kinney	Randolph	25	Dec. 2, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
PRIVATES.				
Austin, Truman M	Rochester	18	Dec. 20, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Battles, Charles W	Braintree	18	Dec. 25, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Battles, Geo. W	Braintree	18	Dec. 25, 1861.	‡May 27, 1863.
Battles, Ira	Braintree	35	Dec. 27, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Bell, David C	Randolph	21	Dec. 25, 1861.	June 5, 1863.
Beman, Samuel	Randolph	39	Dec. 31, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Bement, James H	Braintree	18	Dec. 30, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Bennett, Chas	Barre	23	Jan. 24, 1862.	June 16, 1862
Beran, Oliver	Granville	35	Dec. 7, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Bissell, Lucius W		25	Jan. 25, 1862.	§Jan. 24, 1863.
Bissonette, Paschal	Roxbury	21	Dec. 22, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Bliss, Willis R	Chelsea	22	Dec. 5, 1861.	June 6, 1862.
Brewster, Leroy S	Randolph	24	Dec. 2, 1861.	June 16, 1862.
Bruce, Martin L	Braintree	18	Nov. 27, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Buckley, James W	Randolph	26	Dec. 14, 1861.	June 6, 1862.
Clark, Warren S	Sherburne	18	Nov. 25, 1861.	June 16, 1862.
Clukay, Patrick	Roxbury	21	Dec. 10, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Coles, Geo. W	Braintree	18	Nov. 25, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Coles, Seymour N	Braintree	18	Nov. 30, 1861.	July 7, 1865.
Coter, Joseph	Braintree	21	Nov. 22, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Cram, Abram E	Brookfield	30	Dec. 10, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Cram, Joseph		24	Feb. 4, 1862.	Tr. Inv. corps.
Currier, Joseph	Roxbury	40	Nov. 25, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Davis, John	Brookfield	21	Dec. 27, 1861.	‖Sept. 20, 1863.
Davis, Thomas	Fairhaven	33	Dec. 18, 1861.	‖March 6, 1862.
Depathy, John F	Randolph	23	Dec. 10, 1861.	¶Sept. 4, 1863.
Dupias, Fabian	Randolph	18	Nov. 27, 1861.	June 13, 1865.

*Died of disease. †Resigned. ‡Killed at Port Hudson. §Commission in 3d La. Nat. Guards. ‖Deserted. ¶Killed at Boutee Station.

COMPANY G.—*Continued.*

Name.	Residence.	Age.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Discharge.
Durgin, Chas. S	Vershire	28	Jan. 16, 1862.	*May 18, 1864.
Eaton, Daniel W	Randolph	20	Dec. 2, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Evans, Lyman B	Vershire	37	Dec. 14, 1861.	†Sept. 13, 1863.
Farmer, George	Royalton	28	Jan. 2, 1862.	‡Sept. 5, 1862.
Flanders, Thomas N	Rochester	21	Nov. 30, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Flint, Abner N	Randolph	27	Dec. 18, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Graves, Geo. H	Randolph	18	Dec. 14, 1861.	Tr. Sig. Cps., '62
Herrick, Lucius C	Randolph	21	Nov. 21, 1861.	§Dec. 15, 1863.
Hoit, Benjamin B	Corinth	30	Dec. 14, 1861.	¶Aug. 18, 1862.
Howard, Chester J		21	Dec. 25, 1861.	‖July 19, 1862.
Howe, Geo. R	Braintree	34	Dec. 21, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Hudson, Arthur	St. Albans	27	Dec. 30, 1861.	*Sept. 30, 1863.
Hull, Felis F	Randolph	29	Oct. 5, 1861.	‖May 15, 1863.
Hull, Francis S	Randolph	33	Oct. 5, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Jones, Cyrus L	Granville	22	Nov. 20, 1861.	June 16, 1862.
Jones, Stephen H	Roxbury	18	Dec. 16, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Kemp, Langdon	Sharon	18	Jan. 23, 1862.	‖July 16, 1863.
Kemp, Oscar	Waterbury	28	Dec. 18, 1861.	*Nov. 25, 1863.
Kendall, George	Hancock	18	Dec. 20, 1861.	1June 14, 1863.
Kendall, Theodore B	Braintree	18	Dec. 2, 1861.	June 16, 1862.
Kinney, Andrew J	Brookfield	43	Dec. 30, 1861.	‖July 22, 1863.
Lamb, Edwin F	Braintree	18	Nov. 27, 1861.	Sept. 4, 1862.
Lancaster, Seth H	Randolph	44	Dec. 23, 1861.	June 6, 1862.
Larned, Rollin E	Granville	23	Dec. 14, 1861.	2
Lewis, David W	Chelsea	35	Dec. 10, 1861.	¶July 8, 1864.
Luce, Lyman P	Braintree	18	Dec. 7, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Montgomery, Judson M	Randolph	26	Dec. 2, 1861.	‖June 12, 1862.
Moulton, Wm. B	Randolph	29	Jan. 24, 1862.	June 16, 1862.
Parker, Solon	Northfield	18	Dec. 31, 1861.	1June 14, 1863.
Parkhurst, Benj. F	Randolph	33	Dec. 1, 1861.	Sept. 24, 1864.
Plumley, Wm. D	Randolph	26	Dec. 24, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Prescott, Horton	Vershire	44	Dec. 14, 1861.	3Oct. 1, 1864.
Quimby, Henry S	Hancock	27	Dec. 20, 1861.	‖Feb. 24, 1863.
Richards, George	Randolph	22	Jan. 11, 1862.	June 28, 1865.
Richards, Joseph	Brookfield	25	Nov. 30, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Rood, Oliver	Brookfield	19	Jan. 17, 1862.	March 31, 1863.
Rotary, Victory	Braintree	21	Dec. 2, 1861.	‖June 2, 1862.
Ruse, William W. B	Braintree	22	Nov. 30, 1861.	July 5, 1865.
Russell, Chas.	Braintree	38	Dec. 21, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Russell, James	Braintree	27	Dec. 2, 1861.	*May 18, 1864.
Sargent, Wallace	Braintree	26	Dec. 4, 1861.	June 6, 1862.
Spear, Augustus C	Granville	26	Dec. 31, 1861.	June 6, 1862.
Spear, Edwin	Braintree	24	Dec. 31, 1861.	‖June 2, 1862.
Sprague, Tyler E	Randolph	18	Jan. 24, 1862.	June 28, 1865.
Stowe, Melvin	Randolph	22	Dec. 16, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Sullivan, John	Randolph	34	Dec. 10, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Sumner, Samuel W	Braintree	40	Jan. 8, 1862.	‖Aug. 6, 1864.
Tarbell, Chas. G	Randolph	18	Jan. 24, 1862.	4April 2, 1864.
Titus, Graham N	Vershire	24	Dec. 7, 1861.	‖Aug. 21, 1862.
Tracy, James	Granville	19	Dec. 7, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Tucker, Marcellus E	Randolph	18	Dec. 2, 1861.	June 6, 1862.
Twilight, Chas. B. P	Vershire	18	Jan. 16, 1862.	5July 12, 1863.
Wills, Bliss P	Royalton	22	Jan. 20, 1862.	June 16, 1862.
Woods, Timothy N	Randolph	45	Jan. 22, 1862.	June 28, 1865.
	Total	100		
RECRUITS.				
Arnold, Benj. F		23	Dec. 23, 1863.	6Dec. 29, 1864.
Atwood, Irving H		19	Dec. 28, 1863.	‖Aug. 12, 1864.
Austin, Riley C		32	Dec. 23, 1863.	7Sept. 22, 1864.

*Deserted. †Wounded at Port Hudson May 27, and died above date. ‡Died of wounds received Sept. 4. §Discharged to be commissioned assistant surgeon. ¶Dropped from rolls. ‖Died of disease. 1Killed at Port Hudson. 2Transferred to Co. E; see record there. 3Died on way to hospital in Vermont. 4Transferred to Signal Corps. 5Wounded at Port Hudson July 5, and died above date. 6Died at Salisbury, N. C. 7Killed in action.

COMPANY G.—*Continued.*

Name.	Residence.	Age.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Discharge.
Alexander, Jabez		44	Feb. 21, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Austin, Geo. E		30	Sept. 6, 1864.	*Oct. 19, 1864.
Bauzmont, Leon		31	June 20, 1862.	June 22, 1864.
Blanchard, Adolphus		21	March 11, 1862.	†April 12, 1863.
Brown, Wm. H		23	June 1, 1862.	‡March 7, 1863.
Blake, Francis H		18	July 6, 1864.	§Nov. 22, 1864.
Bradley, Richard		23	Aug. 10, 1864.	June 1, 1865.
Briggs, Henry H		23	Feb. 14, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Bussee, Frederick		18	July 4, 1864.	June 22, 1865.
Carmody, Con		27	June 17, 1862.	‖July 23, 1863.
Cole, Henry H		19	Jan. 1, 1864.	June 28, 1865.
Coy, Chas. C		23	Dec. 30, 1863.	¶Aug. 22, 1864.
Coy, Geo. E		28	Dec. 30, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Culver, Seymour			Dec. 29, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Colby, Stephen R		18	Feb. 21, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Collins, James		24	Jan. 26, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Darling, Joseph		21	Dec. 29, 1863.	1June 10, 1864.
Denison, Henry H		26	Jan. 1, 1864.	June 28, 1865.
Dunham, Wm. C		22	Aug. 23, 1864.	June 1, 1865.
Depuys, Antoine		29	July 1, 1864.	1Oct. 16, 1864.
Ellis, Daniel R.		44	Dec. 10, 1863.	July 7, 1865.
Ensworth, Geo. W		18	Sept. 5, 1864.	June 1, 1865.
Flanders, Geo. W		34	Dec. 30, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
George, Jethro S		26	Jan. 2, 1864.	1April 14, 1864.
Gould, Shubael		23	Dec. 24, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Granger, John		29	Dec. 17, 1863.	June 13, 1865.
Gibson, Alexander		22	April 6, 1865.	2June 28, 1865.
Green, Edward A		20	Aug. 4, 1864.	June 1, 1865.
Green, Wm. W.		41	Sept. 19, 1864.	June 1, 1865.
Griffin, Joshua M		39	Feb. 15, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Hackman, John		33	July 2, 1862.	June 1, 1865.
Harlow, Wm. W		18	Nov. 18, 1863.	1April 29, 1864.
Hatch, John		35	Dec. 28, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Hay, David		23	June 26, 1862.	§July 23, 1862.
Henry, John		25	Nov, 1, 1863.	2June 28, 1865.
Hoezle, Louis		28	July 1, 1862.	3June 28, 1863.
Honey, Aman S		21	Jan. 1, 1864.	1Mar. 28, 1864.
Johnson, Henry T		21	Dec. 28, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Johnson, James		18	Jan. 26, 1865.	§June 1, 1865.
Johnston, William		35	June 23, 1862.	4June 14, 1863.
Kean, Dennis		21	June 1, 1862.	‡March 7, 1863.
Kilbourne, George		27	Jan. 2, 1864.	June 28, 1865.
Lackey, Amasa		44	Dec. 10, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Leftredge, Barney		27	Nov. 1, 1863.	2June 28, 1865.
Lyman, Joel F		24	Jan. 2, 1864.	June 28, 1865.
Lesure, John G		18	Aug. 18, 1864.	June 1, 1865.
Metcalf, Marquis L		18	Dec. 21, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Miller, Lorenzo D		26	Dec. 26, 1863.	Tr. Inv. corps.
Morrill, John F		26	Dec. 21, 1863.	1Feb. 22, 1865.
Martin, Aaron H		30	Feb. 18, 1865.	June 22, 1865.
Mitchell, John		21	Aug. 10, 1864.	June 1, 1865.
Montgomery, Monroe J		26	Aug. 12, 1864.	June 1, 1865.
Moore, Levi		30	Aug. 20, 1864.	June 1, 1865.
Ordway, Chas. H		18	Dec. 8, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Negus, Timothy O		18	Aug. 18, 1864.	June 1, 1865.
Page, Joseph P		42	Dec. 3, 1863.	July 7, 1865.
Pierce, Chas. A		22	Dec. 17, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Putnam, Geo. P		35	Dec. 3, 1863.	1Nov. 27, 1864.
Pifer, Peter		39	July 12, 1864.	June 28, 1865.
Powers, James		21	Feb. 20, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Rauchenberger, Frederick		25	May 19, 1862.	June 1, 1865.
Richards, Charles		21	Nov. 16, 1863.	June 28, 1865.

*Killed at Cedar Creek. †Killed at Bisland. ‡Shot by rebels while prisoner. §Deserted. ‖Wounded at Port Hudson May 27, and died above date. ¶Died on U. S. Steamer Mississippi. 1Died of disease. 2Colored cook. 3Wounded at Port Hudson June 14, and died above date. 4Killed at Port Hudson.

COMPANY G.—*Continued.*

Name.	Residence.	Age.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Discharge.
Richards, True E		43	Nov. 16, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Ryan, Dennis		25	June 12, 1862.	*May 27, 1863.
Rowell, Aaron		19	Feb. 21, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Smith, Geo. W		37	Dec. 26, 1863.	§May 30, 1864.
Smith, John A., Jr		23	Dec. 24, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Smith, Josiah		25	Dec. 17, 1863.	‡July 18, 1865.
Smith, Monroe		21	Nov. 16, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Stevens, Nathaniel L		40	Nov. 16, 1863.	§April 21, 1864.
Slack, Chas. D		33	Aug. 15, 1864.	§Mar. 15, 1865.
Stone, Sardis G		40	Aug. 18, 1864.	June 1, 1865.
Titus, Henry H		19	Feb. 19, 1862.	June 28, 1865.
Trask, Reuben L		19	Nov. 16, 1863.	§April 24, 1864.
Thresher, Edwin F		24	Sept. 3, 1864.	June 1, 1865.
Van Lew, Lewis		22	Jan. 26, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Wales, Geo. A		17	Dec. 30, 1863.	‖June 22, 1864.
Wissler, Herman		16	May 21, 1862.	June 1, 1865.
Webb, Chas. A		18	Aug. 12, 1864.	June 1, 1865.
Whitcher, Alfred		20	March 16, 1865.	§April 20, 1865.
Whitcher, Charles		24	March 16, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
White, Samuel		19	March 14, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
	Total	85		
	Aggregate	185		

COMPANY H, TOWNSHEND.

Name.	Residence.	Age.	Date of Commission.	Date of Discharge.
Capt., Henry F. Dutton	Ludlow	24	Jan. 17, 1862.	¶Nov. 16, 1864.
1st Lieut., Alvin B. Franklin	Newfane	23	Jan. 17, 1862.	June 28, 1865.
2d Lieut., Wm. H. H. Holton	Jamaica	20	Jan. 17, 1862.	1

Name.	Residence.	Age.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Discharge.
SERGEANTS.				
1*st.*, S. E. Howard	Jamaica	21	Nov. 19, 1861.	2Dec. 9, 1864.
Wm. H. Smith	Townshend	26	Nov. 19, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Lemuel I. Winslow	Townshend	21	Dec. 9, 1861.	3Feb. 12, 1864.
Samuel H. Bailey	Townshend	36	Dec. 28, 1861.	3Dec. 12, 1862.
Geo. M. Allard	Readsboro	28	Dec. 21, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
CORPORALS.				
Geo. M. Bissell	Wardsboro	34	Dec. 1, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Henry K. McClure	Townshend	31	Nov. 22, 1861.	4June 22, 1862.
Alvin G. Higgins	Brookline	25	Dec. 31, 1861.	§Dec. 9, 1863.
Joseph N. Dunton	Townshend	23	Nov. 23, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Hymenius A. Davis	Landgrove	18	Dec. 23, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
John W. Saunders	Wardsboro	31	Jan. 4, 1862.	4June 22, 1862.
Gilbert G. Hilliard	Landgrove	40	Dec. 16, 1861.	§Sept. 14, 1863.
George W. Putnam	Wardsboro	25	Jan. 4, 1862.	June 22, 1864.
WAGONER.				
Burnell B. Gale	Townshend	25	Jan. 2, 1862.	5Aug. 16, 1862.

*Killed at Port Hudson. ‡Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps June 17, 1864, and discharged above date. §Died of disease. ‖Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps. ¶From wounds received at Winchester, Sept. 19. 1Wounded June 22, 1862, and transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps. 2For wounds received at Cedar Creek Oct. 19. 3Transferred to U. S. C. T. 4Killed at Raceland. 5Killed on engine.

COMPANY H.—*Continued.*

Name.	Residence.	Age.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Discharge.
PRIVATES.				
Akeley, Clark B	Brattleboro	27	Jan. 13, 1862.	*Oct. 1, 1862.
Akeley, Willard H	Brattleboro	19	Feb. 3, 1862.	June 28, 1865.
Aldrich, Milo D	Readsboro	24	Dec. 21, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Allen, Jonathan V	Winhall	20	Jan. 30, 1862.	†Oct. 19, 1864.
Barker, Augustus	Whitingham	20	Feb. 1, 1862.	June 22, 1864.
Bartlett, Charles	Townshend	20	Jan. 23, 1862.	‡May 27, 1863.
Blood, Oliver	Landgrove	24	Jan. 15, 1862.	June 22, 1864.
Bowker, Wilbur F	Peru	20	Dec. 17, 1861.	‡May 27, 1863.
Boyd, Francis J	Readsboro	24	Jan. 7, 1862.	June 22, 1864.
Boynton, Myron L	Jamaica	23	Jan. 17, 1862.	June 22, 1864.
Brown, Charles	Rockingham	18	Jan. 16, 1862.	June 28, 1865.
Brown, Henry B	Whitingham	23	Jan. 17, 1862.	June 28, 1865.
Bush, Alonzo P	Brookline	18	Jan. 25, 1862.	§Aug. 26, 1862.
Childs, Samuel S	Landgrove	18	Dec. 30, 1861.	‖Nov. 28, 1864.
Clough, George	Stratton	30	Jan. 13, 1862.	June 28, 1865.
Cook, Calvin L	Wardsboro	18	Dec. 17, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Crocker, Henry W		32	Dec. 27, 1861.	‡June 14, 1863.
Crowley, Noah S	Athens	40	Jan. 6, 1862.	June 28, 1865.
Cutler, Chas. A	Brookline	26	Jan. 13, 1862.	June 5, 1863.
Darling, Chas. H	Jamaica	28	Dec. 10, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Davis, Arthur C	Wilmington	18	Nov. 25, 1861.	June 27, 1862.
Davis, Otis A	Landgrove	18	Dec. 13, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Dean, Chas. A	Woodstock	18	Jan. 6, 1863.	June 22, 1864.
Dean, Theodore L	Woodstock	24	Dec. 16, 1861.	Aug. 14, 1862.
Derry, Benj. F		33	Jan. 15, 1862.	June 28, 1865.
Dodge, Randolph	Grafton	23	Jan. 8, 1862.	June 22, 1864.
Evans, Albert O	Windham	18	Dec. 18, 1861.	¶Nov. 9, 1864.
Fairbanks, Luzern	Whitingham	18	Jan. 29, 1862.	Nov. 25, 1863.
Faulkner, Eli J	Londonderry	18	Nov. 28, 1861.	June 27, 1862.
Gates, John E		23	Dec. 9, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Hale, Albert T	Readsboro	23	Dec. 21, 1861.	§July 19, 1862.
Harlow, Dexter I	Landgrove	19	Dec. 13, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Harrington, Geo. R	Windham	18	Feb. 3, 1862.	June 28, 1865.
Harris, Romanzo A	Windham	19	Jan. 13, 1862.	June 28, 1865.
Harvey, Lyman H	Stratton	18	Jan. 10, 1862.	June 22, 1864.
Haynes, Newell F	Wilmington	20	Dec. 17, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Henry, James M	Townshend	18	Jan. 17, 1862.	§Oct. 15, 1862.
Hodgkins, Merrill L	Wardsboro	20	Dec. 6, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Holt, Lovell S	Readsboro	31	Jan. 13, 1862.	June 28, 1865.
Howard, Hardin W		18	Dec. 2, 1861.	Sept. 13, 1863.
Howard, Horace W	Townshend	21	Jan. 8, 1862.	June 28, 1865.
Howard, Wm. H. H	Jamaica	22	Nov. 29, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Ingalls, Wm. H	Townshend	21	Dec. 6, 1861.	June 27, 1862.
Jenkins, Amos L	Landgrove	33	Dec. 23, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Kilburn, Henry A	Wardsboro	23	Jan. 1, 1862.	June 28, 1865.
Lee, Edwin P	Readsboro	21	Dec. 21, 1861.	June 26, 1865.
Lincoln, Matthias J	Stratton	18	Jan. 9, 1862.	July 11, 1864.
Long, Joseph Madison	Peru	18	Dec. 18, 1861.	Nov. 20, 1862.
Mack, Daniel	Windham	18	Dec. 16, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Merrifield, Albert H	Brookline	19	Nov. 29, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Miller, Ransom B	Westminster	18	Jan. 18, 1862.	Nov. 20, 1862.
Oaks, Ebenezer, Jr	Athens	31	Feb. 13, 1862.	§Oct. 15, 1862.
Ormsby, Geo. E	Townshend	18	Dec. 3, 1861.	†Oct. 19, 1864.
Peck, Joseph H	Stratton	28	Jan. 31, 1862.	June 28, 1865.
Perry, Wm. W., Jr	Brookline	21	Jan. 6, 1862.	1June 22, 1864.
Pettee, Waitstill R	Wardsboro	18	Dec. 10, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Porter, Newton H	Townshend	20	Jan. 18, 1862.	Feb. 21, 1865.
Puffer, Henry	Readsboro	18	Jan. 20, 1862.	June 28, 1865.
Putnam, Dana P	Stratton	22	Jan. 10, 1862.	Oct. 31, 1862.
Putnam, Erwin L	Wardsboro	18	Dec. 19, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Putnam, Henry H	Stratton	21	Feb. 3, 1862.	Oct. 18, 1862.
Putnam, Sidney C	Stratton	19	Dec. 12, 1861.	April 7, 1864.

*Wounded June 22, and discharged above date. †Killed at Cedar Creek. ‡Killed at Port Hudson. §Died of disease. ‖Wounded at Cedar Creek, and died from same above date. ¶Wounded at Cedar Creek Oct. 19, and died above date. 1Wounded April 12, 1863; mustered out above date.

COMPANY H.—*Continued.*

Name.	Residence.	Age.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Discharge.
Ramsdell, John	Wardsboro	21	Dec. 20, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Reed, Elbridge J	Grafton	18	Dec. 14, 1861.	June 27, 1862.
Richardson, Lowell M	Londonderry	18	Dec. 7, 1861.	*June 22, 1865.
Shine, Myron M	Townshend	27	Dec. 28, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Smith, Arnold M	Rockingham	43	Jan. 6, 1862.	†June 1863.
Smith, Robert H	Wardsboro	22	Dec. 6, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Smith, Stillman	Wardsboro	18	Dec. 19, 1861.	‡June 22, 1864.
Stickney, Warren B	Brookline	23	Nov. 19, 1861.	Sept. 23, 1863.
Stowe, Henry J	Wilmington	22	Dec. 17, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Thompson, John M	Landgrove	18	Dec. 13, 1861.	Nov. 30, 1862.
Toby, Henry A	Whitingham	18	Jan. 7, 1862.	†June 27, 1862.
Twombly, Albert J	Windham	18	Dec. 18, 1861.	§Jan. 17, 1863.
Upham, Bradford H	Windham	18	Nov. 30, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Wellman, Marshall W	Brookline	18	Jan. 13, 1862.	*June 22, 1862.
White, Alvin H	Wardsboro	21	Dec. 17, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
White, Cyrus M	Wardsboro	23	Dec. 16, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
White, Ira M	Wardsboro	22	Dec. 13, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Wood, Andrew J	Putney	23	Dec. 14, 1861.	‖July 27, 1862.
	Total	97		
RECRUITS.				
Bergin, Geo. D		21	Dec. 11, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Bissell, Lucius W		30	Dec. 30, 1863.	July 17, 1865.
Brimhall, Fred F		18	Dec. 22, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Brown, Benj. P		37	Feb. 14, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Brown, Marvin M		19	Dec. 17, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Brown, Lansford H		21	Dec. 10, 1863.	§May 24, 1865.
Butler, Herbert J		18	Jan. 4, 1864.	¶July 13, 1864.
Booth, William		38	Jan. 6, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Bartlett, Milton E		23	Feb. 6, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Bates, Frankford H		25	Sept. 12, 1864.	May 22, 1865.
Canedy, Simon		18	Jan. 2, 1864.	June 28, 1865.
Church, Erastus D		19	Dec. 18, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Cook, Palmedus F		18	Jan. 16, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Davis, Henry F		18	Sept. 3, 1862.	June 28, 1865.
Derry, Ormando C		29	Dec. 4, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Eaton, Chauncy C		22	Dec. 17, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Fish, Walter W		44	Dec. 4, 1863.	§April 25, 1864.
Frasa, Joseph		28	June 25, 1862.	May 25, 1865.
Frascovia, James		29	Jan. 7, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Graves, Joseph D		29	Dec. 10, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Greene, Luther A				Feb. 25, 1863.
Greene, Edward H		18	Feb. 10, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Harlow, Horace		38	Feb. 16, 1865.	July 1, 1865.
Holland, Chas. H		23	Sept. 1, 1864.	June 1, 1865.
Hooper, James		39	Jan. 5, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Jackson, Willis		24	Aug. 30, 1863.	1June 10, 1864.
Jenkins, Herbert W		23	Sept. 12, 1864.	June 1, 1865.
Kelley, Frank J		18	Feb. 13, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Kidder, Washburn A		20	Sept. 1, 1864.	June 1, 1865.
Kilburn, Nathaniel A		22	Sept. 5, 1864.	§Mar. 11, 1865.
Lee, Alfred A		18	Dec. 16, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Lee, Anson W		31	Dec. 18, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Lincoln, Matthias		19	Dec. 19, 1863.	§April 6, 1864.
Lewis, Edwin E		21	Feb. 9, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Marlboro, Thomas		19	Apr. 29, 1864.	June 28, 1865.
Martin, Anselm		17	May 21, 1862.	June 28, 1865.
Morgan, Andrew B		19	July 4, 1862.	June 1, 1865.
Ormsby, John L		18	Dec. 31, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Parsons, Wm. H		18	Feb. 13, 1864.	June 28, 1865.
Pierce, Geo. H		23	Dec. 10, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Prouty, Fred M		18	Dec. 1, 1863.	2June 28, 1865.

*Killed at Raceland. †Deserted. ‡Discharged for promotion in 2d La. Volunteers. §Died of disease. ‖Wounded June 22, and died above date. ¶Died on steamer for Washington. 1Colored cook; died of disease. 2Drummer.

COMPANY H.—*Continued.*

Name.	Residence.	Age.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Discharge.
Puffer, Frank A		18	Dec. 19, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Phetterplace, Herbert H		20	Feb. 13, 1865.	May 23, 1865.
Powers, Seth		18	Jan. 26, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Pratt, Geo. M		26	Feb. 8, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Pratt, Melvin R		21	Sept. 2, 1864.	June 1, 1865.
Prouty, John		20	Aug. 30, 1864.	*Date unkn'wn
Reed, Wm. H		28	July 3, 1862.	†Nov. 20, 1864.
Rhodes, Jason O		26	Dec. 7, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Rocco, John		23	Jan. 7, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Russell, Obadiah N		23	Aug. 4, 1864.	June 1, 1865.
Ryder, Robert		31	Feb. 6, 1865.	Feb. 6, 1865.
Schorrp, Theophilus		60	May 21, 1862.	‡July 6, 1864.
Smith, William		60	Aug. 30, 1863.	§June 28, 1865.
Smith, William		20	May 21, 1862.	‖Promoted.
Steenburg, John G		29	Sept. 10, 1862.	June 1, 1865.
Skinner, Geo. W		18	Aug. 26, 1864.	June 1, 1865.
Stocker, Daniel M		20	Sept. 1, 1864.	June 1, 1865.
Thompson, John A		19	Aug. 28, 1864.	June 1, 1865.
Thompson, Josiah D		25	Feb. 13, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Wellman, Merrill W		18	Dec. 14, 1863.	June 14, 1865.
Williams, Geo. A		23	Jan. 5, 1864.	May 13, 1865.
Williams, John		17	Aug. 30, 1863.	§June 28, 1865.
Wood, Albert P		21	Dec. 3, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Way, Oscar H		18	Feb. 22, 1865.	*April 8, 1865.
White, Cyrus M		23	Sept. 1, 1864.	June 1, 1865.
White, Geo. A		23	Sept. 1, 1864.	June 1, 1865.
	Total	67		
	Aggregate	164		

COMPANY I, MARLBORO.

Name.	Residence.	Age.	Date of Commission.	Date of Discharge.
Capt., Wm. W. Lynde	Marlboro	34	Jan. 17, 1862.	¶Oct. 18, 1862.
1st Lieut., Geo. N. Holland	Newfane	27	Jan. 17, 1862.	¶Oct. 25, 1862.
2d Lieut., Joshua C. Morse	Newfane	30	Jan. 17, 1862.	¶July 10, 1863.

Name.	Residence.	Age.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Discharge.
SERGEANTS.				
1*st.*, Geo. E. Selleck	Brattleboro	27	Dec. 7, 1861.	Feb. 26, 1865.
Edward R. Pratt	Putney	23	Dec. 9, 1861.	1June 14, 1863.
Oscar W. Richardson	Brattleboro	28	Dec. 9, 1861.	2June 22, 1864.
Thomas F. Betterly	Newfane	24	Nov. 26, 1861.	‡June 31, 1863.
Lewis Brayman	Marlboro			Feb. 1863.
CORPORALS.				
Edward P. Gregory	Guilford	35	Jan. 4, 1862.	June 22, 1864.
Bonaparte Hudson	Newfane	20	Nov. 30, 1861.	*May 24, 1862.
Rufus C. Thorn	Guilford	26	Nov. 21, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Henry H. Black	Putney	20	Nov. 9, 1861.	Feb. 28, 1863.
Francis E. Warren	Newfane	23	Dec. 23, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Otis L. Brown	Putney	21	Dec. 11, 1861.	April 16, 1864.
Lewis H. Lamb	Wilmington	18	Dec. 16, 1861.	3Oct. 19, 1864.
Walter J. Parker	Putney	18	Dec. 9, 1861.	June 28, 1865.

*Died of disease. †Died from wounds received at Cedar Creek Oct. 19, 1864. ‡Deserted. §Colored cook. ‖Promoted in 2d La. Volunteers. ¶Resigned. 1Killed at Port Hudson. 2Clerk at headquarters 19th Army Corps. 3Killed at Cedar Creek.

COMPANY I.—*Continued.*

Name.	Residence.	Age.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Discharge.
MUSICIANS.				
Geo. F. Plummer	Marlboro	17	Dec. 2, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
William F. Forbush	Newfane	15	Jan. 13, 1862.	July 15, 1862.
WAGONER.				
Benjamin F. Davis	Brattleboro	34	Jan. 4, 1862.	July 15, 1862.
PRIVATES.				
Alls, Horace	Newfane	25	Dec. 11, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Arling, Solomon S	Dover	34	Dec. 8, 1861.	*July 23, 1863.
Baldwin, Alphonzo D	Dover	18	Dec. 30, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Baldwin, Henry G	Dover	23	Dec. 17, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Bartlett, Clarence A		19	Feb. 7, 1862.	June 28, 1865.
Bemis, Leonard C	Newfane	36	Nov. 30, 1861.	†April 25, 1865.
Betterly, Alfred A	Newfane	19	Nov. 29, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Betterly, Geo. S	Newfane	19	Nov. 30, 1861.	May 4, 1863.
Betterly, Gilbert W	Newfane	18	Jan. 13, 1862.	July 16, 1862.
Bishop, Geo. J	Marlboro	19	Dec. 7, 1861.	†
Black, James F	Putney	18	Nov. 21, 1861.	‡Sept. 19, 1864.
Blashfield, Henry C	Newfane	18	Dec. 2, 1861.	§June 14, 1863.
Bolan, Patrick		20	Feb. 7, 1862.	June 28, 1865.
Brown, Clark	Newfane	23	Dec. 3, 1861.	July 17, 1863.
Brown, Frank	Marlboro	18	Jan. 16, 1862.	Sept. 21, 1863.
Brown, Geo. D	Putney	20	Dec. 11, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Burrows, Geo. P	Guilford	22	Dec. 14, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Carlton, Byron		18	Feb. 7, 1862.	June 22, 1864.
Carpenter, Elon B	Newfane	18	Dec. 2, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Carr, Michael		31	Dec. 20, 1861.	June 6, 1863.
Cattley, Andrew	Guilford	21	Dec. 7, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Charter, Samuel	Newfane	32	Jan. 16, 1862.	‖June 22, 1864.
Church, Henry	Newfane	33	Dec. 5, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Davis, Eros L	Newfane	18	Dec. 9, 1861.	¶Mar. 18, 1862.
Davis, Hiram	Newfane	44	Dec. 9, 1861.	July 15, 1862.
Dowes, Henry W	Newfane	18	Nov. 28, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Eddy, Geo. P	Whitingham	25	Dec. 9, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Fisher, Edmund	Guilford	43	Jan. 24, 1862.	‡Sept. 19, 1864.
Gates, Alvin	Newfane	21	Nov. 28, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Gates, Solomon S	Wilmington	31	Dec. 17, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Gray, Miron		18	Dec. 17, 1861.	1May 24, 1864.
Gregory, Stephen	Guilford	44	Jan. 4, 1862.	*June 24, 1863.
Grover, Eleazer	Guilford	34	Feb. 2, 1862.	June 28, 1865.
Hescock, Oscar B		18	Dec. 12, 1861.	2
Higley, Elliott J	Marlboro	20	Dec. 7, 1861.	Oct. 15, 1862.
Hill, Elbridge G		44	Feb. 7, 1862.	*June 13, 1863.
Hines, Isaac H		28	Nov. 27, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Houghton, Charles E	Marlboro	22	Dec. 7, 1861.	July 30, 1863.
Howard, Arial	Brattleboro	38	Dec. 3, 1861.	Feb. 2, 1864.
Howard, Wm. E	Brattleboro	23	Jan. 25, 1862.	Oct. 15, 1862.
Howe, John C	Brattleboro	18	Dec. 28, 1861.	July 15, 1862.
Ingram, Chas. E	Newfane	18	Dec. 6, 1861.	Sept. 30, 1863.
Kerr, Alonzo D	Putney	23	Nov. 30, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Lamson, Daniel	Newfane	27	Nov. 27, 1861.	*Mar. 10, 1863.
Leonard, Horace C	Dover	18	Dec. 7, 1861.	Oct. 15, 1862.
Martin, Daniel		18	Dec. 27, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Morrill, Eleazer D		43	Nov. 7, 1861.	Feb. 28, 1863.
Morse, Luke J	Newfane	23	Nov. 27, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Moynehein, Humphrey	Brattleboro	26	Jan. 1, 1862.	June 28, 1865.
Park, Otis		20	Dec. 6, 1861.	Nov. 1863.
Peavey, Augustus C.	Newfane	18	Nov. 30, 1861.	Nov. 28, 1862.
Phillips, Chas. F	Putney	18	Nov. 28, 1861.	3Oct. 19, 1864.
Prouty, Elias S.	Halifax	36	Nov. 12, 1861.	Aug. 14, 1864.
Prouty, Harvey	Marlboro	32	Nov. 12, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Read, Charles		18	Dec. 2, 1861.	†Mar. 1, 1864.

*Died of disease. †Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps. ‡Killed at Winchester. §Killed at Port Hudson. ‖Wagoner. ¶Died on ship Wallace. 1Deserted. 2Date of discharge not given. 3Killed at Cedar Creek.

COMPANY I.—*Continued.*

Name.	Residence.	Age.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Discharge.
Rice, Orrin L	Wardsboro	18	Dec. 26, 1861.	*Aug. 21, 1862.
Rice, Romanzo G	Wardsboro	22	Dec. 12, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Richardson, Thomas	Wilmington	28	Dec. 29, 1861.	Jan. 1863.
Sawyer, Willard W	Putney	18	Dec. 9, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Smith, Almon S		21	Dec. 9, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Smith, Amos F	Marlboro	30	Dec. 3, 1861.	July 30, 1863.
Smith, Charles S	Putney	18	Dec. 9, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Smith, Henry J	Putney	19	Dec. 9, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Smith, Homer E		18	Dec. 8, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Smith, William		43	Feb. 7, 1862.	†
Stratton, Asa H	Newfane	22	Jan. 16, 1862.	June 22, 1864.
Sullivan, Timothy		18	Feb. 8, 1862.	‡Dec. 2, 1863.
Thomas, Albert H		39	Dec. 9, 1861.	§Mar. 1, 1864.
Tooley, David A	Whitingham	43	Dec. 9, 1862.	*Aug. 30, 1863.
Tyler, Stephen M		28	Feb. 7, 1862.	June 22, 1864.
Tyler, Lewis A	Wardsboro	24	Dec. 3, 1861.	July 15, 1862.
Ward, Austin H	Brattleboro	21	Dec. 7, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Warner, Frank R	Newfane	22	Jan. 13, 1862.	June 28, 1865.
Webster, Oscar N		27	Dec. 3, 1861.	Oct. 15, 1862.
Wheeler, Allen M		18	Dec. 18, 1861.	‡May 18, 1864.
Whittaker, Foster S	Marlboro	23	Nov. 22, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Whitney, Porter J	Marlboro	21	Dec. 7, 1861.	‖June 11, 1863.
Wood, Chester N	Brattleboro	20	Feb. 10, 1862.	June 28, 1865.
Wood, Lewis A	Brattleboro	18	Feb. 6, 1862.	*Aug. 17, 1863.
Woodman, John P	Brattleboro	28	Jan. 1, 1862.	June 28, 1865.
Worden, Alfred S	Marlboro	21	Dec. 9, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Worden, Francis N	Marlboro	18	Dec. 19, 1861.	*June 23, 1862.
	Total	101		
RECRUITS.				
Bartlett, Justin		44	Dec. 28, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Bingham, Albert H		21	Jan. 2, 1864.	‡July 14, 1864.
Blanchard, John		29	Dec. 9, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Blood, Chas. J		20	Dec. 4, 1863.	¶Sept. 19, 1864.
Bongonne, Ferdinand		33	May 20, 1862.	‡Dec. 3, 1862.
Brayman, Lewis		39	Jan. 2, 1864.	June 28, 1865.
Brown, Chas. F		27	Dec. 7, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Bryant, Joseph C		20	Jan. 4, 1864.	*Sept. 3, 1864.
Babcock, Jonathan		43	Sept. 1, 1864.	June 1, 1865.
Bell, Henry C		20	Feb. 13, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Blanchard, Amos P		26	Sept. 3, 1864.	June 1, 1865.
Brown, Clark L		26	March 6, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Colburn, Elbridge G		18	Dec. 31, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Carroll, Henry W		21	Feb. 14, 1865.	*June 19, 1865.
Davis, Charles		23	Dec. 3, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Davis, Solomon		39	March 4, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Dunklee, Willard S		37	Sept. 7, 1864.	*Mar. 17, 1865.
Estabrooks, Sidney J		19	Aug. 11, 1864.	June 28, 1865.
Fairbanks, Wayland E		21	Dec. 24, 1863.	*Jan. 25, 1865.
Fletcher, Joseph W		21	Jan. 1, 1864.	May 26, 1865.
Ford, Albro V. B		20	Dec. 29, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Fitts, Elmer		26	Sept. 1, 1864.	June 1, 1865.
Fox, Sylvester		18	May 21, 1864.	June 28, 1865.
Glidden, Milo H		23	March 15, 1865.	‡June 1, 1865.
Grover, Landon J		35	Sept. 5, 1864.	June 1, 1865.
Hagar, Daniel W		18	Dec. 4, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Hill, Herbert E		17	Dec. 9, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Houghton, Bradley, Jr		27	Dec. 28, 1863.	May 25, 1865.
Howard, George		18	Dec. 28, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Hall, Emery W		18	Feb. 7, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Higley, Wm. M		35	Sept. 7, 1864.	June 1, 1865.
Ingram, Chas. E		21	Aug. 10, 1864.	May 13, 1865.
Ingram, John H		19	Aug. 15, 1864.	June 28, 1865.

*Died of disease. †Died at New Orleans. ‡Deserted. §Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps. ‖Killed at Port Hudson. ¶Killed at Winchester.

COMPANY I.—*Continued.*

Name.	Residence.	Age.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Discharge.
Ingram, Jonathan M		38	Aug. 10, 1864.	June 28, 1865.
Jenks, Charles E		18	Dec. 21, 1863.	*Sept. 19, 1864.
Johnson, Luther R		18	Dec. 21, 1863.	July 31, 1865.
Jeffers, John		27	Mar. 15, 1865.	†June 1, 1865.
Jones, Emory S		18	Sept. 1, 1864.	June 1, 1865.
Johnson, James		23	Mar. 11, 1865.	‡
Kerr, Warren W		21	Dec. 10, 1863.	May 25, 1865.
Knox, Chas. R		21	Sept. 25, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Kelley, John D		18	Feb. 10, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
King, Wallace D		25	Mar. 8, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Kirk, John		19	Feb. 10, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Kirk, Richard		19	Feb. 6, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Landry, Simon		27	May 20, 1862.	†Dec. 3, 1862.
Leonard, John		25	July 24, 1862.	†Aug. 2, 1863.
May, Sidney L		19	Dec. 21, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Mills, Alonzo		21	Dec. 24, 1863.	§Oct. 19, 1864.
Mills, Daniel B		22	Dec. 12, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Myers, Jacob		27	Aug. 6, 1862.	†July 5, 1864.
Park, Oscar E		18	Dec. 5, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Parker, Solomon S		19	Aug. 30, 1862.	‖June 28, 1865.
Parsons, Samuel L		31	Dec. 22, 1863.	Nov. 16, 1864.
Phillips, Hiram O		23	Dec. 15, 1863.	¶June 28, 1864.
Phinney, Detroit		26	Jan. 2, 1864.	June 28, 1865.
Pierce, Walter W			Dec. 6, 1863.	*Sept. 19, 1864.
Plummer, Geo. F			Mar. 1, 1864.	No record.
Prouty, Emerson F		16	July 2, 1862.	June 1, 1865.
Perkins, John Vansley		21	Mar. 15, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Plumb, Ezra W		29	Sept. 5, 1864.	June 1, 1865.
Powers, Lewellyn		19	Feb. 10, 1865.	June 17, 1865.
Robinson, Moses W		19	Sept. 6, 1864.	¶Mar. 11, 1865.
Shelley, Leroy		21	Sept. 24, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Smiley, Antoine		25	Aug. 30, 1863.	1June 11, 1864.
Stearns, Henry M		19	Dec. 14, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Steward, William		30	Aug. 30, 1863.	1July 5, 1864.
Townshend, Lewis J		23	Dec. 16, 1863.	June 2, 1864.
Whitney, James P		18	Dec. 10, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Warner, James M		22	Sept. 5, 1864.	June 28, 1865.
Wedge, Hiram		20	Feb. 6, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Williams, Geo. C		18	Sept. 6, 1864.	June 28, 1865.
Woodcock, Abra H		21	Mar. 4, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
	Total	73		
	Aggregate	174		

COMPANY K, LUNENBURG.

Name.	Residence.	Age.	Date of Commission.	Date of Discharge.
Capt., John S. Clark	Lunenburg	39	Jan. 22, 1862.	2Mar. 20, 1863.
1st Lieut., Adoni'm J. Howard	Brighton	29	Jan. 22, 1862.	¶Nov. 18, 1862.
2d Lieut., Geo. F. French	Lunenburg	31	Jan. 22, 1862.	3June 21, 1863.

*Killed at Winchester. †Deserted. ‡Dishonorably discharged. §Killed at Cedar Creek. ‖Colored cook. ¶Died of disease. 1Colored cook, deserted. 2Died at Hospital Hotel Dieu, New Orleans. 3Resigned.

COMPANY K.—*Continued.*

Name.	Residence.	Age.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Discharge.
SERGEANTS.				
1st, Andrew J. Sargent	Barnet	28	Feb. 13, 1862.	Feb. 26, 1865.
Marshall W. Wright	Lunenburg	22	Dec. 9, 1861.	July 5, 1862.
Perry Porter, Jr	Sutton	19	Jan. 1, 1862.	June 28, 1865.
George O. Ford	Granby	26	Dec. 16, 1861.	Feb. 26, 1865.
Name.	**Residence.**	**Age.**	**Date of Enlistment.**	**Date of Discharge.**
CORPORALS.				
Albert Hill	Concord	32	Dec. 19, 1861.	July 5, 1862.
Myron C. Newton	Lunenburg	29	Dec. 9, 1861.	July 5, 1862.
George D. Gilman	Brighton	31	Dec. 23, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Alonzo L. Ford	Granby	24	Dec. 14, 1861.	*Sept. 3, 1863.
John Petrie	Brighton	22	Dec. 23, 1861.	†Oct. 21, 1864.
Chauncey M. Snow	Lunenburg	25	Dec. 9, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
George W. Hill		20	Dec. 9, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
John Elkins	Sheffield	26	Jan. 16, 1862.	June 28, 1865.
MUSICIANS.				
Nathan C. Cheney	Lunenburg	35	Dec. 9, 1861.	†Oct. 21, 1864.
Martin J. Pond	Lunenburg	35	Dec 9, 1861.	Oct. 23, 1862.
WAGONER.				
Wesley H. Day	Lunenburg	22	Dec. 9, 1861.	‡July 12, 1863.
PRIVATES.				
Adams, Geo. S	Lunenburg	23	Jan. 13, 1862.	June 22, 1864.
Aldrich, Hosea	Concord	19	Dec. 27, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Aldrich, John H	Concord	18	Dec. 25, 1861.	*Mar. 18, 1863.
Babb, Richard	Charleston	18	Jan. 9, 1862.	June 28, 1865.
Bacon, Geo. W	Brattleboro	44	Feb. 10, 1862.	July 5, 1862.
Barnes, David A		43	Feb. 15, 1862.	July 5, 1862.
Bartlett, Chas. W	Guildhall	18	Jan. 18, 1862.	*Nov. 29, 1862.
Bates, Geo. D	Guildhall	19	Jan. 18, 1862.	*Nov. 9, 1862
Bigelow, Lewis F	Brighton	22	Jan. 1, 1862	June 28, 1865.
Blake, Edgar R	Barton	18	Dec. 25, 1861.	July 5, 1862.
Boyce, John W	Granby	18	Jan. 4, 1862.	*Mar. 1, 1862.
Boyce, Richard T	Granby	44	Jan. 1, 1862.	April 13, 1862.
Bunker, William B	Newark	32	Feb. 10, 1862.	April 15, 1864.
Burt, Chas C	Lyndon	23	Jan. 1, 1862.	July 5, 1862.
Buzzell, Solon D	Granby	25	Jan. 3, 1862.	*April 29, 1862.
Carroll, Charles R	Newark	21	Feb. 10, 1862.	§Sept. 4, 1862.
Chase, Wm. E	Lunenburg	18	Dec. 9, 1861.	‖
Cheney, Charles	Lunenburg	43	Dec. 9, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Cheney, Frank	Burke	18	Jan. 1, 1862.	July 5, 1862.
Cheney, Nelson	Lunenburg	28	Dec. 9, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Cole, Daniel	Burke	25	Jan. 6, 1862.	*July 6, 1863.
Coolbeth, Ransom	Lowell	18	Nov. 19, 1861.	¶July 30, 1865.
Corson, Geo. J		24	Feb. 17, 1862.	§Sept. 4, 1862.
Croteau, Joseph	Lyndon	20	Jan. 10, 1862.	*June 18, 1862.
Dapry, Francis	Charleston	39	Jan. 10, 1862.	Feb. 28, 1863.
Drown, Aaron	Lunenburg	20	Jan. 20, 1862.	June 28, 1865.
Drown, Charles	Concord	20	Jan. 30, 1862.	1June 23, 1864.
Drown, Geo. W	Concord	24	Jan. 20, 1862.	2June 23, 1864.
Dunton, Geo. W	Lunenburg	25	Jan. 22, 1862.	*Nov. 1, 1863.
Durlam, Jonathan L	Concord	38	Dec. 23, 1861.	¶Feb. 1864.
Eastman, Alfred W	Concord	31	Jan. 4, 1862.	June 22, 1864.
Fairbanks, Deming D	Newark	21	Feb. 10, 1862.	June 22, 1864.
Farnham, Chas. H	Victory	18	Dec. 7, 1861.	*Sept. 4, 1862.

*Died of disease. †Wounded at Cedar Creek, Oct. 19, and died on above date. ‡Wounded at Port Hudson July 7, 1863, and died on above date. §Killed at Bayou des Allemands. ‖Died at Algiers, La. ¶Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps. 1Wounded at Port Hudson, May 27, 1863, and discharged above date. 2Sick at New Orleans.

COMPANY K.—*Continued.*

Name.	Residence.	Age.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Discharge.
Gordon, John G	Newark	21	Feb. 10, 1862.	*July 8, 1863.
Griffin, Otis E	Granby	21	Jan. 6, 1862.	*Aug. 14, 1863.
Grow, Chas. H		19	Nov. 30, 1861.	*Aug. 5, 1862.
Hart, Wm. A	Newark	18	Jan. 8, 1862.	June 28, 1865.
Hartwell, Chas. W	Brighton	27	Jan. 28, 1862.	July 5, 1862.
Hartwell, James S	Lunenburg	22	Jan. 21, 1862.	*Nov. 5, 1862.
Hartwell, Sylvester	Lunenburg	18	Dec. 23, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Hawkins, Walter W	Johnson	18	Nov. 11, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Howard, Barzilla P	Brighton	20	Dec. 23, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Hudson, Wm. C	Newark	21	Jan. 8, 1862.	*May 7, 1863.
Hunter, Harrison	Lyndon	21	Jan. 1, 1862.	June 22, 1864.
Ingalls, Lewis J	Belvidere	23	Nov. 2, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Jenkins, Willis	Burke	35	Dec. 23, 1861.	*July 23, 1862.
Jewell, Wm. H	Lunenburg	21	Jan. 21, 1862.	1863.
Leary, Joseph	Derby	18	Feb. 11, 1862.	†Sept. 4, 1862.
Leonard, Willis R	Albany	18	Nov. 21, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
McQuade, Thomas	Derby	21	Dec. 27, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
Morse, Geo. W	Brighton	20	Jan. 28, 1862.	June 22, 1864.
Mooney, Otis C	Lunenburg	18	Dec. 20, 1861.	‡May 18, 1864.
Olcott, John C	Lunenburg	18	Dec. 9, 1861.	Mar. 14, 1863.
Parker, Levi H	Lunenburg	21	Jan. 13, 1862.	June 28, 1865.
Parker, Oramel H	Burke	25	Jan. 1, 1862.	*Nov. 6, 1862.
Peavey, Geo. W		33	Feb. 15, 1862.	April 1864.
Perham, Lyman F	Brighton	32	Jan. 4, 1862.	§Oct. 19, 1864.
Perry, Jamon	Charleston	19	Jan. 10, 1862.	July 5, 1862.
Petrie, William	Brighton	19	Jan. 11, 1862.	‖June 28, 1865.
Phillips, John C	Lunenburg	30	Jan. 7, 1862.	Oct. 15, 1862.
Pierce, Ezra S	Lunenburg	28	Jan. 9, 1862.	June 22, 1864.
Pond, Eben	Lunenburg	31	Dec. 9, 1861.	¶June 12, 1863.
Presbrey, Charles F	Lunenburg	19	Jan. 21, 1862.	Feb. 22, 1863.
Price, Edward	Brighton	22	Jan. 11, 1862.	June 22, 1864.
Raymond, Arthur M	Brighton	18	Feb. 1, 1862.	‡May 18, 1864.
Roseblade, Henry		18	Feb. 17, 1862.	June 28, 1865.
Ryder, John A	Coventry	18	Feb. 12, 1862.	June 22, 1864.
Shores, Ethan P	Granby	20	Dec. 9, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Shores, George W	Granby	22	Jan. 1, 1862.	July 5, 1862.
Shores, Paschal P	Granby	18	Dec. 9, 1861.	§Oct. 19, 1864.
Silsby, Wm. H	Westmore	25	Jan. 1, 1862.	June 28, 1865.
Simons, Solon L	Lunenburg	19	Dec. 2, 1861.	June 28, 1865.
Smith, James W	Newark	23	Feb. 3, 1862.	June 28, 1865.
Smith, Rufus D	Newark	18	Jan. 10, 1862.	April 12, 1864.
Spencer, Orange C	Westmore	18	Feb. 10, 1862.	June 22, 1864.
Stoddard, Hollis K	Burke	21	Jan. 1, 1862.	Nov. 25, 1862.
Stone, Chas. F	Guildhall	20	Jan. 18, 1862.	†Sept. 4, 1862.
Strout, Hooper D.	Brighton	23	Jan. 7, 1862.	Oct. 23, 1862.
Thomas, Joseph W	Concord	18	Jan. 7, 1862.	July 5, 1862.
Vaunce, Warren E	Lunenburg	34	Dec. 9, 1861.	Oct. 15, 1862.
White, Alanson		29	Jan. 2, 1862.	July 16, 1862.
Woodruff, Henry		18	Jan. 1, 1862.	*July 4, 1863.
Woodsum, John E	Brighton	25	Dec. 27, 1861.	June 22, 1864.
	Total	101		
RECRUITS.				
Bailey, James H		28	Dec. 29, 1863.	Mar. 10, 1864.
Ball, Frederick		16	Dec. 1, 1863.	*July 25, 1864.
Barron, Harry V		22	Dec. 30, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Bomen, Anthony		19	July 10, 1862.	June 1, 1865.
Brooks, Thomas		25	Nov. 1, 1863.	1June 28, 1865.
Burk, Julius W		25	July 7, 1862.	‡May 18, 1864.
Barber, Isaac H		23	Feb. 11, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Bedell, Charles		17	Feb. 14, 1865.	June 28, 1865.

*Died of disease. †Killed at Bayou des Allemands. ‡Deserted. §Killed at Cedar Creek. ‖Fifer. ¶Killed at Port Hudson. 1Colored cook.

COMPANY K.—*Continued.*

Name.	Residence.	Age.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Discharge.
Bigelow, Horace P		21	Feb. 11, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Brown, Hobart J		19	March 7, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Chase, John J		22	Dec. 15, 1863.	June 18, 1864.
Cheney, Leonard C		22	Dec. 1, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Corey, Alfred		33	Jan. 4, 1864.	*June 22, 1864.
Carbo, Joseph		32	Jan. 24, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Corcoran, John		21	Jan. 6, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Douglas, Franklin B		22	Jan. 4, 1864.	June 28, 1865.
Daniels, Hiram S		25	March 27, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Dean, George		21	Dec. 24, 1864.	May 26, 1865.
Drown, Noah, Jr		21	Aug. 6, 1864.	June 29, 1865.
Egan, Thomas		20	Jan. 13, 1865.	*Mar. 24, 1865.
Furbush, George		18	Dec. 21, 1863.	No record.
Febbor, Jerry		26	Sept. 24, 1864.	June 1, 1865.
French, Geo. W		21	Jan. 23, 1865.	†No date given
Goodall, Willard		20	Dec. 5, 1863.	*July 16, 1864.
Goodell, Almond C		18	Nov. 25, 1863.	‡July 15, 1865.
Grant, Albert D		20	Dec. 1, 1863	June 29, 1865.
Gray, John		18	Dec. 3, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Gordon, Lum D		20	Jan. 23, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Gray, Saben		18	Feb. 21, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Hetzel, Paul		32	July 11, 1862.	*May 18, 1864.
Hungerford, David A		39	Dec. 30, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Howard, George		21	Jan. 6, 1865	June 28, 1865.
Hutchins, Lewis		19	Jan. 3, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Jackson, Jonathan W		19	Feb. 11, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Jefts, Norman L		29	Dec. 18, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Leed, Gilbert		25	Feb. 6, 1865.	June 1, 1865.
Leimon, Auguste		26	Feb. 8, 1862.	§Sept. 4, 1862.
Lucas, Franklin M		16	Dec. 18, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Leacy, William		28	July 9, 1862.	June 1, 1865.
Lewis, John D		18	Aug. 5, 1864.	‖Nov. 16, 1864.
Lincoln, Eugene		19	Feb. 20, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Marcotte, Henry		18	May 3, 1864.	June 28, 1865.
Martin, Benjamin S		18	Nov. 27, 1863.	*July 28, 1864.
Miles, Joseph O		18	Jan. 4, 1864.	June 28, 1865.
Morse, Abial T		34	Dec. 25, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Morsini, Ernest			Dec 8, 1862.	*July 5, 1864.
Murrill, Patrick		37	Jan. 4, 1864.	June 28, 1865.
Morse, Geo. W		22	March 10, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Morton, Marshall F		18	Feb 14, 1865.	June 12, 1865.
Mulligan, Edward		18	Jan. 12, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Nutter, Henry B		19	Sept. 12, 1864.	†April 18, 1865.
Olcott, Brainerd S		21	Sept. 6, 1864.	June 1, 1865.
Page, George		37	Dec. 31, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Penfield, Sam'l T		19	Dec. 3, 1863.	*May 18, 1864.
Placette, Pierre		21	July 7, 1862.	*May 18, 1864.
Phease, Philip		29	Feb. 1, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Pottle, Andrew J		27	Sept. 5, 1864.	June 1, 1865.
Preston, George		34	Feb. 11, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Roberts, Abel C		22	Dec. 30, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Roberts, Perley P		24	Nov. 30, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Russell, Franklin		18	Jan. 2, 1864.	¶Oct. 19, 1864.
Russell, Hiram		45	Dec. 23, 1863.	June 9, 1865.
Ray, Albert		19	Feb. 11, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Robinson, John		22	Feb. 16, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Round, Julius S		21	Feb. 20, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Round, Stephen D		19	Feb. 20, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Rounds, Watson		18	Feb. 11, 1865.	May 13, 1865.
Ryan, James		25	Dec. 28, 1864.	*Mar. 24, 1865.
Ryder, John A			No record.	June 28, 1865.
Scheikert, Simon		21	May 19, 1862.	1Sept. 19, 1864.

*Deserted. †Died of disease. ‡Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, June 15, 1864, and mustered out on above date. §Killed at Bayou des Allemands. ‖Wounded at Cedar Creek Oct. 19, 1864, and died on above date. ¶Killed at Cedar Creek. 1Wounded at Winchester.

COMPANY K.—*Continued.*

Name.	Residence.	Age.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Discharge.
Silsby, Charles		33	Dec. 10, 1863.	*Mar. 27, 1864.
Simpson, Sewall		19	Dec. 30, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Silsby, Almont		18	Feb. 23, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Silsby, Geo. H		18	Sept. 9, 1864.	June 1, 1865.
Sleeper, James M		21	Jan. 23, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Thomas, Lewis		25	Dec. 1, 1863.	*Oct. 16, 1864.
Thomas, Oscar		16	Dec. 18, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Tillison, Stephen W		33	Feb. 10, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Turbush, George		18	Dec. 21, 1863.	June 28, 1865.
Ward, Frank		24	July 7, 1862.	†May 18, 1864.
West, Franklin E		22	Jan. 4, 1864.	June 28, 1865.
Wood, Willard		23	March 6, 1862.	July 5, 1862.
Webb, Darwin A		19	Sept. 13, 1864.	June 1, 1865.
Webb, Frederick M		18	Feb. 14, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Webb, William H		20	Feb. 21, 1865.	June 28, 1865.
Willson, Melvin A		19	Sept. 13, 1864.	May 13, 1865.
Wilson, John		25	Dec. 20, 1864.	†May 15, 1865.
	Total	87		
	Aggregate	188		

*Died of disease. †Deserted.

RECAPITULATION.

Original members,	Com. off. 36			
	En. men 980—Total			1016
	GAIN.			
Promotion, Fr. other regiments,	Com. off.		2	
Transfer, Fr. other regiments,	En. men		2	
Recruits, Appointed Com. off.	6			
Enlisted men,	746—Total		752	
Total gain				756
Aggregate				1772
	LOSS.			
Promotion to other regiments,	Com. off.		1	
To U. S. Army,	Com. off. 2			
	En. men 34—Total		36	
Total by promotion				37
Transfer, To Vet. Res. Corps,	En. men		55	
To Signal Corps,	„ „		2	
To regular army,	„ „		1	
To org's of other States,	„ „		3	
To other regiments,	„ „		1	
Total by transfer				62
Death, Killed in action,	Com. off. 2			
	En. men 69—Total		71	
Fr. w'ds rec. in act'n,	Com. off. 2			
	En. men 31—Total		33	
Disease,	Com. off. 6			
	En. men 207—Total		213	
Prisoners,	En. men		20	
From accident,	„ „		8	
Total by death				345
Discharge, Resignation,	Com. off.		16	
Disability,	Com. off. 4			
	En. men 224—Total		228	
For w'ds rec. in act'n,	Com. off. 2			
	En. men 12—Total		14	
Dishonorable,	Com. off. 3			
	En. men 6—Total		9	
Total by discharge				267
Deserted,				86
Dropped from rolls,				1
Not finally accounted for,				4
Total Loss				802
Mustered out of service,	Com. off. 46			
	En. men 924—*Total*			970
Aggregate				1772
Total wounded		236		
Total re-enlisted		321		

APPENDIX.



Hubert E. Hill

MONUMENTS DEDICATED

IN THE

VALLEY OF THE SHENANDOAH.

CEREMONIES AT WINCHESTER.

TWENTY-ONE years after the great battles of Winchester and Cedar Creek, the survivors of the Union army, organized as "Sheridan's Veterans' Association," and the veterans of Early's Confederate army, held a re-union in the Shenandoah Valley. During that sojourn amid the stirring scenes of the great conflict in arms, two monuments were dedicated with appropriate ceremonies, in the erection of which the Eighth Vermont Regiment took a special interest. They were the beautiful and costly gifts of one of the youngest soldiers who served in the Valley campaigns, a brave and patriotic comrade of the Eighth Vermont, in whose youthful veins flowed the martial blood of two great-grandfathers who fought and suffered under Gen. Washington.

Through this thoughtful generosity of the donor it happened that the regiment which was so conspicuous for gallantry on the fields of Opequon and Cedar Creek, and had the honor to charge and break the enemy's lines, was also the first to mark those historic spots with battle monuments. The custom of thus identifying the dates and scenes of decisive battles is as old as history itself, and other engagements of the civil war had already been recorded in scriptured stone; but it was the happy thought of Col. Hill, who has been untiring in his efforts to perpetuate the records of the great deeds of his own regiment, to first plant in the Valley shafts of marble from the quarries of his own adopted state, in honor of heroism displayed.

The monuments were furnished by ex-Gov. Redfield Proctor, at the Vermont Marble Works in Rutland, and in style and finish are appropriate to the purpose for which they were designed. The one at Winchester stands about twelve feet high, and consists of a prismoidal shaft on a solid plinth and base. It bears the following inscription :

HONOR THE BRAVE.
ERECTED TO
Commemorate the Bayonet Charge of the
EIGHTH VERMONT VOL'S.
Led by
GEN'L STEPHEN THOMAS,
Sept. 19, 1864.
Committed to the care of those once a brave foe, now our generous friends.
Gift of Comrade
HERBERT E. HILL,
Boston, Mass.
Dedicated Sept. 19, 1885.

It was a lovely September day just twenty-one years after the famous battle, when this monument was dedicated in the presence of a vast concourse of people, including citizens from near and far, as well as the assembled veterans of both armies. Nature wore her gorgeous autumn apparel, the soft rustle of ripening harvests filled the air, and a smile of universal peace brooded in the valley, when the monument was presented in these words, by the donor :

ADDRESS OF COL. HILL.

Veterans of the Armies of U. S. Grant and R. E. Lee :

This is a memorable occasion. The surviving members, officers and men, of the Eighth Vermont Regiment, are assembled to dedicate a monument to mark the ground covered by that regiment in the famous bayonet charge made twenty-one years ago this very afternoon. We have as wit-

nesses during this service, not only many brave sons of Vermont and sister states who fought in the Union army, but also war-worn veterans who served in the Confederate army. We are on historic and sacred ground; for on and near this spot the veterans of Sigel, Banks, Cook, and Sheridan of the Federal armies, and Early, Ramseur, Gordon, and Stonewall Jackson of the Confederate armies, have struggled at one time or other, in fearful and bloody encounters from the first to the last of the civil war. The Eighth Vermont, in erecting this monument, knows to-day no North, no South. This shaft speaks for American valor, and such valor is public property, and belongs to the nation; and while the heroic action of a Vermont regiment is designated, the Confederate veteran may proudly point to this very spot, as proving his own bravery and heroism in contending in a hand-to-hand conflict, an American himself, with an American.

It was on Sept. 19th, 1864, and the hosts of Early and Sheridan were locked in battle's embrace. The Confederates had repulsed, and by gallant counter-charges driven back, the Federals; and the result hung trembling in the balance, when Gen. Stephen Thomas, as brave an officer as ever buckled a sword, on his own responsibility during this crisis ordered the bayonet charge referred to, and rode himself with drawn sword in front of the line of steel bayonets, recovering more than the lost ground, and holding the same till the close of the battle. His charge proved to be the turning-point of this great battle. But not for victory or defeat, but rather to commemorate the lofty heroism of the regiment, and to mark the pathway of desperate fighting, where noble men gave up their lives, is this monument erected; and with equal propriety should the Confederate veterans mark the locality of gallant charges by their own troops.

As at Gettysburg, so here (where eleven battles were fought during the war), where fighting raged fiercely, ought memorials to be erected, that the residents of this beautiful valley, as well as the visitors from abroad, may have no difficulty in locating the position of regiment or brigade which took part in the far-famed contests which took place in and around this historic city. And now, through you, General Stephen Thomas, president, I present this monument to the Association of the Eighth Vermont Volunteers. May it ever stand in its purity before the generous citizens of the Shenandoah Valley, a pleasant reminder of the fraternal and happy greetings of veterans who fought during the war as only Americans could fight, but who, when the war was over, shook hands as cordially as they had fought fiercely.

This monument was cut from the Green Mountains of Vermont, and chiselled at the extensive works of one of Vermont's governors, Colonel Redfield Proctor, who commanded a Vermont regiment during the war. As it left a scene of busy life and prosperity, so may it bring to the sacred soil of Virginia nothing but good will and prosperity, a memorial of everlasting friendship and a reunited country.

General Stephen Thomas accepted the monument in behalf of the regiment in the following words:

ADDRESS OF GEN. THOMAS.

Colonel Hill:

Sir, when I contemplate your youth, and that your patriotism led you to enlist into the United States service when less than sixteen years of age; when I remember what a good, a faithful soldier you were to the close of that great contest; how you have travelled over the battlefields of this our common country since the war, and like unto a Christian have gathered the remains of fallen heroes which you found upon those fields, and deposited them in national cemeteries; and how true you are and have been to the constitution and flag of our Union, and the great brotherhood of man; and how by industry and integrity you have risen from the poor American soldier boy to be the American citizen of affluence; — now in looking upon this marble gift to your old regiment, which you loved so well, I feel in accepting it, as I now do in behalf of the Eighth Vermont Regiment, that I am unable to find words to suitably thank you. But, sir, by these noble deeds you will leave a rich legacy to your kindred and to mankind, who will remember you with gratitude when you shall have joined our braves of the blue and the gray upon the other side of the river, where wars and their horrors shall never arise, where sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

Governor Ormsbee, sir, in behalf of the Eighth Vermont Regiment, not only of the living, but in memory of those who fell upon this historic field twenty-one years ago this day, and in gratitude for the peace and good will which now prevails between Vermonters and Virginians, I commit this marble monument, taken from our mountain home, to your care, as the executive and representative of the Green Mountain state, in the presence of this vast assemblage of the blue and gray, and of Him at whose birth the "angels sung peace on earth, good will to man," with the request that you ask our generous brethren of Virginia, in consideration of the patriotic, fraternal, and loyal spirit in which the donor, Colonel Hill, gives this marble, that they will accept its care in the spirit in which it is presented; that it may stand as a token, like a "bow in the firmament," that this fair land shall never again be deluged in fraternal blood, and that not only Vermonters and Virginians, but also the citizens of all our states, shall live in peace down the long vista of coming centuries, until after this marble shaft shall have crumbled into dust. In this request, and in this spirit, I feel that I but speak the sentiments of the regiment, who propose ever to "keep step to the music of the Union." And I trust you will say they are the sentiments of the freemen of Vermont.

Governor Ormsbee accepted the monument, in behalf of the state, as follows:

ADDRESS OF GOV. ORMSBEE.

Sir, standing here on historic ground, in presence of loyal American citizens, and in the presence of an assemblage of people who know no North, no South, no East, no West, and who only know that they are citizens of a great and justly proud nation, whose territory is boundless as is their admiration for it, as the official representative of the state of Vermont, and in her name, I cheerfully perform the duty devolving upon me. How gratifying and fitting that under Providence you should be spared to participate in these ceremonies! How fitting and proper that to you should have fallen the duty of receiving this priceless gift from the hands of our brave and generous friend! Sir, I am impressed with my inability to express fittingly and in appropriate words the obligations of the state of Vermont, and the gratitude of the people, to Colonel Hill, for the patriotic and generous gift he has committed to your hands, and by you passed over to the state to dedicate in memory of the patriotism of her soldier sons who so nobly died upon this field twenty-one years ago to-day. This generosity on the part of Colonel Hill deserves, and I trust will have further public recognition and acknowledgment at the hands of the state. I am moved to say, in the name of a grateful state, to you and Colonel Hill, and to each and all of your comrades who took part in the event commemorated, this monument is erected and dedicated to the memory and in honor of the living participants as well as to your dead comrades. To you and them this fact is of more concern and significance, and has much greater potency and meaning, than any words of mine, could I fittingly express the deep and lasting gratitude of our commonwealth. This monument, sir, is the voice of the state to you and your comrades. If the state did not furnish the tablet, she accepts and adopts it, and by and through it bears testimony, and makes grateful acknowledgment of the valor of her sons engaged in the event it commemorates.

Governor Ormsbee then addressed the representative of the mayor of Winchester, asking that the care of the monument should be assumed by him in behalf of the veterans of the Confederate army and the citizens of Virginia, and closed in these words:

Sir, allow me to express our deep sense of thankfulness to your citizens and to yourself, for the kindness and hospitality you have lavished upon us during our stay in your midst. It will be a pleasant realization to carry back to our homes. I now, sir, leave this monument in the keeping of the sons and daughters of Virginia, trusting it will stand here as a bond of unending peace, confidence, and love; and, in conclusion, let me express the wish

and hope, in behalf of the state of Vermont, and also in behalf of all our soldier sons, living and dead, that the sons of Virginia who wore the gray will receive and consider this monument in the same spirit with which they have received and considered us who have placed it upon their soil; and we entertain not a doubt that as to this their magnanimity will be equalled only by their valor and bravery in battle, and with this we will be thrice content.

Mayor Williams, of Winchester, was represented by Capt. John A. Nulton, who had served with distinction in Stonewall Jackson's army, and is a prominent citizen of the place. He pledged, in the name of the Confederates, that this monument should stand as safely as among the hills of Vermont, and he declared that they would guard this shaft sacredly, and would never allow a single letter to be effaced on its pure white surface. "Rather than allow it to be removed, we would wish that it might be extended to the clouds, and that angels of peace might hover around its summit, symbolical of the union of friends now so firmly established between all sections in our land."

Col. George N. Carpenter, of Boston, was then introduced, and gave the following dedicatory poem, which is inserted by request:

POEM OF COL. CARPENTER.

My muse, ere she attempt to sing
Of noble deeds, pauses to bring
A garland for the brow of one
Who in the ways of peace hath won
True honors from his fellow-men,
As worthily bestowed as when,
Girding his sword in army days,
He fronted death and conquered praise.
In his warm patriot embrace,
Each brother comrade has a place.
Here let the name be cherished ever,
Of Colonel Hill, the generous giver.

When Clio wrote on hist'ry's page
The deeds of men in classic age,
She wrought in most enduring art,
The scenes where valor played its part.
'T is not where peace in rosy bowers
Sleeps idly through the tranquil hours,
That glory's fiery beacons rise,

The hero to immortalize;
But eager millions stoop to read
The plaudits of each noble deed,
When tragic pens are dipped in red,
To write of wars and patriot dead.
The quiet feet of modest worth
Adorn the rugged paths of earth,
But fame's loud chariot o'er the plain
Rolls Cæsar or a Charlemagne.
The land-locked waters softly chime,
Mid-ocean thunders are sublime.
June's languid breath can never play
The storm-pipe of a winter day.
'T is thus great battles seem to be
The mountain peaks of history,
From whose bold summits is defined
The way of progress for mankind.

Again upon the field we rest,
Where battle o'er the sloping crest
Did rage; and now before us rise,
Like a mirage in western skies,
Reflecting in the mental air,
The picture of the battle's glare;
When cannon spoke with heated breath,
Its Sinai decalogue of death;
When rifles dropped their hail of lead,
Strewing the earth with maimed and dead.
The sloping hillsides and the wood
Drank up the flow of throbbing blood,
From wounds of heroes left to die,
While serried columns hurried by.
No teeth of dragons o'er this field
Were sown, that, sprouting, they might yield
A harvest-host of warriors brave
To fight their native land to save;
But brothers of one household rose,
In deadly strife as mortal foes.

No oracle from Delphi spoke,
Before the sleeping camp awoke,
To prophesy the victor's name
To be immortalized by fame
At Winchester, that autumn day
Just one-and-twenty years away;
But in the heart of every man
Led by Early or Sheridan,
Convictions came which all did feel,—

Each had a foeman worth his steel.
And when the voices of the night
Rose at the fading of the light,
They sang of valor's noble cost,
In the drear requiem of the lost.
Then o'er the field an angel white
Hovered, or seemed to waft in sight,
To laud brave men on either side,
The children of the nation's pride.
Ah! not alone on Grecian plain,
Shall chiselled marble crown the slain,
Nor in the sculptured Parthenon,
Shall scriptures speak of victories won:
But here, 'neath southern skies, we raise
This marble record of the days
Heroic. Let it also tell
The story that in hearts doth dwell,
Of hate appeased, of wrath deplored,
Fraternal joy and love restored;
A Union surer, since the hands
Of brothers tied its silken bands.

Cut from the everlasting hills
Of old Vermont, whose playful rills
Sing as they murmur toward the sea
A pastoral song of liberty,
Here let this marble be to-day,
A greeting to Virginia,
Whose noble history hath been
The admiration of all men;
A pledge, as coming years increase,
Of kinship and enduring peace.
So let its quiet lesson teach
That patriot hands would heavenward reach,
To pluck a boon for all the brave
Who fought their liberties to save.

No more in malice or in strife,
Shall human hearts pulsate with life,
As here we breathe the southern air
Once more upon these fields so fair.
Not ours the hostile hand to raise,
Or voice to speak, except in praise;
Nor where the sunshine seeks to play,
Shall angry clouds obscure the day.

We rear this stone to comrades slain,
Whose memory and deeds remain,

The monument of better things
Than war's victorious music sings,
A landmark in the history
Of an unbroken peace to be.
Around this sentinel of stone,
We sing the greater victory won,
How Gray and Blue here pledge anew
The fealty of brothers true.
And as in olden time a shrine
Did stimulate desires divine,
In after time this shaft shall be
Inspirer of true loyalty.
For, spanning all the arch of sky,
One bow of promise hangs on high,
O'er South and North. 'T is come to stay;
The herald of a happier day,
Whose golden hours, from sun to sun,
Bear witness of new life begun.

Oh, gallant wearers of the gray,
To your kind custody to-day
Commit we now this sacred urn.
As beacon fires of sunrise burn
To guide the earth from darkling gloom,
And in fresh beauty make it bloom,
So from this place shall Honor rise
To lead mankind 'neath fairer skies,
And light the beacon of the free,—
A loyal, Christian chivalry.

After the poem, Col. John B. Mead gave a very interesting account of the charge made at the battle of Winchester by the Eighth Vermont, pointing out the different positions which were held during the morning, which were easily seen from the high point of ground where the monument stands. His vivid description was deeply interesting to all present. Capt. F. H. Buffum, of the Fourteenth New Hampshire Regiment, closed the speaking with a short but eloquent address, which thrilled the hearts of all who heard it, and was the theme of praise throughout the camp. The following is an abstract of his remarks:

There are historic episodes whose magnificent proportions can be seen only from some high vantage ground. Rising from the long levels of human history we find here and there such happy eminences. The colossal events identified with the progress of mankind must be contemplated from a distance in order that their splendid proportions and sublime rela-

tions may be adequately appreciated. We stand on *vantage ground* in this hour. From the distance of more than two decades we gaze upon the heroic spectacle whose vigor and moment spoke the word for this monument to rise. The courage, the manhood of the Union soldier is here peculiarly commemorated, and it is fitting that I should here add my testimony. Not a member of the Eighth Vermont, I yet enjoyed the distinction of participating with you in this charge, and of observing your signal bravery. On this very spot that remarkable charge culminated, and I feel honored in having been selected to identify the spot and locate the monument. On this field the sturdy attributes of Vermont's nobility shone forth conspicuous and triumphant. Col. Hill, the generous donor of this shaft, has added new lustre to your renown by this fitting tribute to your excellent achievements.

Col. Thomas, I now grasp your hand on the very ground where, twenty-one years ago to-day, you grasped mine and gave me the coveted benediction of a brave commander. Valiant and honored soldier, I was proud of your notice and commendation years ago, in that hour of rising victory; I am unspeakably happy in the broader favor of your friendship in this hour of sacred commemoration. We followed you then, and we cannot believe that the leadership of such men can ever terminate. Wherever noble deeds are yet to be done, wherever vital principles are trembling in the balance, there such as you will *lead*, through all the ages; nor will you lack for faithful followers to swell your victorious columns.

The whole assembly then sung two stanzas of "America," led by Mr. James L. Johnson, of Springfield; after which Rev. J. E. Wright, of Montpelier, pronounced the benediction, and the memorial to the sons of Vermont was left to the chivalric care and custody of the sons of Virginia.


HONOR THE BRAVE
ERECTED TO
Commemorate the Repeated Charge of the
EIGHTH VERMONT VOL'S.
Led by
GEN'L STEPHEN THOMAS,
Sept. 19, 1864
Committed to the care of those once a
brave foe, now our generous friends.
Gift of Comrade
HERBERT E. HILL,
Boston, Mass.
Dedicated Sept. 19, 1885.

CEREMONIES AT CEDAR CREEK.

THE other gift of Col. Hill was erected on the spot where the brigade led by Gen. (then Colonel) Thomas checked the advance of the Confederate forces in the early morning of the 19th of October, 1864, and where the Eighth Vermont suffered such terrible losses in a hand-to-hand encounter with their foes. The description in given in the presentation speech which follows, and the inscription upon it reads:

"The Eighth Vermont Volunteers, General Stephen Thomas commanding the brigade, advanced across this field on the morning of October 19, 1864, engaged the enemy near and beyond this point, and before sunrise lost in killed and wounded 110 men, three color-bearers were shot down, and thirteen out of sixteen commissioned officers. Whole number of men engaged, 164. Dedicated September, 1885. Gift of Herbert E. Hill."

SPEECH OF COL. HILL.

Comrades of the Eighth Vermont, and Survivors of the Union and Confederate Armies:

The battle of Cedar Creek was the most remarkable battle of the war. Indeed, we may say there were two distinct battles during the day; and it was in the first of these, on the morning of October 19, 1864, that one of the most savage and bloody fights of the great civil war occurred on and near this spot.

The Eighth Vermont, accompanied by the Twelfth Connecticut and One Hundred and Sixtieth New York, led by Gen. Stephen Thomas, and by direct verbal order of Major General Emory, crossed the pike at early dawn, and marched into the very teeth of the war-trained veterans of Gordon's and Kershaw's several divisions.

The solid block of Vermont marble, which we are assembled to-day to dedicate, was purposely carved and fashioned on three sides in rough to represent the savage and peculiar feature of that awful struggle. It represents the regiment as it was surrounded at one time on three sides by an excited foe, fresh from their great victory over Crook's Corps. It represents the three color-bearers who were shot down in the terrible hand-to-hand conflict and who died. It represents three fourths of the commissioned officers killed or wounded. Again, I may say it represents the regiment's total loss, for almost three fourths of the number of men and officers actually engaged were killed or wounded. Surely all the good

people of this broad land will join with us in commemorating the valor of the brave fellows who nobly stood when it seemed almost certain death to fight longer. I present this marble memorial to the Eighth Vermont Veteran Volunteer Association.

Capt. S. E. Howard, of Boston, who was twice wounded at Cedar Creek, accepted the monument on the part of the regiment in the following words:

ADDRESS OF CAPT. HOWARD.

Comrades and Friends:

We read in sacred history that Jacob fled secretly from Laban the Syrian to Mount Gilead, carrying away his daughters and property; and when Laban pursued, and came up with the fugitives, and it seemed blood must flow, the Lord rebuked Laban's wrath. And he said to Jacob, "Come let us make a covenant, I and thou; and let it be for a witness between me and thee." And Jacob took a stone and set it up for a pillar. And Laban called it Mizpah; for he said, "The Lord watch between me and thee; and this pillar shall be a witness that I will not pass over this stone to thee, and thou shalt not pass over this pillar to me, for harm."

Twenty-one years ago on the 19th of October next, the ground on which we stand was covered by two armies fighting with a fury seldom equalled, and never surpassed. Ever since that day have I remembered most vividly my sensations, as I was wakened in the gray dawn of that October morning by what I thought for an instant was a furious thunder-storm, so continuous was the dreadful roll of musketry. Springing out, I shouted, "Fall in, men!" and during the instant the line was forming, I listened eagerly to the firing, congratulating myself that whoever had struck Crook's Eighth Corps had found a hard nut to crack, when the air was suddenly filled with the oncoming of that short, sharp, quick yell, which we had heard so often and dreaded so much. And when I held my breath, hoping — nay, knowing — that in an instant I should hear the long-drawn, confident shout of our comrades, as they hurled back their defiance, my heart sank as never before with inexpressible horror; for *that shout never came*, and I realized, with the greatest dismay, that the terrible wail of musketry was from our foes, — that our left was being turned, and that a great disaster stared us in the face.

A moment later our brigade received orders to take position in the edge of the timber across the pike, and check the enemy's advance, and the movement was made on the run. In a moment it was apparent that our left, Crook's Corps, was helplessly broken. Officers were fleeing for their lives, half-dressed, and with their swords in their hands. Hundreds of men

rushed past just as they had sprung from their blankets. The surprise was complete. The best soldiers in the world (and no more gallant troops than the Eighth Corps were ever mustered) could have done nothing but fly. *For our little brigade the moment was supreme.* Every man felt that the destiny of that great army, and perhaps of the whole country, hung fearfully trembling in the balance. We well knew that for *ourselves* we could not "pluck the flower safety from this nettle danger."

The only question was, *could* we check the furious tide, could we hold that line for half an hour, and thus give the Nineteenth and Sixth Corps time to form a new line? And the reply which our hearts gave was, "We will do it, or perish in the attempt!" And for answer whether we redeemed our pledge, let the words chiselled on this stone reply: "Out of 148 men and 16 officers of the Eighth Vermont who entered this fight, 110 men and 13 officers were killed and wounded before sunrise." Like a rock stood that little line. The rushing wave of the enemy seeking to engulf us was shattered against that living rampart as the waves of old ocean are broken when they hurl themselves against the eternal cliffs. But as old ocean gathers herself after each repulse, and bursts again upon the rocky barrier, so did our gallant foes again and again hurl themselves against us.

No pen can describe the scene, no pencil paint its fury. The deep gloom of the early morning was lighted up by the incessant flashes of musketry from either side; the air was filled with missiles, and heavily laden with the roar of battle, the shock of artillery, and the shouts of the combatants. Three separate times were the colors of the Eighth Vermont in the grasp of the enemy; three color-bearers poured out their life-blood and died clinging to the flag; but three times we beat back the enemy, and bore our precious flag from the field.

But our pledge had been kept, sealed with blood, and at the price of a great slaughter, but still *kept.* For half an hour under the dauntless Thomas had we held in check the whole centre of the enemy's advance; and when our little remnant was finally swept from the field, the Nineteenth and Sixth Corps, in their new position, gained while we fought, were in comparative readiness for the assault.

Looking from that scene of carnage of twenty-one years ago, when we who are now gathered here in friendly unity were deadly foes, let me revert to the sentiment expressed in my opening words — may not this stone be Mizpah to us of the North and South — *once foes, now friends?* Placed here, not for glorification, but to mark the spot where our comrades fell, to mark the place of an important public event, and a turning-point in a nation's history, let it also have a deeper meaning to us of the North, and you, our brothers in the South. Let it be a pillar of stone which shall forever mark an era of genuine fraternal feeling between us. Let it be an everlasting covenant that we will not pass over this stone to thee, and thou shalt not pass over this pillar to us, for harm.

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